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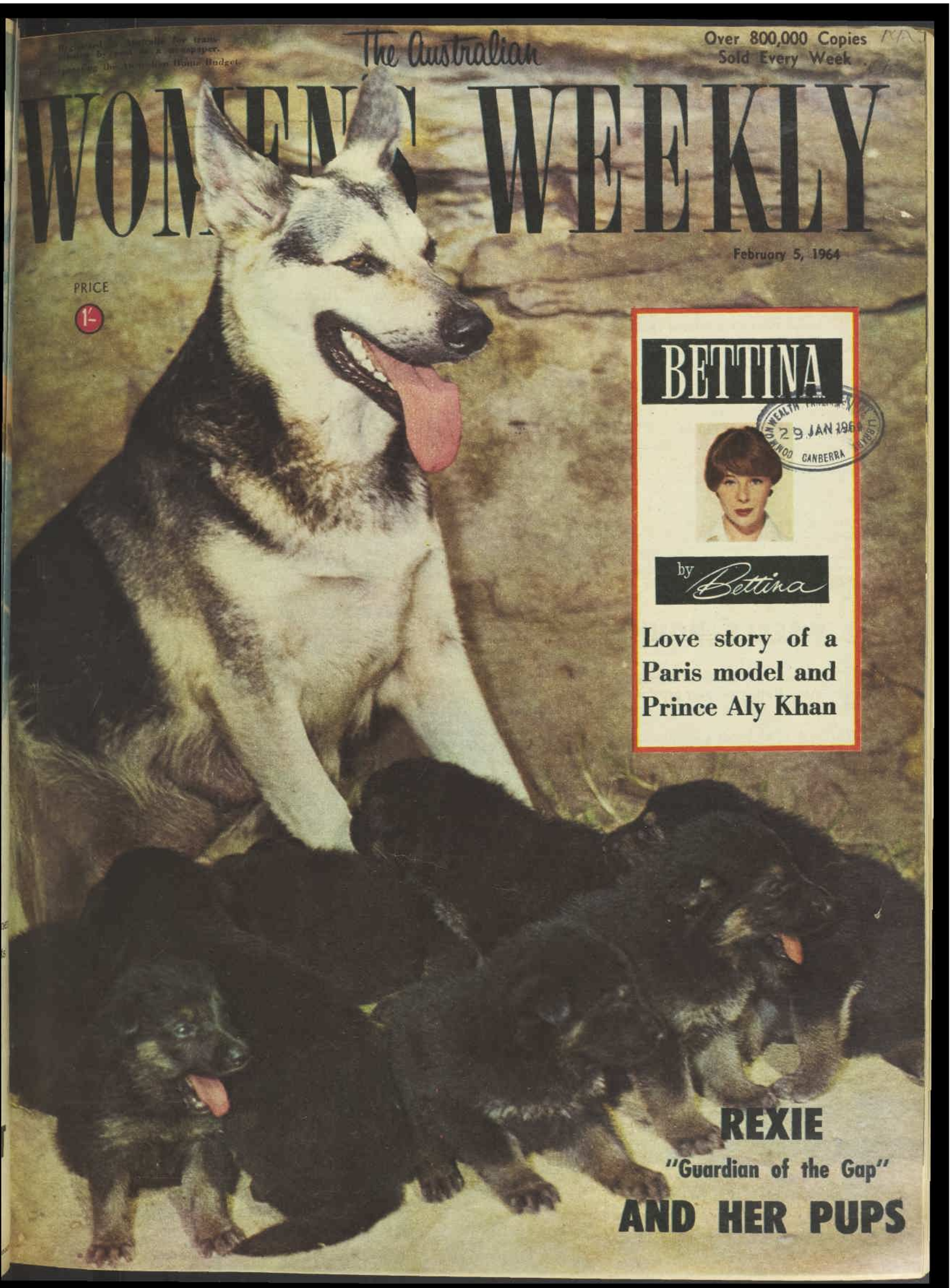

BETTINA

by Bettina

Love story of a Paris model and Prince Aly Khan

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Mystery writer Ursula Curtiss thinks her eldest daughter, Katherine, may grow up to be an author, too.

MRS. CURTISS wrote our exciting new serial, "Child's Play" (pages 20, 21).

Young Katherine's efforts are less lengthy.

But she's trying . . .

Mrs. Curtiss says that she is constantly finding pieces of paper with the words: "One day there was a horse" carefully lettered on them.

Ursula Curtiss lives with her husband and five children in Massachusetts, U.S.A.

Daughter of mystery writer Helen Reilly, she began her career preparing advertising copy for a big New York store.

Now she's a mistress of suspense and mayhem. Our fiction department claims there's always an amiable squabble about who'll read a new Ursula Curtiss first!

★ ★ ★

THE spectacular calceolarias shown in color in our paper dated November 13 have brought congratulations flooding in to their owner.

Mrs. T. S. Bird, of Thirroul, N.S.W., grew the plants from seed—and she has been receiving "how did you grow them" queries ever since the feature appeared.

"Mum has received letters from Brisbane, Adelaide, Sydney, Bega, Parkes, and Western Australia," wrote Mrs. Bird's daughter, Mrs. Olwen Anderson.

"She and Dad have answered all of these letters, and you can imagine how happy and proud it has made her."

★ ★ ★

IT took Mrs. C. Haigh, of Condobolin, N.S.W., about 10 years to collect the information for this week's feature "How to Make Cut Flowers Last Longer" (see pages 54, 55).

A keen gardener and flower lover, Mrs. Haigh said, "I talked to people, read, and visited libraries to gather the details."

Her garden in Condobolin is well established, but soon the family are moving to Braidwood, near Canberra. "It will be easier gardening there," she said.

The chart has been approved by Sydney florists (who added some of their secrets too).

Our Cover

● Alsatian Rexie, the Guardian of the Gap, pants proudly over her nine babies (see story, page 9). All the puppies are in this picture by staff photographer Ron Berg — but No. 9 was shy, and burrowed almost out of sight under his/her brothers and sisters. Puzzle: Find 9!

UNDERWATER

By JOAN KENNETT

● Underwater photographer and spearfishing champion Ron Taylor wants to make an underwater TV series in Australia — and his wife, Valerie, hopes to be the star.

UNDERWATER cameraman Ron Taylor

RON, 29, and Valerie, 28, were married at Hurstville, N.S.W., last December, and spent their honeymoon at Kangaroo Island, off the coast of South Australia, where Ron won his third successive Australian open spearfishing championship.

"No one thought he could do it," said his proud bride, Valerie. "Champion three times in a row against top spearmen from all over Australia!"

Ron collected 17 species of edible fish in four hours. He was 200 points above shark spearman Wally Gibbins, who was placed second.

Valerie is also an expert. As Valerie Heighes, she won the New South Wales ladies' spearfishing championship last October, and is also 1963 ladies' S.C.U.B.A. champion. (S.C.U.B.A. stands for self-contained underwater breathing apparatus.)

Both members of the New South Wales skindiving team, Ron and Valerie met four years ago at a skindiving meeting at St. George, Sydney.

"I didn't take any notice of him for the first two years," she said. "It was only when he asked me to appear in one of his films that I realised he was actually living."

That began an underwater romance, with Valerie starring in most of Ron's newsreels and films. One of these was "Shark Hunters!", produced by Ron with Ben Cropp, which has been telecast throughout Australia.

Ron once captured a live eight-foot grey nurse shark off a reef near Tweed Heads, on the New South Wales-Queensland border.

Shark attack!

"Naturally, the shark had to stay in the water," said Ron. "So with the help of Valerie and a man called 'Snowy' Ley (he has white-blond hair), who were in a boat, I towed him nine miles underwater to 'The Porpoise Pool,' an aquarium at Tweed Heads."

"I was terrified for Ron," said Valerie. "The shark was thrashing about so wildly. Ron broke its front teeth with the end of his spear gun trying to ward off an attack."

Valerie and Ron spent 10 days on a yacht cruising among the Fijian islands making a film to promote skindiving in Fiji. The film, starring Valerie as a girl on a Fijian holiday, will be seen in Australia this year.

Another of Ron's films to be released soon is "Queensland Spectacular," which shows Valerie swimming with a giant manta ray.

"Most people think manta rays are extremely dangerous, but they're not," said Valerie. "I swam over this one and under him, even made faces at him, but all he did was look at me with a sweet, docile expression."

Ron has been a professional underwater photographer for three years. Between his countless newsreel and photographic assignments he has carried off more spearfishing titles and trophies than he can remember.

Ron has been interested in photography ever since schooldays at Hurstville Technical High School. When he left school he worked as a photo engraver, making blocks for printing. He took up underwater photography when he started to skindive eight years ago.

For his films Ron decides on his own theme — always with a skindiving motif — and submits the finished product to a television station or to Movietone News.

He also writes monthly articles for the [illegible] sporting magazine "[illegible]tralian Outdoors," and for "Mondo Sommerso" ("Underwater World"), an Italian magazine printed in Rome.

His pictures are often on the cover of the "Australian Skindiving Magazine."

Now Ron is teaching Valerie the techniques of underwater photography so that he can do a bit of the glamor work in front of the camera.

"I really earn my living as an illustration artist with the Press Feature Service, Sydney, drawing features for children," said Valerie. "But this only takes up two days a week, so it leaves me plenty of time to work with Ron."

Valerie, who lived in New Zealand for 12 years as a child, first started diving at the age of nine. "But it was too cold to do much over there," she said.

In Australia, she turned to modelling and had bit parts in the now extinct "Whiplash" television series.

She took the leading part in a stage version of "The Seven Year Itch" which ran for eight months in Sydney.

For four years now she has been concentrating seriously on diving and spearfishing. She once killed a shark with a spear gun, in the water off Heron Island.

SCHOOL of yellowtail are quite unconcerned as Valerie Taylor swims beside them (below).

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ROMANCE
(for "film star" bride)

VALERIE, an underwater "film star," swimming over a coral reef near Heron Island, on the Great Barrier Reef. In the foreground is a sweetlip and a school of smaller fish.

HONEYMOON at Kangaroo Island for Ron and Valerie Taylor. Here Ron won his third Australian open spearfishing championship in December-January.

CHAMPION spearfisherwoman Valerie examines a cowrie shell in the waters off Heron Island, where she once killed a shark.

CATCHING a crayfish among the coral at Heron Island. Valerie, who is learning underwater photography, took this picture of Ron.

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NEXT WEEK:

Ah! Magnifique!

DINE IN FRANCE

(via our special French recipes, voila!)

You can dine like a Gallic gourmet with 25 wonderful recipes (sophisticated Parisian dishes; simple and wholesome provincial cooking, too).

There's the golden wine-flavored chicken of Paris; the brown, crusty cheese pastry of Burgundy; the good, rich bouillabaisse of Marseilles . . . mmm.

PLUS a list of French cooking terms.

★

BETTINA by Bettina

"I fall in love with Aly"

In the second instalment of her story, the famous Paris mannequin describes the beginning of her life with Prince Aly Khan.

Aly was captivated by her. He was charming, handsome, and rich — but Bettina hesitated to make any decision about her future . . .

Till the Prince "kidnapped" her . . .

★ *New season's knitwear goes on parade*

Glowing color pictures show a selection of chic synthetic knitteds for winter, 1964.

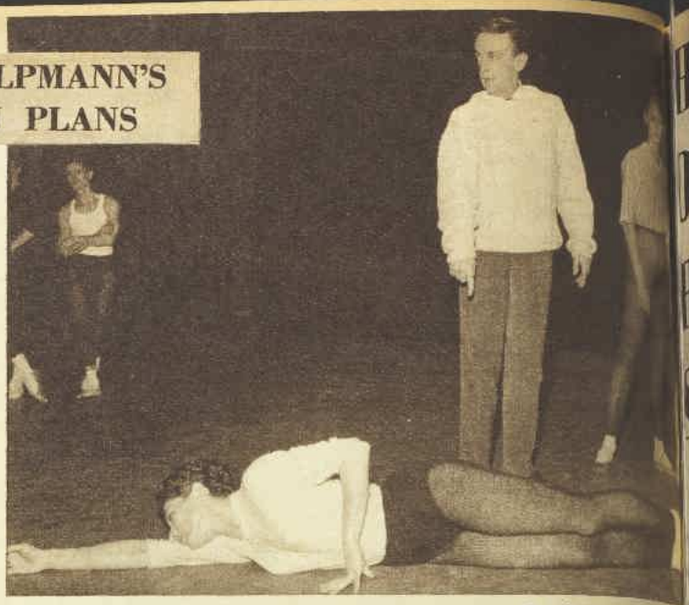
The garments will be on sale at leading city stores — and modelled at fashion parades by five glamorous Australian models.

The models — Ann Felton, Margo McKendry, Jennifer Hocking, Maggie Eckhart, and Colleen Fitzpatrick — are coming home especially for the parades (they're all very successful overseas; Ann and Margo in America; the others in Britain and Europe).

AND more color pictures and stories bring the latest news of the girls' triumphs in the beauty "jungle" overseas.

★ And don't miss details of the new contest that gives five families the chance to win flying holidays anywhere in Australia – two weeks, all expenses paid, with £200 to spend.

ROBERT HELPMANN'S AUSTRALIAN PLANS



● Robert Helpmann expects that his mother will be startled when, at the Adelaide Festival of Arts in March, she sees the world premiere of his ballet "The Display."

Lyrebird-inspired ballet is strong meat, he says

From **BETTY BEST,** *in London*

THE ballet is set in the Australian bush and has the lyrebird as its central symbolic figure.

Robert Helpmann told me that when his mother first heard about it she wrote saying she feared this would be just "a pretty piece about birds."

"Why don't you do a really strong ballet?" she asked.

"She will get quite a shock when she sees it, I think," he told me, enjoying the prospect. "She would have loved 'Elektra,' which so shocked some of the English critics with its savage, sexual dancing.

Mrs. Helpmann lives at Haselwood Park, near Adelaide. This will be the first time she has attended a world premiere of one of her son's own ballets. She was to have come to London for "Elektra" last year, but illness prevented her.

For "The Display," Malcolm Williamson wrote the music and Sidney Nolan designed the decor and costumes.

Fascinated

The Australian Ballet Company will have the exclusive rights of performance for three years.

"The ballet was inspired by Katharine Hepburn when we were in Australia together in '55," Robert Helpmann said. "Kate loved the bush and spent all her free time studying its wildlife.

"The lyrebird in particular fascinated her. She drew comparisons between its method of display in courtship and the behaviour of human beings.

"As soon as she told me about her ideas I knew it would make a wonderful ballet.

"It is dedicated to her, and she has been in close touch with me about it ever since."

Like all Helpmann's ballets, "The Display" throbs with life.

"Dancing lyrebirds are males and their dance is symbolic of male behaviour," Mr. Helpmann explained, "but in the ballet it is the humans who create the action.

"The main character is the female who will be danced by Kathleen Gorham. In many ways she is based on Kate Hepburn in that she is an individualist and rather independent of the group of her young friends.

"The male who leads the group is attracted to her. So is The Outsider. He also is an individual not wanting to be part of communal life.

"Here I will try to show the hostility of the group toward any individualist — how any number of people who band together into a mob can lose their individual humanity and become, to an extent, brutalised.

"The Outsider and the male are rivals for the girl's favors. At a bush picnic they get drunk and fight. The girl rushes away deeper into the bush and The Outsider follows her.

"He is about to rape her when he sobers up, becomes frightened, and rushes off appalled at his own behaviour.

"The girl, left alone and lying exhausted, suddenly becomes conscious of a lyrebird near her.

"I do not want to tell the end, because its surprise element is an important dramatic part of the ballet."

Mrs. Helpmann is not the only interested mother keen to be in the audience in Adelaide on March 14.

Princess Margaret, who is patron of the Royal Ballet, told Helpmann that her mother was anxious to speak to him about "The Display."

When the Queen Mother later saw him at the Royal Opera House she said, "I want very much to see your new ballet. I have a very crowded programme in Adelaide, but we must make sure it includes 'The Display.'"

"Now we have arranged that the ballet performance on the opening night will begin at 9 o'clock and 'The Display' will come after the interval," Mr. Helpmann explained.

"This should give the Queen Mother time to hear the orchestral concert and come on to the theatre later."

"The Display" will not be Mr. Helpmann's only contribution to the Adelaide Festival.

Animals

He will perform his American and English success of Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf" with the Adelaide Youth Orchestra for three appearances — a marathon, as he is the only artist on stage and not only speaks the lines but accompanies the appearance of each character with actions.

"It is great fun," he said. "I wear evening dress but in fact 'become' each one of the animals in turn."

When he is rehearsing "The Display" in Melbourne he hopes to meet the first of the dancers to win the Robert Helpmann Scholarship to the Australian Ballet Company's new school. He and Dame Margot have each set up a £600 scholarship for "out of town" dancers who might otherwise not be able to follow their chosen career.

There are two other projects close to Mr. Helpmann's heart.

"The first," he said, "is to make sure that when Dame Margot and Rudolf Nureyev go to Australia they will dance with the Australian Ballet Company. This now seems a certainty for Sydney and Melbourne this year.

"The second may be a little further off but I am no less keen. I should very much like to have a hand in the production of the film 'Walk in Fright,' which Dirk Bogarde and Joseph Losey hope to do in Australia this year or next.

"It is a book which I feel is perfect film material."

● Katharine Hepburn, who suggested the lyrebird ballet, photographed with Helpmann when they were in Australia in 1955.

● At a rehearsal of one of his own ballets, "Hamlet," a few days before leaving London, Robert Helpmann shows Queen Gertrude (South African Monica Mason) how to die.

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HOME ON THE HIGH SEAS!

By CAROL HENTY

● Where would you find a Christmas tree in the middle of the Caribbean Sea? Madame Raymonde le Serrec has twice solved this problem for her young family. She fished for it.

FRENCHMAN Robert le Serrec with his son Yves, 2, his wife, Raymonde, and daughters Annaich, 8, and Gwenole, 3, on the deck of the yawl which has been their floating home for four years.

"WE fished for seaweed and made it into the shape of a tree to decorate with ribbons and candles," she explains.

"Even living on a boat, we try to keep up with traditions as we would on shore."

Madame le Serrec lives with her husband, Robert, and three children—Annaich, 8, Gwenole, 3, and Yves, 2—aboard the 70ft. French yawl Saint Yves d'Armor.

They called into Sydney in the course of a round-the-world voyage which began four years ago in Etel, Brittany, home port of Monsieur le Serrec.

Babes in port

Two important ports of call en route were Casablanca, where Gwenole was born, and Nassau, a year later, where Yves was born.

"When we set out on the trip, my wife said she wanted five children," said Monsieur le Serrec, beaming at her across the roomy main cabin. "Now, perhaps, three is enough."

"Yes, I was very sick with morning-sickness and seasickness for months both times," said Madame. "Also, if we had more children, where would we put them?"

The Saint Yves d'Armor—Armor is an old word for "Brittany" — is a comfortable size for the le Serrec family at the moment.

Deep hulled and wide bellied, she is the type of yawl once very popular in the Bay of Biscay area for fishing and pleasure cruising.

On deck, the sides are built up so there is no danger of the children falling overboard. The main cabin — used as a dining, living, and wireless room—is wide and high-ceilinged. Forward are two large cabins, one for the children and the other for their parents.

The bathroom is large by yacht standards, the galley small; and aft is a large cabin for storage and sleeping accommodation for crew members.

"We chose such a sturdy, massive boat for two reasons," said Monsieur le Serrec.

"Firstly, she is big enough to raise a family on—and what better way is there of seeing the world than with a young family — and, secondly, because she is stable enough for film-making."

By making a movie film of the family's voyage, via the United States, South America, the Pacific Islands, and home via South Africa, Monsieur le Serrec hopes to make the voyage, which he expects to last six years, pay for itself.

"In such a boat the living costs can come to a few thousand pounds a year — though perhaps we could manage on £1500 a year if we have to," he said.

To help defray expenses the family takes aboard "paying guests" as crew members and Monsieur le Serrec also earns money from lectures with picture slides, which he gives at ports along the way.

As he speaks fluent Spanish, English, and, of course, French, he is equipped to lecture almost anywhere in the world.

The lectures are the main reason why the trip has been so long. "With filming and lecturing at ports of call, and the fact that the boat is difficult to sail, and we have to wait for and pick good weather and the right currents, we are lucky if we do four months' straight sailing in a year," explained Monsieur le Serrec.

The idea of the round-the-world trip was not born overnight. "When I married my husband, I knew he wanted this sort of life," said Madame. "And I wanted him, so here we all are."

They began to "practise" for the trip 11 years ago. Monsieur le Serrec was then a partner in a firm selling and manufacturing nautical instruments in San Sebastian, Northern Spain. Each winter the young couple would spend a holiday living aboard their 30ft. yacht and cruising round the Mediterranean coast.

The test

"When our daughter Annaich was born we were able to see how she weathered life at sea. And we tested different foods and materials for efficiency, so that when we eventually set out on the trip we knew what to expect," said Madame le Serrec.

She runs her seagoing household with all the efficiency one expects of a French housewife.

She cooks two hot meals a day at regular hours.

"If I wrap each vegetable —such as tomatoes — separately in paper after marketing at ports, they seem to keep quite well in the kerosene refrigerator for a long time," she said.

"Bread and meat don't keep long, however, so we eat a lot of tinned meat and I make cakes and biscuits in a portable oven I can put on top of the stove."

Annaich, the eldest, is a great help and cleans the children's cabin, makes simple cakes, and looks after two-year-old Yves.

"She is the official nursemaid and will guard him on deck and see that he doesn't play with knives or any harmful equipment," Madame added.

One of her slight regrets is that she hasn't much time to teach Annaich a normal school curriculum, but she has taught her to write and read.

"She also speaks quite good English, and, of course, knows a lot of geography of the places we have been. When she does go to school, she will probably catch up quite easily."

Besides doing the normal household chores, such as washing, cleaning, and cooking, Madame also takes her turn at the wheel as a sailor.

If there is an extra crew of two she takes a normal six-hour watch, and if there is only one extra crew member the watch can be eight to 10 hours long.

Between times she is the ship's barber ("I cut the children's hair and my husband's, and he cuts mine"), seamstress ("I had an old sewing machine, but it went rusty and we threw it overboard, so now I make the children's clothes and the cushions and curtains by hand"), and medical officer.

"This life is so healthy the children have never had to see a doctor," she said, "but we have a large medical chest with some surgical instruments just in case.

"It is a simple life, but a busy one. And I would not change it now for a shore life of nylon stockings and high-heeled shoes."

The one thing she envies landlubbers is the ease with which they can leave their children at a nursery or school if they want a day's peace.

"But, on the whole, the children are very good," she said. "Annaich has made a swing on deck from old rope, and Gwenole and Yves play happily with some of my collection of tropical shells."

SEVENTY-FOOT yawl Saint Yves d'Armor was a fishing boat.

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"OUI!" "OUI!" "OUI!"

The squares of Paris call them the Bay-at-els

From MARCELLE POIRIER, in Paris

● The French have been surprised to find that the Beatles — the top pop quartet from Liverpool in the North of England — are not young toughs.

THE critic for "Le Parisien" wrote on their opening night here: "The Beatles are wrong if they think they look like bad boys. They are far too polite, too smiling, too baby-faced to be mistaken for hooligans."

The floppy-fringed foursome — called Bay-at-els by Parisians — had a good though non-hysterical reception at each show, and French critics have even recorded, with surprise, that they sing well and are good musicians, which is not always the case with French idols.

The Beatles came to Paris for a season at the Olympia.

Here there've been no screaming hordes of teenagers, no swooning maidens, no night-and-day queues. Crash barriers prepared to safeguard the theatre from fans' assaults were put away unused, and the riot squad, out in force for the first night, spent a boring evening chatting in groups.

The only squeals were from 50-odd fans flown over from London to create a publicity stir at the airport when the Mersey boys arrived.

Even their hair caused little comment.

As John Crosby pointed out in the Paris edition of the New York "Herald-Tribune," the Beatles' haircut is that of any medieval page, and the French singer-composer Leny Escudero has been living under such a thatch for years.

The Beatles' famous "Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!" is, too, only an Anglo-Saxon version of the "Ye! Ye!" of French pop stars—who are known as "Ye-Ye's" in Paris.

And the type of song has been called *"Le Rock de Papa,"* which means it is old hat.

The Beatles themselves haven't seemed to mind what is said about them.

They arrived for a Press conference like a bunch of bouncy, shaggy puppies, all hair and big feet, and were singing in an unBeatlelike manner as they jostled each other through the door.

They grinned widely at us all, stroked down their fringes, and collapsed in untidy heaps in chairs. They faced the barrage of Press questions with humor:

"Have you read the critics' notices?" "No. We can't read French," said John Lennon.

"We can't read English, either," added Ringo Starr.

The followers

No; it was not the first time they had not had rave notices, they admitted cheerfully. "It was like that when we first appeared in Sweden," said John.

"Why, it was the same when we first went to Britain," quipped Paul Macartney (a reference to the fact that they made their reputation on a visit to West Germany).

"Are you followed around when you go out?" someone asked.

"Indeed, yes!" chorused the boys, looking modest—and then grinning when Paul added, "By the British Press."

Later I heard one of them solemnly telling a rather pompous interviewer: "We are Eton boys, really, and we had to spend a long time in Liverpool getting rid of our accents."

The only irritating note is rung by their Press officer, Brian Somerville, who keeps on guarding them as if screaming fans are battering on the door.

The income

The royal plural rings out when he is about: "We are too busy to give you an interview," I was told. "We have to meet the British Ambassador and see the King's Regiment in Berlin."

He looked as if he had never heard of Australia when I mentioned it, but Ringo, who was standing right behind, tried to soften the blow.

"I know all about Australia," he said. "There they all walk upside-down. I wonder what happens to the girls' skirts."

Each of the Beatles is earning about £A12,000 a year after taxes and expenses.

They also get royalties from the sale of Beatle wigs, sweaters, and badges.

But, in spite of all, the four boys are without side or affectation.

Paul, who is mainly responsible for writing the songs, looks like a round-faced schoolboy. Ringo, the small, ugly drummer, is quick witted and good natured.

John does take some things seriously. His autobiography is to be published in London shortly. He is married and has a baby son.

George, who is the main spokesman for the group, is just another friendly lad.

They enjoy earning lots of money — "in pawsful," they say — but they don't think it is everything in life. They work hard to keep their place at the top.

Night life doesn't seem to interest them. George said they had seen enough of that during the year in Hamburg.

They are interested, however, in shopping. A visit to Pierre Cardin's men's shop had a high priority.

Ringo told me they got the idea for the collarless cardigan jackets they wear on-stage from Cardin's styles. "But this is nothing, really," he added. "You should see our scarlet nightshirts."

RINGO STARR on his way to join the other Beatles in Paris after his plane had been delayed by weather. He is the group's drummer.

THREE OF THE BEATLES (from left), George Harrison, Paul Macartney, and John Lennon, become gay boulevardiers on their first outing in Paris while waiting for Ringo Starr, whose plane was fog-bound. They were engaged for a season at the Olympia Theatre.

A CROWD GATHERS as they look for postcards to send home to Liverpool. But the French failed to swoon or "riot," despite some prompting from fans flown over from London to attend the first night, who were strolling on the wide pavements of the Champs Elysees.

THE CROWD GROWS as the three Beatles stop for a soft drink. John Lennon did, as a matter of fact, help to attract attention by spreading his arms wide and singing "Wunderbar" at the top of his voice — in German. Next month the Beatles have a date at New York's Carnegie Hall.

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'Don't try to argue with a woman'

advises noted public speaker Lord Mancroft—who has five women in his household

LORD MANCROFT. He succeeded to the title in 1942 on the death of his father, Arthur Michael Samuel, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs 1924-27, who was made a peer in 1937. Lord Mancroft says he's 49½ — "doesn't sound as dull as 'nearly 50.'"

By MARY COLES

"ARGUING with a woman is like trying to fold an airmail edition of The Times in a high wind," said visiting English peer Lord Mancroft.

He is reputed to be one of the most outstanding public speakers in Britain. But he says he has never been able to finish a sentence in his own home since his marriage 13 years ago.

"My wife brought me two very lovely 'pre-fab' daughters by a previous marriage, and we also have two of our own," he said.

"Heading a household of five women, I've never had any choice but to give in.

"And no man has stopped me talking as effectively as my 6½-year-old son, Benjamin. He never pauses to draw a breath.

"Just before I left England to fly to Australia he wanted to know what was the international date line.

"Being a little foggy about it, I began a long rigmarole which he interrupted with, 'Daddy, you haven't the faintest idea of what you are talking about. I'll have to go and find out for myself.'"

More than 6ft. tall, with a relaxed, easy-going air, and a wide vocabulary of contemporary slang, Lord Mancroft represents the "new look" in British aristocracy.

Neither tweedy nor bowler-hatted, he is one of the grey-flannel-suit brigade of peers with a realistic view of how to succeed in business in spite of an old school tie (Winchester and Oxford — honors Law).

He explained he was visiting Australia "under three hats":

(1) President of the London Tourist Board.

(2) Chairman of the largest British coach-tour company operating in Europe.

(3) A Governor of the English Speaking Union.

Don't bore

Lord Mancroft, a master of the art of understatement, calls his speech-making "nattering." He makes a point of never saying as much as his audience would like to hear.

"No one has ever criticised a speech for being too short," he told me.

"And a speaker needs to remember that whatever he has got to say on the subject has been covered by someone else before him, who has done it better.

"No one should bore or be bored. When you are no longer enjoying hearing what you say, it is time to SHUT UP."

He enjoys listening to talkative women if they're good conversationalists, and a woman's wit is music to his ears — provided she doesn't use it at her husband's expense.

Although in great demand as an after-dinner speaker, Lord Mancroft doesn't like the job much.

"An after-dinner speaker needs to be able to keep people awake. This means he verges on degenerating into just being an entertainer, like a conjurer or court jester.

"And professional funny men are never funny."

Lord Mancroft thinks it can be amusing for a speaker to express his ignorance about a subject — discussing his lack of knowledge of golf for instance.

But he disdains impromptu speech-making. He contends that since a host spends time and trouble arranging a function, a speaker should have the courtesy to do the same, even if only making a rough outline.

He also avoids "message" speeches.

In a House of Lords debate Lord Mancroft once challenged Lord Lucas to a pub crawl to prove his points on the hotel trade's difficulties in catering for overseas visitors.

To Lord Lucas, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport in the Attlee Government, Lord Mancroft said:

"If he likes to come out with me we will search for premises where it is possible to drink in the open air.

"At each one we find where you can, I will pay for the drinks.

"At every one where you can't, he will pay.

"And I assure him that by the time we get home he will not be solvent and I shall not be sober!"

When he resigned as Minister without portfolio from Mr. Macmillan's Cabinet, Lord Mancroft said:

"A Minister without portfolio is U (upper class) language Governmentese for 'Dogsbody.'

"After several years without portfolio some of my friends decided to give me one.

"I was very touched.

"But when it turned up it was a rather mangy greyhound called Portfolio.

Shoot it!

"For the first 30 seconds it was all happiness.

"On the 31st second it bit my wife, and on the 32nd it bit me.

"When it raced it ran out to the right.

"Lord Brabazon suggested this fault might be corrected by a piece of lead in the left ear.

"I asked him how this would be applied.

"'With a revolver,' he said."

Although from childhood politics were his meat and drink—and daily bread and butter, too — Lord Mancroft retired in 1958 from full-time political activity to concentrate on business.

He told Mr. Macmillan he couldn't afford to bring up a wife and five children on his Parliamentary salary of £A3750 a year.

But the torch he carries for the Conservative Party still burns as brightly as the day he named his elder daughter Victoria, "because it was the only girl's name I could shorten to Tory."

His wife shares his interest in politics.

They met at a Conservative Party political meeting in 1950, when Lord Mancroft was regarded as one of Britain's most confirmed eligible bachelors.

"Speaking one night at a meeting I was constantly being asked awkward questions by a woman seated in the back of the hall," Lord Mancroft recalls.

"Finally I said, 'If the young blond lady will come up to the platform after the meeting I will answer all her questions then.'

"She did. Twelve months later we were married."

He says he appreciates her being his severest critic.

"One's opponents are always rude and unkind. Friends are too kind. From my wife I get the plain, unvarnished truth, and I heed what she says."

REXIE AND HER PUPS

"Guardian of The Gap"

• Our covergirl twice within a month is 3½-year-old Alsatian Rexie, self-appointed guardian of The Gap, at South Head, Sydney.

THE cover picture and story of her exploits in preventing more than 20 suicides in the area in the past 18 months endeared her to readers throughout the Commonwealth.

Fan letters sent to her owners, Mr. and Mrs. John Nagy, proprietors of The Gap Inn restaurant, included many requests from admirers keen to buy puppies from the litter Rexie was expecting.

Rexie did her best to meet the demand and produced nine puppies — five boys and four girls. (See cover, and cover panel on page 2.)

"But that's still not nearly enough to go round," said Mr. and Mrs. Nagy.

None of the puppies will be sold.

"They will be given to Rexie's friends with special needs, such as a crippled child or someone who is old and lonely," said Mrs. Nagy.

The puppies are a lively, healthy bunch, a credit to their mother—and their dad, Sheik, a thoroughbred Alsatian owned by Mr. Les Toth, of Darlinghurst.

Mr. and Mrs. Nagy say that Rexie is a "fantastic mother."

"Now they are getting too big for her to carry by the scruff of the neck with her mouth, she comes and tugs at my skirt for assistance in lifting wayward ones back into their sleeping-box," Mrs. Nagy explained.

"She knows when her puppies wander into potential danger spots.

"She does something about it as quickly as when she senses that all is not well with human beings at The Gap and barks the alarm."

Besides being able to sum up people who have suicidal tendencies, Rexie also keeps a watchful eye on children and drunken visitors who don't keep within bounds of the safety fence.

When Rexie dashes towards the Nagys sounding her alarm bark, they immediately remove her collar before she bounces back ahead of them to her quarry.

This is because a drunken man out on a dangerous ledge was delayed from jumping over by Rexie's friendly concern. She edged in close to him and he held her by the collar.

The Nagys were terrified the man would lurch over and take Rexie with him.

By now the rescue-drill after an alarm from Rexie follows a pattern. Mr. Nagy, led by Rexie, races up to the cliff edge to make "friends" with a "suspect" while his wife telephones the police.

Recently when police arrived at the restaurant in answer to a summons from Mrs. Nagy, because a man was about to jump over, they were nonplussed.

"But there are TWO men talking together outside the safety fence. They're surely not both going to suicide," said the police.

"No! No! One of the men is my husband," she said, almost frantic.

"But which one is your husband?" asked the police, trying to work out whom they had to rescue.

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BETTINA by Bettina*

BETTINA, who in her heyday in the early 'fifties was the world's top cover girl, poses above and at right in two high-fashion Paris outfits of the period. A new world-wide fashion began when, on orders from couturier Jacques Fath, she cropped her hair short "like a convict's" so as to please him.

"You are the loveliest woman here," Prince Aly Khan told Bettina. She smiled, but knew he said the same thing to many, many women

**Bettina's name was originally Simone Micheline Bodin. Her story begins below.*

● It was in 1948. I had been a mannequin with Jacques Fath, the great couturier, for some time and this day Prince Aly Khan and the famous filmstar Rita Hayworth came to see the collection.

I DIDN'T know they were there. I was simply sitting in front of my dressing-table doing my hair when an unusual commotion made me look around, and I saw the other girls peeping round the showroom door.

So I joined the others in watching the famous couple through the chink of the door. I thought Rita was very beautiful.

I watched them during the parade, too. Rita seemed to be completely indifferent to it all, and sat there with that look of nonchalance so often seen on much-admired women.

Aly, on the other hand, was talking and laughing and showed a keen interest in every dress.

For one brief second my eye caught his, and he gave me a warm, sympathetic look, which nevertheless did not in any way excite me. When I came in at the end of the show, dressed as a bride, he smiled at me.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle," he said, as sweetly simple and natural as you could imagine.

By strange coincidence, an American photographer, Robert Capan, who at that time was covering Fath's couture house, snapped me in that wedding-dress in front of the prince.

When I got back to the changing-room to remove all my frills and furbelows, everyone was talking nineteen to the dozen, and we went on discussing the fairy-tale prince, whom we all agreed was very good-looking, for a long time.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Aly and Rita Hayworth married the following year — 1949 — and were divorced in 1953.)

But by the next day I had quite forgotten Aly Khan.

I only thought again about him to curse him, for a few days later two of my friends and I were asked to go and show Rita Hay-

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● Of all the women in the late Prince Aly Khan's life, Bettina, a top mannequin and cover girl, of Paris, was his last and perhaps his truest love. Bettina was with Aly when he died in a tragic road smash in May, 1960. Originally a country girl of a poor French family, she had already made herself internationally famous in her chosen career before embarking on her famous romance with the wealthy oriental prince. "Bettina, by Bettina" is the story of her life and love, and the first instalment, beginning here, tells of her early days and how she met Aly Khan.

BETTINA in small picture above, and PRINCE ALY KHAN, right.

HOURS of patient work before a mirror perfected Bettina's natural talent for fashion and photographic modelling. Results are seen above and at right, in fashion poses.

worth some of the dresses Aly had chosen for her.

I was not at all pleased, for they asked us to come at ten o'clock on a Sunday morning, and I liked to lie in late!

We arrived at his house at the appointed hour, accompanied by a salesgirl and a dresser. We had about fifteen dresses to show, which the salesgirl unpacked in the room we had been shown into.

I was yawning and grousing as I began to get ready, and took very little notice of what was going on around me. I was far too keen to be gone again.

Then suddenly Aly came in alone, dressed entirely in black. My ill-humor immediately vanished as if by magic. I had fallen under his spell.

Rita was not yet ready and he seemed embarrassed at the delay, and offered us champagne and chatted to us while he moved about the room.

I had the impression that he was trying to be particularly nice, realising that we must have been considerably put out at having to come so early, and on a Sunday at that.

We had to wait an hour for Rita Hayworth. Then she looked at the dresses with an air of unutterable boredom and Aly had to insist that she try some on. They spoke English together and I did not understand much of what they said.

The dresses she chose happened to be mine, so I went up to her room with her to help. But she was not the same size, and since she was unable to get into my dresses I had to put them on.

When our wasted morning was over, Aly came to see us off himself, and was as charming as possible to us, obviously attempting to offset his companion's capricious behaviour.

During the next few days he came to Fath with Rita for her fittings, and would sit on the stairs and watch the models file past as he waited, giving each one of us an engaging smile.

When the parades were over he asked me several times to come and sit next to him, and we would chat.

He seemed very interested in my work and would ask me all sorts of questions, such as whether it was very tiring, or whether I had always been interested in fashion.

I found him most likeable, but, even at the risk of disappointing certain romantic souls, I must admit that I had absolutely no premonitions about the future, and would have been most astonished if anyone had told me that one day I was to share Aly's life with him.

So it was with complete indifference that I read the details of his amorous adventures in the newspapers.

I was 23, and living in Paris, and already well known as Bettina, the mannequin and cover girl, at the time of that first fateful meeting with Aly.

But Bettina was not my real name.

Father forgot

It was on a May morning, in 1925, that my father went to the local town hall in the country town of Laval to register my birth, but on arriving before the registrar's clerk found that he could not remember what they had decided to call me.

The clerk had to come to the rescue and entered in the register the names Simone Micheline.

This incident would suggest that my father had not attached any great importance to my arrival in the world, and, sure enough, six months later he walked out on us and set up home afresh in another town.

Henceforth, my family was reduced to my mother and a sister three years older than I.

Nevertheless, when we were old enough to travel alone, my mother used to send Catherine and me to stay with our father for part of the holidays.

I was seven when I made the last of these visits, and have never seen him since.

I sometimes wonder about my half-brothers and sisters (for my father had a second family), whose very faces I have forgotten.

I may pass them in the street, for all I know, without recognising them. As for my father, I wonder if he even knows that Bettina is his daughter.

One of my father's brothers was a village blacksmith, while he himself worked as a railway clerk. It is from this Breton family that I inherit my eyes, my hair, and my obstinate nature.

After my father had left us, my mother, who was a schoolteacher, went to live in Elbeuf, an exceedingly ugly industrial town in Normandy.

His departure did not upset me and I never felt the lack of

Continued on page 24

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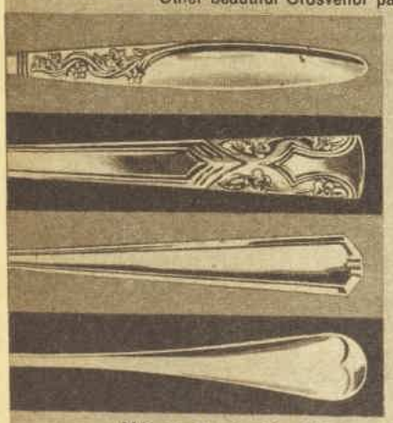

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

DETAILS of pretty Gillian Garland's wedding gown are being kept a close secret, but her three attendants — her sister, Mrs. Graeme Sheather, her cousin, Tweed Walton, and Sue Cullen-Ward — will all wear slim amethyst Thai silk shifts.

Gillian, younger daughter of Mrs. G. R. Garland, of Double Bay, and Mr. D. M. Garland, of Mosman, weds Tony Sharpe at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on April 6, with a reception to follow at lovely old Fernleigh Gardens.

So far, Gillian's "something old" is the shoes she will wear with her full-length gown — "not really old, but not brand new."

For their honeymoon they'll fly to Lord Howe Island for 12 days and on their return move into a house at Wollstonecraft which they've been lent for six months while they house-hunt.

Tony's brother, Michael, will be best man with Bill Cox and Rodney Marsh as groomsmen.

★ ★ ★

RECENTLY back from an 11-month holiday abroad, Diana Hipsley brought news of former Sydney girl Sally Fairfax, now Mrs. Geoffrey White, with whom she stayed in Ottawa. The Whites (he's second secretary at the Australian High Commission) have an attractive flat overlooking one of the city's canals and love the life there — one of their greatest pleasures is skiing just a few miles out of Ottawa. On her return Diana announced her engagement to Richard Weisner and is busy with plans for an April wedding.

★ ★ ★

COFFEE, conversation, and chapeaux are the novel combination promised by a sub-committee of Torch Bearers for Legacy on the invitations they have sent out for a morning tea and hat parade at Menzies Hotel on February 20. The enthusiastic group, headed by Mrs. Harold Bottomley, includes Mrs. K. H. Stanton, Mrs. A. R. Gardner, Mrs. Dan Osborne, and Mrs. J. Dyneley Fell.

★ ★ ★

FORMER Sydney girl Kate Kirby, who has just announced her engagement, will have her younger sister, Sue, and a school-friend, Rosalind Sherwood, of Hunter's Hill, as bridesmaids when she marries Melbourne solicitor Ken Barry at St. Peter's Church, Toorak, on June 25. The eldest daughter of the President of the Conciliation and Arbitration Commission, Sir Richard Kirby, and Lady Kirby, of Toorak, Kate works as her father's associate.

★ ★ ★

I'M sure the seams of the homestead at "Marong," Conargo, will be almost bursting next weekend when 30 of Valerie Driver's young friends from Melbourne University and the Teachers' College move in to help her celebrate her 21st birthday. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Driver, have arranged a party at the Coach House at Deniliquin on February 1, when guests from Sydney, Canberra, and Melbourne will dance till the wee hours.

FAIR-HAIRED Katherine Campbell, of "Cambalong," Bombala, has taken off one uniform for another. When the news came through last week from Clyde, her old school at Mt. Macedon, Victoria, that she had passed her Leaving Certificate, she celebrated with a five-day visit to Sydney with her mother, Mrs. R. B. Campbell, and sister, Deirdre — for fittings for new riding kit. Katherine and Deirdre, who have their own Arab stud at Bombala, will be living in riding rig for the next few months, competing in events at country horse trials and preparing mounts for the Royal Easter Show. Incidentally, when Deirdre is not in the saddle she's up in the air working for her commercial pilot's licence.

★ ★ ★

MRS. JOHN HARDY and her daughter, Mrs. Graham Chapman (who's up visiting from Victoria), will be hostesses at a kitchen tea for bride-to-be Camille Donnellan on February 1. Camille, who marries Dr. John Farrell at Our Lady Star of the Sea Church, Watson's Bay, on February 5, will be attended by Jeanne Campbell, Margaret Graham, and Mary Garry, and flowergirl Joanne Easy.

★ ★ ★

THERE must be an adventurous streak in Mrs. John Benjamin and her sister, Mrs. William Gallaway, who have planned a marvellous "off the beaten track" six months abroad. They leave by Norwegian cargo freighter Tourcoing on February 22, and after various ports of call disembark at Rijeka in Yugoslavia. Their itinerary includes a cruise by steamer in the Aegean Sea around the Grecian Islands and visits to Switzerland, Germany, and France. In England they'll stay with former Melbourne residents Mr. and Mrs. Bill Vines in their delightful early-English house in Surrey, where the Vines grow passionfruits and eucalyptus trees in specially built glass houses. For the trip home they'll embark on another freighter from Holland and travel via Scandinavia and Spain.

— *MOLLIE LYONS*

***ABOVE:** Mr. and Mrs. Barry Gray, the former Miss Beverley Priest, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Priest, after their wedding at the Cameron Memorial Church, Glen Innes. The bride was attended by Miss Lynne Peate and Miss Jeanette Gray.*

***AT LEFT:** Leaving Christ Church, Gunnedah, after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Brady. The bride was formerly Miss Lorraine Russell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Russell, of Gunnedah.*

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BELOW: Miss Belinda Probert and Mr. Edmund Bateman who have announced their engagement. Miss Probert is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Probert, of Killara. Her fiance is the son of Dr. Tom Bateman, of Wollstonecraft, and the late Mrs. Bateman.

THE HON. CATHERINE SIDNEY wearing the exquisite platinum brooch presented to her by Captain G. I. D. Hutcheson, Chairman of Directors, Cockatoo Dock (on her right), after she had launched the Empress of Australia. Also in the picture, taken at the function on board the South Steyne following the launching, are, from left to right, Mrs. Hutcheson, the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, and the Minister for Shipping and Transport, Mr. Gordon Freeth. The brooch, which combines two scrolls, one of 23 Indian blue sapphires surmounted by a larger one of 73 diamonds, was presented in an ivory box.

TO WED. Miss Naomi Leon and Mr. Gillis Broinowski, who have just announced their engagement, will marry at Camden on February 29. Miss Leon is the daughter of Mrs. Henry Leon, of St. John's Wood, and the late Mr. Henry Leon. Mr. Broinowski is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Broinowski, of Point Piper.

ABOVE: Miss Barbara Ley, centre, was guest of honor at a pre-wedding party given by two of her bridesmaids, Miss Mary Loneragan, left, and Miss Judith Green, at Miss Green's home at Vaucluse. Miss Ley, who will marry Mr. John O'Neill, of "Neinby," Gularambone, at St. John the Baptist Church, Gulgong, will also have her sister, Judy, Miss Jill Lugsdin, and Susie Crossley as attendants.

AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. John Buchanan leaving St. Peter's Church, Watson's Bay, after their marriage. The bride was formerly Miss Jillian Palmer, only daughter of Mrs. R. G. Palmer, of South Yarra, Victoria, and the late Mr. R. D. Palmer. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Buchanan, of Double Bay.

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INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: COUNTRY RETAIL STORES

By MARY BROKER

● Last week I spoke of the prosperity now apparent in the rural sector of the economy and pointed out the benefits likely to accrue to the manufacturers of agricultural machinery. There is another industry whose profits should receive a boost from farmers' prosperity — the country retail stores.

THERE are two companies in this field with good records of steady profits and constant attention to shareholders' interests—Permewan Wright and John Meagher (Holdings) Ltd.

Permewan Wright in particular has been a wonderful company. It was formed in Victoria in 1884 and now has interests throughout New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, with a head office in Melbourne.

Today the group has a chain of 169 units made up of 97 retail self-service stores, 54 other country stores, 16 self-service wholesale stores, and two manufacturing and processing companies.

All types of merchandise are handled which farming households could need. These include seeds, grain, and fodder for the animals, farm and station supplies, kerosene and oil, fertilisers, veterinary supplies, motor spirits, electrical appliances, and furniture.

The company is also licensed to distribute liquor in a number of areas in Victoria and New South Wales. At several branches, too, stock feed is manufactured and seed is prepared for pastoral development.

You will remember some time ago I recommended Peter's Ice Cream (Vic.) and told you that they had acquired Grocery & General Merchants Limited. Permewan Wright shortly after purchased from Peter's all the New South Wales assets of Grocery & General. This added considerably to their store chain and also brought them an import-export business.

Another advantage in this takeover was their big increase in buying power and the improved buying arrangements which could then be negotiated. The amalgamation also resulted in considerable savings in administration.

The company's profits have been excellent and have provided good cover for the steady 12½% dividend. Here are the figures:

1961: Net profit £117,000, to give an earning rate of 16.7% on ordinary capital.

1962: Net profit £156,000, to give an earning rate of 15.2%.

1963: Net profit £274,000, to give an earning rate of 19.1%.

Turnover last year was a record £18 million, and in the six months to September 30 in the current financial year directors said that sales were running at a rate higher than £20 million a year. This looks well for the future.

Shareholders have not been forgotten, as you will see from the following:

February, 1961: A new issue of 20/- shares at 5/- premium on the basis of 15 for 100.

February, 1962: A new issue of 20/- shares at 6/- premium on the basis of two for three held.

Last year the shares were split to 5/- units and since then have risen well above the value they reached on a 20/- basis.

I strongly recommend these shares for both a short-term rise in price and for long-term holding. One hundred at the present price of 15/9 would cost about £80 including all charges, and for this you would get £3/2/6 a year from dividends.

The other company mentioned above, John Meagher, operates wholly in New South Wales with branches at several big country centres including Parkes, Forbes, and Yass, and has a buying office in Sydney.

The profit record has been excellent and dividend has risen every year since 1959.

1961: Net profit £79,000, to give an earning rate of 15.7%, dividend 10%.

1962: Net profit £95,000, to give an earning rate of 18.9%, dividend 11½%.

1963: Net profit £100,000, to give an earning rate of 19.8%, dividend 12½%.

In October last year the company announced a new issue of 5/- shares at a premium of 5/- on the basis of one for four held. The money raised by this issue is to be used to extend the group's activities in Parkes.

The trading of rights to this issue will be open until January 31, the rights being priced now at 4/6 and the ordinary shares at 14/9. One hundred ordinary shares would cost £75, and 100 rights would cost £23, with a further £50 to pay before January 31.

But remember that the new shares will not receive the interim dividend to be paid next April.

I would advise you to consult your stockbroker when you are buying John Meagher to see which is the cheaper way to buy the stock at the time.

CAKES FOR AUCTION

● Visiting Australia from England is Mrs. Ida M. Perry, who helps charities in a novel — and tasty — way.

MRS. Perry makes cakes. And what cakes! One she made in 1962, decorated to look like a billiard-table, weighed 198lb.

It was auctioned at the Cafe Royal in Regent Street, for the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, and fetched £655 (about £A819).

For the same fund, another cake, weighing in at 155lb. at the annual Bubbly Ball in London, was knocked down for 300 guineas.

Mrs. Perry makes all her cakes in her own kitchen. The big ones take three weeks to finish.

First step is to make the required number of small cakes, each weighing 12lb., in tins 1ft. square. For these she uses a fruited Christmas mixture.

Sixteen of these small cakes make a 198lb. cake when all the icing is added. They are bound together with apricot jelly and almond-icing spread round the sides and top of each cake.

Then a huge sheet of almond paste is spread all over the big cake up to 1in. thick. This is covered with icing-sugar icing.

The whole is left to dry thoroughly, then the cake is pump-iced and decorated.

Mrs. Perry's cakes are decorated in all manner of ways . . . as a billiard-table (Joe Davis, billiard champion, played a game with surgeon Arthur Dixon Wright on this one), farms, circuses, gardens, books, hunting scenes.

"The Cancer Fund holds these auctions every year," Mrs. Perry said. "All sorts of things are contributed, including panties and furniture. It's fun, and quite a bit of money is collected."

The Cancer Fund is Mrs. Perry's main interest since she spent several months in St. Mary's Hospital after a fall while hunting with the Portman Hounds.

"I saw so much suffering from cancer there that I made up my mind to help in some way," she explained.

"As a child I spent a lot of time in the kitchen with our old Irish cook. She taught me to make and ice cakes."

Mrs. Perry and her late husband assisted needy people for many years.

"We used to give a two-week free holiday at our home, 'Priory Dene,' in Bournemouth, to convalescents, or spastic or polio children, and their nurses.

"But I have sold 'Priory' now. It is too big for me alone. And besides — a former Bishop of London haunts it. He owned it once.

"I don't mind that so much — but he has only got his gaiters on!"

MRS. PERRY with a cake which was sold for 300 guineas at the Bubbly Ball.

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THE QUEEN leaving on December 21 for the family holiday at Sandringham.

PRINCESS MARGARET arriving briskly at a December art exhibition in London.

DUCHESS OF KENT at London airport on January 14 on her way to Switzerland.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA and her husband return from Sandringham on January 1.

ONLY ANGUS IS "FUSSING"

From ANNE MATHESON in London

● The four expectant members of the Royal family still seem to be taking their pregnancy easily and almost lightheartedly, even the new mother-to-be, Princess Alex. But her Angus is becoming an anxious husband as he faces his initiation.

IN less than four weeks the first of the bumper 1964 crop of Royal babies is due at Thatched House Lodge, the large house the Ogilvys rented in its 2000 acres at Richmond Park.

This is remote from Harley Street and the London hospital of Alex's gynecologist, Mr. Ian Jackson, and there is some concern at present because of a long-range forecast of wild wintry weather.

Angus Ogilvy, who has been fussing a lot about his wife's condition, says he has the matter of transport for the occasion well in hand, with fast cars, a sanding machine for icy stretches of road, and a motor escort to beam a path through fog.

No coddling

In case the weather makes movement impossible, a part of Thatched House Lodge has been prepared as hospital rooms for the birth of the baby and bedrooms for the medical staff.

These Royal mothers would have shocked some of their forebears.

Imagine what King George V, great-grandfather of these '64 babies, who thought himself a modern monarch, would have said about Princess Alex going tourist class to Spain with her husband (who was on a business trip) when the whole world knew she was five months pregnant.

It's unlikely he would have been pleased to read in the paper that the Honorable Angus left Alex in his car outside a popular restaurant while he asked for a table for two, and happily agreed to share one with two strangers.

This when she was seven months pregnant and had just been to have a check-up at Middlesex Hospital.

All four of the Royal ladies awaiting their babies are keeping well and looking marvellous.

Princess Alex and the Queen, expecting her fourth child in March, look particularly beautiful.

Princess Margaret, who expects her second child in April, is out and about every day, the picture of health.

I have never seen her looking lovelier. Her figure, now expanding, is still neat and she dresses in simple sheaths of heavenly material.

She wears little make-up but always has a splendid, slightly bouffant hair-do. And (as one of her friends remarked after a cocktail party she threw in the New Year) "not a gleam of jewellery."

These days she looks a completely natural person, whether she is sloshing through the slush on a miserable wintry afternoon looking for junk in the street markets of the East End, or carrying her baby, David, now a dear little boy just over two, on her hip across the gardens outside Kensington Palace, or passing a message to her friend the Rev. Timothy Beaumont's nervous cook that she has no food fads and "enjoys everything."

She is so happy to be free of the fetters of once rigid Royal protocol that she is, indeed, a very changed young woman. Of all the Royal mothers, it is Princess Margaret one would expect to be looking for as much fussing over as she could get away with, but she is the one who seems now to expect the least.

IN THE YEAR OF THE ROYAL BABIES

Sister Anne Thomson, who will be the new baby's nurse, is having a few weeks' rest with an Australian family whose children she cared for when they were babies.

She told me: "The Princess is on top of the world."

Sister Annette Wilson, who goes to Kensington Palace, where the baby will be born, with Sir John Peel, the gynecologist, is the nurse who assisted at the birth of Viscount Linley at Clarence House.

In Austria, Kate, the Duchess of Kent, warmly dressed for the snow, has been out each day watching Eddie, her husband, skiing in the British Army Championships—until he hurt his leg. The Kent baby, their second, is due in May.

Katharine has brought more than her Yorkshire commonsense to life as a Royal mother. She's brought a wealth of experience picked up as the wife of an Army man.

For she has camp-followed from London to Hong Kong, pushed her baby, the Earl of St. Andrews, in a pram through the Eastern bazaars, flown with him in a carry-cot on trooping flights, fought her way through the fog to get to London airport, and brought him home from the East — a heavy suntanned child — in her arms.

Her plans for the birth of her second child are flexible.

She will be off again on a trooping flight to Germany when the Duke of Kent rejoins his regiment, now posted there. She will come home for the birth, but explains that it may not be worthwhile opening "Coppins," their home, in May and setting up nurseries there if she is going back to Germany with her new baby.

Her final plans are in the lap of the British Army and its manoeuvres, and she may well book in at a London hospital.

Quiet Queen

Quietly, happily, and enjoying a life in the background while waiting for her fourth baby, the Queen is remaining at Sandringham until the end of January. Her baby is expected in March.

She is having the same medical team as for Prince Andrew, who will be four years old this February. She has the least planning to do for her new baby, since the nurseries, the room which will be a hospital ward for the birth, and all the staff are at the ready.

Even the high old pram has needed very little maintenance, since it has been in such constant use.

The Queen Mother has taken over much of her daughter's official duties. For instance four new Ambassadors and three High Commissioners, the biggest New Year diplomatic influx of the postwar years, have all presented letters of credence to her instead.

But the despatch box is still the Queen's first duty each day.

She helped Princess Anne pack her trunks for her return to boarding-school at Benenden and helped stitch the labels. She has already ordered clothes for herself and Anne for spring, and in ordering a tartan raincoat for herself had little rainjackets of the matching material made for her dogs.

"Very cute her ideas were, too," the designer told me.

The four Royal ladies are individual in their taste in nurseries.

The Queen's is old-fashioned with traditional chintz.

Princess Margaret's is modern and streamlined, and Princess Alexandra's is large and sunny in white and palest beige, but with the loveliest hand-woven rugs scattered on the floor with a design of amusing animals worked in.

The Duchess of Kent is more interested in making sure that the equipment she buys is strictly portable for setting up a nursery wherever she and her husband are stationed.

Yet they all have one thing in common. Following the Queen's advice and example, they are having fireproof materials throughout.

The Queen gave the lead four years ago, when she had the crib retrimmed for Prince Andrew with fireproof net and materials. Since then inflammable net and night-dresses have become a national issue.

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When Australia was at war

• "Project '64," TCN9's special public affairs programme, promises excellent viewing in the coming year right from its start on Monday, February 3, at 9.30 p.m. when its premiere, "The Home Front," will be telecast.

☆ **Television** ☆

By NAN MUSGROVE

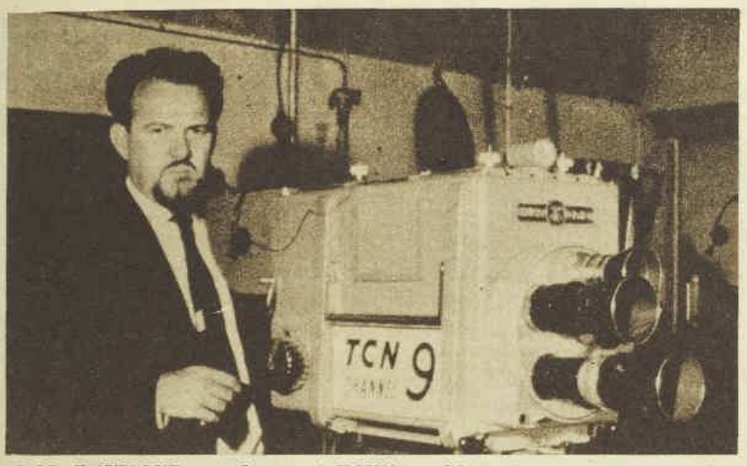
IF that title "The Home Front" brings back memories of melodies like "Lili Marlene," "South of the Border," and clothing coupons, you've got the right reaction — The Home Front is World War II at home in Australia.

Executive producer of "Project '64" Bob Raymond said he made it because he thinks it is a very interesting period and because most other phases of World War II have been shown on TV.

"We've seen the desert battles, the Kokoda Trail, and the war in the Pacific, but we've never seen what happened at home," he said. "It's one of the few untold stories of the war."

"The Home Front" deals with the impact of World War II on the daily lives of the people, at work and socially, and also traces the rise of the nation's wartime leader, John Curtin.

It is not part of a series, it is complete in itself.



BOB RAYMOND, producer of TCN9's public affairs programme "Project '64," which will begin on Monday, February 3, with "Home Front," an hour-long documentary about the effect of World War II on the lives of the people on the Australian home front.

Exciting plans

Raymond is excited about the year ahead of "Project '64." Plans include three kinds of programmes—Australian documentaries, topical programmes about world events made up of segments from America, Europe, England, and Australia, a la ABC-TV's old "Four Corners," and special overseas hour documentaries.

"'Project '64' will be very much more flexible than 'Four Corners'," he said.

(Raymond was co-creator and producer of "Four Corners" until he joined TCN9 in August, 1963.)

"'Four Corners' was strictly week to week," he said. "We always had to rush back to the studios on Wednesdays to make it, wherever we were.

"With 'Project '64' our plans mean we will have good programmes from overseas ready, that would allow us to take, say, two weeks, if necessary, to make a special Australian documentary.

"We are also in a position where, if a good story breaks in Australia, we can cover it and push the overseas programme aside.

"We are going for news in depth — a fuller picture of what is taking place here and around us."

Interviewer and narrator of "Project '64" will be Michael Ramsden, news director of TCN9.

What I wish about "Project '64" is that TCN's programmers would have another think about the hour it is shown—9.30 p.m.

It is too late to start an hour of good solid viewing for most people. It means that it will be 11 p.m. by the time you get to bed.

Australians have always been a nation of early-to-bedders, and televiewing has not altered this. Indeed, the TV ratings prove it.

Graphs showing the numbers in the viewing audience start to drop from 9 p.m. onwards, and Monday night is a tired night for most people, with a hard day's work on top of weekend exercise.

TWO CHARACTERS FROM "Coronation Street" (left to right) Florrie Lindley (Betty Alberge) of the corner shop and Annie Walker (Doris Speed), wife of the landlord of the local pub, The Rover's Return. The serial, a national institution in England, has many characters. So that viewers will get to know them quickly, TCN9 is showing the first two episodes together from 9 p.m. to 10 p.m. on Wednesday, January 29. In the following weeks, half-hour episodes will be shown each Wednesday at 9 p.m.

"EMMA" and "My Favorite Martian," ABC-TV's two new offerings, are giving me a great deal of pleasure.

There have been few serials as enchanting as the serialisation of Jane Austen's "Emma." It is so beautifully produced, so essentially Austen, that I feel Miss Austen herself would have made some uncommonly civil remarks about it.

It is quite a jump from Emma's year of 1816 to 1964 and "My Favorite Martian," one of the most refreshing and light-hearted science-fiction series to hit TV, but whenever I watch "Emma," I wish Mr. Woodhouse, Emma's father, could have lived in the space age.

Poor Mr. Woodhouse, with his concern about the state of the weather and its effect on everyone's health, could have had such magnificent worries.

I can hear him offering double gruels all round as he says things like "I'm sure it's The Bomb causing these unseasonal draughts, Mr. Knightley, and those satellites, interfering with nature."

The orchestra played it cool

SYDNEY'S old-fashioned hot summer, with its shimmering heat that goes on into the night, makes anything hot work, and I was happily surprised to see that generally conservative body, the A.B.C., present the Sydney Symphony Orchestra coatless on ABC-TV last week, wearing their attractive summer dress of white shirts, black bow ties, and trousers.

They looked good and cool, and so did Italian conductor Carlo Zecchi, who conducted looking very continental in dark trousers and a white tuxedo.

Zecchi was intriguing to watch. He doesn't use a baton, just his hands, and sometimes he looked as if he was mixing a large invisible cake.

The very next night on ABC-TV, though, under those hot studio lights, things weren't so good in Eric Jupp's "Sound of Music."

There was the orchestra giving with the sweet sounds (sometimes too sweet for me) in a temperature and humidity I hate to think of, all swaddled in their formal dinner suits.

★ ★ ★

ENGLISH TV programmes have problems that Australia is spared. I got a shock reading the B.B.C. programmes to see a weirdly spelled heading: NEWYDDION. I looked to find out whether it was a journalist gone mad or some queer nature programme and found the explanation beneath it in italics: News in Welsh.

A.B.C.'s wrong operation

"NEW HEART FOR GRAHAM," an ABC-TV documentary publicised heavily as showing a hole-in-the-heart operation on Graham McLeod, 8, of Seven Hills, N.S.W., must surely be the most-talked-of TV programme for months.

It was talked of at first with high praise. Later it was talked of with amazement when the Australian Broadcasting Commission was forced to admit that the operation they described as "a factual and authentic account of what happened as it happened" was not the operation performed on Graham at all.

The operation viewers watched was an operation on another boy, Michael Wilson, 8. Graham did have a hole-in-the-heart operation, but it was not televised.

I can see no excuse for this. It is unforgivable.

It would not be surprising if viewers doubt the authenticity of other ABC-TV documentaries.

FOOTNOTE: Medical reports say both boys are doing very well — really happy little boys.

★ ★ ★

RICHARD EGAN, that muscle-bound oilman, of "Empire," has a new role—a spy with a sense of humor — in a new series called "John Stryker."

But before he got it he had to lose 20lb. in weight, no small feat.

"It took a lot of willpower in a short time," Egan said, when asked how he had achieved his new, trim silhouette.

"For 'Empire,' I had to be a big-muscled oilman (some said it was muscles, others said it was fat), but what looks good in T-shirt doesn't go over so well in suits.

"When I was offered this role the producers said there was an if in the offer — I had to get rid of the muscles and concentrate on the brain."

He exercised the concentration by working on his dieting willpower, and the producers of "John Stryker" just love the results.

Grindl's a winner

"GRINDL," TCN9's new series starring American phenomenon Imogene Coca in the title role, looks as if it could romp home a winner with viewers.

Imogene Coca has been the comic darling of American TV for years, and I was anxious to get a look at her.

I was a bit put off at first sight when she wore what was obviously designed to be a funny hat with a clump of daisies waving out the crown, but I stayed to watch, and enjoyed it.

She has the most lovely smile when she really smiles properly, and a lot of charm.

As "Grindl" she's a maid who fills jobs found for her by an employment agency whose harassed head is Anson Foster, played by James Millhollin.

Upheavals — gruesome, happy, and unhappy—always seem to arrive with Grindl, and each episode sees her in different employment.

She's very different from our "Hazel," TV's other kitchen jewel.

Hazel is always logically funny. Grindl is crazy funny, with Imogene careering round, showing the whites of her eyes all round most of the time.

In the first episode she walked straight into a murder.

The murderer, the man of the house who kills his wife, is unknown to her, the chief of police as well as a murderer. To my joy he was played by Telly Savalas, whom you may remember some years ago as the brilliant portrayer of Al Capone in TCN's "The Witness."

Savalas was good, and it is to be hoped the following episodes are as well cast.

I am afraid Grindl may develop into a kind of kitchen-type private eye like Perry Mason, never losing a case. Even so, if the standard of the first episode continues, it should be very entertaining.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought For The Week*

Momma once said to me (and if you're the mother or father of a school-age child I think this is very good advice for you, too): "Naturally we all wait with bated breath for our children's report cards, and when they arrive — when their marks have dropped — the tears, the threats, the scenes! And when they improve, the feeling of pride, the rewards, the smiles!" But when you judge your children's marks, just remember that you were once a student, too, and read Momma's moral very carefully and take her advice — I know I did.

Momma's moral: It's a wise parent who throws away his old report cards.

DID YOU KNOW?

THE striking success as recording stars of Sister Sourire and her fellow Dominican nuns from Belgium is having a profound effect on Tin Pan Alley—not to say the Dominican Order.

Ed Sullivan has won permission to film Soeur Sourire (her first appearance before movie cameras) and her Singing Nuns after the New York Archdiocese interceded for him, reportedly assuring the Dominican Order that Sullivan's taste is "impeccable."

Sullivan duly sent a camera crew to Sister Sourire's convent in Belgium to film a segment for his weekly variety show.

Now a group of Dominican Nuns from upstate New York have temporarily abjured Frescobaldi and Monteverdi to address themselves to more swinging sounds.

They will be seen and heard soon on a "Singalong with Mitch" show.

The American Dominican nuns earlier wrote to Mitch Miller seeking his advice about marketing a record of their singing to help them raise a building fund.

In addition to the 150,000 dollars from record sales, the nuns will get a £2750 performers' fee for their television appearance.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER singing phenomenon, The Beatles, are coming to New York to appear in person on the "Ed Sullivan Show" on two successive weeks in February. Jack Paar will also show a film segment of one of their British performances on his variety show.

Television

WHILE Bob Hope was recovering from eye surgery, top-flight replacements for his comedy specials were Bing Crosby and Jack Benny. Crosby will also be the first host of "Hollywood Palace," a weekly variety programme originally conceived as one way of getting use out of the theatre converted at great expense for the now defunct "Jerry Lewis Show."

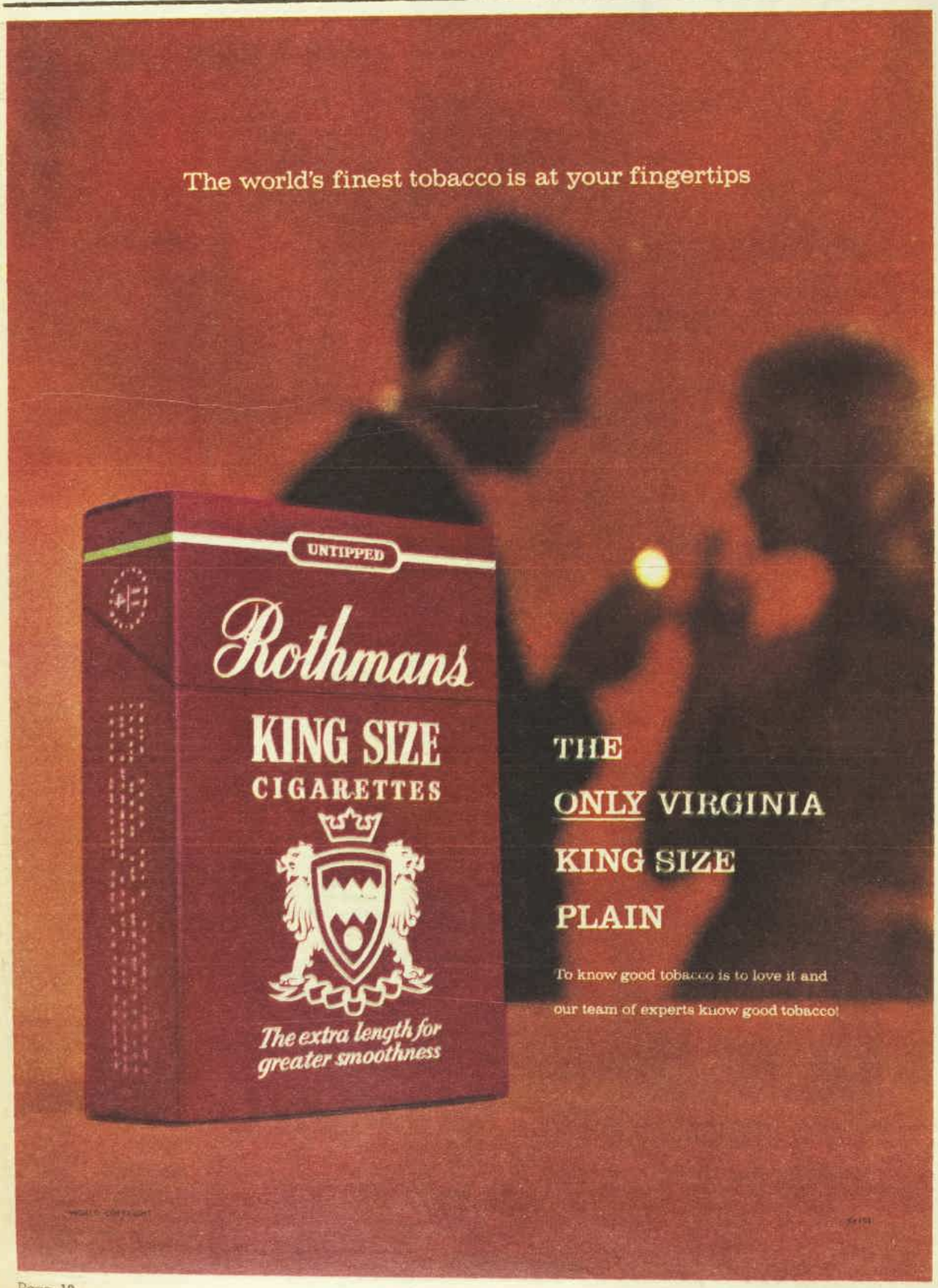
★ ★ ★

IMOGENE COCA, the comedienne who plays the title-role in the "Grindl" series, likes to be taken seriously. She portrays a domestic servant in the "Grindl" show and goes to a different job each week, invariably ending up in a murder case. Now she is being besieged by a group of New York advertising men, who want her to work as a maid at their real-life cocktail parties — where only characters are usually assassinated. Miss Coca isn't sure yet whether she wants to be THAT MUCH in demand.

★ ★ ★

NO new television variety star has successfully weathered the American ratings beyond one season since the mid-1950's. This season Danny Kaye and Judy Garland both tried their chances. Danny Kaye came up with a winning programme — but Judy Garland, it can now be reported, will not make it into next season.

DANNY KAYE



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Women are strange creatures, Jeff felt, but this obsession of Kitty's was really hard to fathom — a charming story

By MIA HOWARD

"Don't shout at me!" Kitty said indignantly to Jeff.

Moon Garden

SOME wives want mink coats and some wives want diamonds, but Jeff Leyton's wife wanted a moon garden.

"A moon garden!" Jeff exclaimed, staring at her as if she had gone out of her mind.

"What in the name of Ned is that?"

"Oh, you know — one of those Japanese things," Kitty Leyton said with her usual clarity.

In her head Kitty was always perfectly clear about what she was thinking. And generally, if he was patient, Jeff could draw forth from her some cogent interpretation of her first misty expression of a thought. He reminded himself of this now.

"Patience," he told himself. "Patience, and soon the light will dawn." Then he waited while his beautiful wife, waving her expressive hands before her face as if gently putting aside cobwebs, tried to describe a moon garden.

It was not easy because: "I'm not too sure, of course . . ."

"Of course," Jeff interjected grimly.

". . . But I think it is just a little, contained — you know — place that is mostly raked sand and pebbles and rocks and things. And you sit there and look at the moon."

Jeff waited. Finally he said, "And?"

She looked bemused. "And what?"

He sighed. "And then what? You sit in this moon garden and look at the moon and then what?"

"Nothing," she said. "Maybe you could — you know — think. I think I would dream."

"I am sure you would," her husband said. "Well, I'll think about it."

That night he dreamed that the whole white moon was his to garden. All night he fought the crab grass on the moon; no small task. He woke cranky. Crab grass always made him cranky.

"It's preposterous, your moon garden," he said finally over the third cup of coffee.

"Is it, darling?" Kitty said. "I was just thinking how nice it would be to have one spot around here that didn't have any crab grass."

"Preposterous. Because in the first place — no crab grass?"

She opened her blue eyes wide. "I don't think so. A moon garden is just raked sand and rocks and pebbles and things."

"There's no grass, consequently no crab grass?"

"No. Not in my moon garden, anyway."

Jeff made the kind of quick executive decision he was beginning to get a reputation for.

"Wrong, darling," he said. "Not your moon garden. Our moon garden."

It took a while for her to understand him, but when she did she kissed him.

That evening when he came home from work, she had already begun the moon garden.

"Good grief, you are not going to do it yourself, are you?" Jeff said. He was tired and preoccupied. "We can certainly afford to pay someone to do it. Why don't you get a landscape designer? Or maybe a Japanese gardener? You don't have the faintest idea how to go about making a moon garden."

She looked stubborn. "Yes, I have. The faintest idea."

"Well, where is this garden?"

She took his hand and led him there.

They stood together by the site she had picked and stared at it. It was a raw, chewed place in their green backyard, near the barbecue. It was in a part of the yard that had been fenced off in a friendly, suburban way from the eyes of the incurious. For in actual fact, a really curious eye could scarcely be kept from seeing over or through or around the fence, since it was rather low and made of louvered boards stained brown and in any case had only three sides.

He said something. After a while she asked vaguely, "What did you say?"

He sighed. "Never mind. I've forgotten now."

Later he sat with a drink and watched her with a strangely tender feeling as she hacked and hoed and tugged at everything that had to make room for the moon garden — shovelfuls of gravelly topsoil, a small, mean rosebush that had never once been kind enough to bloom, a patch of dead, white grass that had lived and died under the shadow of the metal lawn table. She started to haul and tug at the table to get it out of there.

Jeff, still feeling this great tenderness, rose and drained off his drink and put the glass down on the grass beside his chair. "Here, darling. Let me help you."

So he did, and soon in the twilight they had made quite a nice mess of about four square yards of their back lawn.

"I guess that's all we can do tonight," she said regretfully.

He slipped an arm about her waist. "I guess it is," he said.

The next day was Friday, and none too soon.

"The older I get," said Jeff at breakfast, "the more I hate commuting. I can get through Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday all right, but Friday seems a bit much. Yours for a decadent four-day week." He toasted his wife with the dregs of his coffee. "Tonight we're stepping out," he said, "so make yourself beautiful today. Trip to the beauty parlor, new dress, the works."

"No, thank you," she said demurely.

He laughed. "I must be getting deaf," he said. "For a minute there I thought you said no."

She laughed along with him. Then she said, "I did. I did say no."

"No to the beauty parlor? No to a new dress? No to stepping out?"

"Yes. No."

There was no doubt she meant it, too — every word.

"May I ask why?"

"The moon garden," she said with her accustomed clarity.

He groaned. "Now, you are not going to work on the blamed thing tonight," he said. "Tomorrow's Saturday. I'll help you tomorrow."

She said quietly, "No. You wouldn't help me tomorrow if we went out tonight. You'd wake up very late with a terrible headache and you would moan till sometime in the afternoon. By night you would want to go out again to forget your misery, and so on and so on till another weekend would be gone, and the moon garden wouldn't be finished."

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Child's Play

It all started in fun—first part of a suspense serial

By URSULA CURTISS

THE Mannerings, leaving the house half an hour before their babysitter was due to arrive, said all the things to which their children had long ago learnt not to listen.

"See the chickens have water and bring the peacock in. Make sure that Elizabeth has grain. Somebody bring in that sleeping-bag from outside, it's going to rain. And do whatever Mrs. Beale tells you."

The children gazed steadfastly at the television screen, across which a driverless stage coach was fleeing. "He's going to jump out of that tree," said Harry to William.

Mr. Mannering repeated his instructions in something close to a roar, and the children started slightly, promised to obey in every respect — this saved time — and even said goodbye. From behind the closed door of fourteen-year-old Libby's room came the never-ending strains of the radio, and Mrs. Mannering knocked and opened the door.

"Goodbye, Lib, we'll see you tomorrow. Help Mrs. Beale keep an eye on things, won't you?"

Libby said she would, and her new friend sprang up politely from the other twin bed. "Goodbye, Mrs. Mannering. I hope you have a nice time at the party."

"Can Kit spend the night with us?" asked Libby.

Mrs. Mannering, pinned down as publicly as she had been intended to be, hesitated. "Where would Tess sleep?" she asked.

"On the cot in the boys' room. She loves to sleep in there."

"Well . . ." Mrs. Mannering smiled at Kit Austen. "You'll have to phone home, of course, and everything's up to Mrs. Beale while we're gone, but I'm sure it'll be all right."

Last-minute check of the house: it was five o'clock, and almost dusk, before they were in the car, reassuring each other that Mrs. Beale would be there in twenty minutes and that the younger children would not stir from the television set before then; that, in any case, Libby and thirteen-year-old Daniel were old enough to use their heads in an emergency.

"And that girl, that Kit Austen, looks quite — adult," said Mrs. Mannering, and frowned a little at herself, because although her choice of words had been accurate, it had come out sounding very faintly disturbing.

At five-thirty Mrs. Beale telephoned, and asked in an upset way for Mrs. Mannering, and then explained that she couldn't possibly come tonight; her daughter had just been taken to hospital — they thought it was appendicitis — and she had to stay with her grandchildren. "But you'll be all right, won't you?"

Libby checked the directory as Kit said to the stranger on the line, "Of course I won't tell."

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Illustrated by John Mills

It had always been something of a mystery to Mrs. Beale, anyway, that the Mannerings required a babysitter when they had Libby; at fourteen, she herself had been in complete charge of five smaller brothers and sisters. So that when Libby said: "I expect so," she hung up and dismissed the Mannerings from her mind.

The news was received with sinister pleasure on the part of the three boys and five-year-old Tess. They liked Mrs. Beale, but she was implacable about bed-times and strenuous fighting. They were instinctively wary, however, in the presence of the untested Kit Austen, and they began the supper Mrs. Mannering had left ready in perfect peace, without taking any liberties at all; everybody was accustomed to eight-year-old Harry's habit of dribbling his milk slowly and thoughtfully back into his glass.

The first windy prickle of rain against the dark windows reminded them that none of the instructions their parents gave had been carried out, and Libby and Kit departed to check up on the chickens, and the heifer calf, and the peacock.

None of this livestock was useful, although the bantams did lay an occasional amateurish-looking egg; it was simply that the Mannerings, both of whom had been city-bred, acquired animals the way other people acquired coffee tables or lamps.

The boys argued over who had left the sleeping-bag outside and finally bribed Tess to go after it; she came in drenched, leaving it in a sodden huddle on the kitchen floor.

The television set had been turned on again, and the four younger children watched it from a couch at the end of the long kitchen, sitting solemnly in a row and looking like statuary in its various stages of completion; damp little Tess, truculent Harry, innocent William, unreadable Daniel, who had quite an adult perception but could not manage his arithmetic tables.

All fair-haired and blue-eyed. All about to be exposed to the darkest kind of violence.

It was Kit who said, under cover of the television sound: "Want to telephone? You know, phone people just for fun?"

Libby was perfectly willing; she had done her share of this, asking total strangers if they wanted three or six dozen roses for the wedding, or if they had their tickets for the charity dance. They didn't? Well, that was strange, as their names were down . . .

Kit Austen, Libby discovered, was much more accomplished. After going through the telephone book — names like Stubberfield or Smarth or Staggers reduced them to a helpless, contagious, rocking mirth — she settled on a John Strith, and, adopting a French accent which stunned and bewitched Libby, insisted that he was her Johnny. They had met in Paris, he had promised to wait, and now he had a wife!

"Not to say children," added Strith good-humoredly.

"Oh, I deed not theenk that you would be so cruel to your Suzette, who loves you so."

"My wife, who also loves me, wants this phone. So long, Suzette."

Kit was hung up upon. Something about the dipping of her eyebrows suggested that she was able to deceive people for longer than this as a rule. And Libby must not be allowed to lose her half-shocked, half-admiring awe. She said imperiously: "Give me some numbers, and I'll show you."

In the kitchen a plate dropped shatteringly, but Libby was far too fascinated to go and investigate. She shouted automatically: "Tess, Harry, don't you dare," and started to select telephone numbers at random.

Her raised voice woke the mynah bird in his cage in the alcove and he began to address his former owner heartily: "Hello, Paul . . . hello, Paul."

To the people who answered her calls Kit said slowly in a soft, controlled, secret-keeping voice: "I know who you really are, and I know what you did."

Almost no one hung up at once, although the receiver might crackle angrily. At the tenth call Kit's cool, shrewd eyes signalled at Libby; the usual preliminaries over, she said into the phone: "Meet you where? . . . No, of course I won't tell anyone, because then it wouldn't be our secret . . . I'll just slip out. And be sure you're there."

She hung up, face brilliant with triumph and suppressed mirth. "Did you hear that? He wanted me to meet him at some bridge, the old wolf!"

"No, did he really say . . . ?"

"Well, you heard me. Who was he, anyway, just in case we want to phone him again?"

But the pages of the telephone book had slipped through Libby's fingers, and they both forgot the call in delight when she discovered a Juanita Adder on Copperhead Trail . . .

He had learnt to control his deadly flashes of rage, and now he put down the receiver carefully instead of reducing the instrument to wreckage. But the twelve stark words seemed to stay in the room as defilingly as muddy footprints on the creamy wall-to-wall carpeting or gouges in the polished furniture.

"I know who you really are, and I know what you did."

To Leonard Whelk, who now began to move rapidly, the first part of the statement was as dangerous as the last. For just a second, as the soft voice said it into his ear, he had felt an actual churn of nausea.

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Someone isn't using

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FORD PILLS

An amusing short short story

GOOD CATCH

By JILL HENRY

After the speedboat had roared past, Nan's little rowboat was caught in the wash and she was tipped out.

ALL unsuspecting, Nan admired the Capri pants and halter in shocking pink that Elva took out of the bureau drawer to show her. Nan was wearing faded blue denim slacks herself and a sloppy shirt, but she wasn't in the least bit envious. Elva went in more for clothes than Nan did. Besides, tight pants were a handicap when you wanted to roll them up and wade in to pull a boat around the point against a swift current.

Elva, painting her nails shocking pink, raved on about the marvellous boys she'd met and the marvellous speedboat they owned. Nan listened happily and rejoiced with her.

"It's going to be a marvellous summer, simply marve," Elva gushed.

Nan agreed with her, never dreaming that she and Elva, best friends through grammar school and three years of high school, wouldn't be sharing its delights together. With three boys between them — boys who owned a speedboat — how could it be anything but wonderful? Nan couldn't wait to meet them. She just loved boats herself. She lounged back on the couch in Elva's befrilled bedroom, blissfully looking forward to the good times ahead of them.

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to excuse me now," Elva said. "They are coming to pick me up and I have to dress."

"I was just going," Nan mumbled and somehow got herself out of the house.

Of course, if Elva had met only one boy, Nan would not have expected to share him. But Elva—with her blond wavy hair and cute clothes — had no reason to think Nan could cut her out. Naturally, Elva would have her pick of the three boys and take the one that she liked best. But Elva knew how much Nan loved boats and the water. How could a best friend want to keep three boys — and a boat — all to herself!

At least Nan owned her own little rowboat, even if it was round-bottomed and a bit tippy. She marched home and got out her fishing gear and a tin of worms she'd saved. Proud and independent, she started out for an afternoon's fishing all by herself. She told herself she was glad Elva wasn't going with her. At least she wouldn't have to stop her own fishing all the time to bait Elva's hooks. When they were kids, Elva hadn't been afraid of worms, but the last two summers she had taken to squealing at the very thought of touching "the squirmy things."

As Nan trudged down to the beach she heard a car charging up behind her. She refused to let herself look, but, of course, it was Elva in a sporty convertible with her three boy-friends. Elva waved a triumphant greeting, but the car didn't stop.

Nan's boat was high on the sands. All alone she rolled it on the oars into the water. She climbed in and started rowing. She felt hurt and betrayed, but somehow the long rhythmic strokes of the oars were comforting.

She threw out her line and waited for a bite. Not far away she noticed a young man fishing by himself. No doubt he was holidaying here. He didn't look more than 19. He was tanned and attractive — and if Elva had been with her, somehow Elva would have managed to manoeuvre their boat near him and get her line tangled with his. Elva would have found some way to get acquainted — even if she had to fall overboard and pretend she couldn't swim.

Nan scorned such tricks. She just sat there and fished. The young man seemed completely occupied with his fishing, too. But in a way it was companionable, having someone enjoying the quiet and peace and solitude, too.

And then the peace was broken. Elva and her three friends came charging past in their speedboat. Elva waved triumphantly and shouted. "Have a good catch," just as if their noisy boat weren't scaring all the fish away. Nor was it enough for Elva to go past once. She and her friends circled the bay and came speeding past again. This time they came so close that Nan's boat got the full force of their backwash.

Her boat, caught in the waves, lurched violently and spilled Nan, her gear and oars into the water. Elva and her friends didn't even look back to see what they had done.

Nan's boat shipped water, but righted itself. Thank goodness, her rod was in her hand. She flung the pole back into her boat and started swimming for her oars.

"Wait, I'll help you," the young man called and started his outboard motor.

"I can get them," she called back, and managed to retrieve one oar.

By the time she swam back and put the oar in her boat, the young man had reached her.

"Get in my boat. We'll get your other oar quicker," he said, and leaned over to help her in.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"Yes, just mad," she said, "Those speedboats!"

"Noisy and no manners," he agreed, steering his boat towards her oar.

In no time he caught up with it and pulled it in. He insisted it would be easier to keep her boat alongside to bail it out. They worked in silence. When her boat was fairly dry she started to climb into it again.

"Just tie your boat to mine. If you don't mind drying out in the sun, I've plenty of bait," he offered. "Stay in the boat and fish with me."

"Thanks," Nan said, reaching for a worm.

She baited her hook and flung her line overboard. He did the same. They sat there in companionable silence. She felt a bite, jerked her line at just the right moment and hauled in her fish. As a matter of course she took it off the hook herself.

"I thought all girls squealed at worms and flapping fish," he said in wonder. "You're different. Maybe you'll go fishing with me again and maybe help me with the little sailboat I'm building."

Startled, she looked up and saw a tremendous admiration in his eyes. She accepted with a friendly smile and reached for another worm. After all, Elva or no Elva, this summer was going to be marvellous!

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ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

A SHADE ILLEGAL

Mr. Carnetti was as sure as the devil himself he had a customer.

By ROBERT MURPHY

AT high noon on Saturday, the twenty-sixth of May, the ghost of Mr. Carnetti materialised on the sidewalk in front of the suburban house of a young man named Geoffrey Thomas MacCue. Geoffrey was having his troubles that day, but Mr. Carnetti wasn't aware of it, and wouldn't have cared anyhow, for he didn't know Geoffrey, and had troubles of his own.

He had been a gangster during his life in an era when being a gangster was a violent, chancy and profitable affair; and although these lively days were long gone he had left behind him a bit of unfinished business and couldn't bear to depart for good until he had taken care of it. His immaterial state had its advantages, but it also had its drawbacks; he needed a mortal to help him, and in innumerable materialisations (like this one) had been unable to find a mortal who suited his purpose and his fancy.

As his spirit took on the semblance of the gnomelike little man he had been, with the long, pale line of the scar down the left side of his face, Mr. Carnetti looked around rather gloomily. He had never liked suburbs, and now, somehow, he had got into one. He was sure that nothing good would come of such a dreary place, and was about to move on when Geoffrey came out of his back door, stared morosely at the burgeoning grass in his yard, and went into his garage.

To another suburbanite there would have been nothing unusual in this; suburbanites were always staring morosely at their lawns and going into their garages; but Mr. Carnetti was a foreigner in this milieu and saw nuances unobserved by the natives; he suddenly had a feeling that something was about to happen.

He waited, and presently Geoffrey emerged from the garage holding a newspaper and pushing his power lawnmower. He pushed the mower down to the end of the lawn where he burned the trash, arranged the newspaper around it, and lighted the paper with a match. When the paper was burning well, he walked back to the house and went in.

Mr. Carnetti watched with fascination while the mower caught fire, and he jumped when the gasoline tank exploded. When the smoke blew away and the pieces stopped falling, Mr. Carnetti could see that what was left of the mower was burning splendidly, and he was sure that it would never cut any more grass. It had been a fine sight, reminding him rather nostalgically of the old days and what had happened to the cars of his rivals when they made nuisances of themselves.

It also excited him; for he was a man who loved gestures and had long been searching for a mortal who could make a satisfactory gesture to help him in a final one of his own. Geoffrey's act delighted him; Geoffrey was his boy. He set about to move intangibly into Geoffrey's mind, to see what memories were in it and how best to exploit them. It would be a lot of work, but it would be worth it.

First he wanted to know what had brought Geoffrey to the burning of the mower, so he went back a little. He found Geoffrey lonely and dispirited because it was a fine Saturday morning and his wife, Bette, was at her

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BETTINA *by Bettina*

paternal authority. I had a happy childhood.

We were not well off. Things used to be difficult toward the end of the month, and my mother, who now ran a nursery-school class of from 20 to 40 children, often made us give away our worn clothes to less-fortunate families.

She did not believe in hiding the seamier side of life from us, either. She would tell us about one five-year-old pupil of hers who used to come to school drunk. His parents were both alcoholics and gave him hardly anything to eat, yet would leave their bottle of red wine where he could get at it.

Our provincial friends were shocked by our unconventional upbringing, and my sister and I were regarded as eccentrics. They found our mother equally disconcerting, for she was divorced, had lived in Paris as a girl, played the piano, and liked singing.

I was still a little girl when the war became our main cause of anxiety. The Germans were advancing, and the Dutch and Belgians were in full flight before them.

Then our turn came to flee, too. Catherine, who had one leg in plaster, and I were loaded into a lorry with a dog.

Somehow we threaded our way along roads raked with machine-gun fire and reached Angers, where our granny took us in.

Our grandmother was killed in an air-raid, and we had to flee again.

After the armistice, we returned to Elbeuf.

Freckle-face

My cheeks had grown rosy again in the country, but I found to my horror that they were now covered in freckles.

Up till then I had never worried about my looks, but now I found I hated my friends teasing me about the wretched freckles, and I determined to get rid of them.

My mother used to think I was in bed, whereas I would get up again, sit in front of the mirror, and spread a concoction of milk, fresh cream, and lemon juice over my face.

It proved quite useless. My freckles drove me to despair, just as later they were to be the despair of many a make-up man in the film-studios and changing-room.

But the freckles gave me the habit of looking in the mirror, and I discovered I was not bad-looking. I also noticed the boys at school were well disposed toward me.

My sister Catherine had trained as a dental mechanic and at the age of 18 went to work in Paris.

Every time she came home her appearance stunned me, and I couldn't take my eyes off her. So this was what a chic Parisienne looked like!

I used to try on her dresses, her shoes and her silk stockings, and she sometimes even let me go out in her things to impress my friends.

When I was 18, I got the idea of going to work in Paris myself.

Catherine, who had rapidly tired of life in Paris, had by now returned to Elbeuf and married the local chemist, who was a very nice man.

And so it was that chance completely reversed our roles. Catherine still lives in Elbeuf; she is happily married with six children.

And as for me, I set out to conquer Paris.

But when I found myself sitting in an icy cold, almost empty train compartment, I felt far less confident, in spite of the fact that I was dressed in my best clothes—my Sunday coat, a pleated tartan skirt, black leather shoes with

Continued from page 11

crepe soles, and sheer stockings, a present from my sister.

When the train reached the hideous Paris suburbs, I felt just like a little girl again and longed to go home to my mother.

But at the station I caught sight of Catherine's friend, who was to meet me, and he told me that on the following day I was to go and see Jacques Costet, who had just opened a couture house.

I had no thought of becoming a model, for I was interested in dress designing, and had brought along a few sketches I had made in Elbeuf. Of course, I knew absolutely nothing about the world of fashion.

But when I opened the door at Jacques Costet's that led into the couturier's rooms, I was quite dazzled. Never had I dreamt of so many lights, of so much warmth, and of so many unfamiliar perfumes.

I suddenly seemed to have stumbled on another planet,- a world full of animation, noise, and ringing telephone bells.

A strange young man, who did not even remotely resemble any of my friends in Elbeuf, although they had always considered themselves the last word in fashion, came in.

He looked rather like a bird, and was wearing very narrow trousers, an exceedingly long jacket, a very high shirt-collar, and an extremely narrow tie.

His hair hung low over his neck.

This was Jacques Costet.

He glanced through the drawings.

Then I had to take off my dress in the changing-room, put on a much more magnificent one, and walk up and down, then up and down again.

Then, after a long inaudible confabulation, they said: "Come along this afternoon. You can train as a mannequin."

At first, I felt a trifle embarrassed at having to undress.

And I did notice some of the girls smiling, no doubt at my unfashionable provincial undies.

In the changing-room everything was done at a fantastic speed. Hats were donned without gloves; handbags, umbrellas — and at that time there were a great many — were snatched up as the mannequins hurried into the showroom.

Then these handsome creatures would slow up and put on a haughty air before filing in where the clientele could see them.

When they came back to the changing-room, off came the dress, and the mannequin dived into another. She would touch up her face-powder, comb a stray wisp of hair into place, give a yell as her zip nipped her skin, break into angry words on finding her shoes pinched, then off she would go again.

The parade ended in the traditional manner with the bridal dress. But by now the whole changing-room looked like a battlefield: the floor was strewn with dresses and shoes.

And as for the poor, exhausted mannequins themselves, they lay sprawled over their chairs with their aching feet raised high above them on the dressing-tables.

During that one afternoon I saw what was to be my fate for many years to come. I, too, was to know the nightmare of a zip-fastener catching one's flesh, the agony of wearing shoes with heels that were too high, the weariness of walking up and down, up and down the carpeted floors, the hours of standing, and the feeling of nausea at having to put on the same slightly soiled dresses day after day.

Almost immediately came my first success: I scored a great hit with a pink satin negligee worn over baggy black velvet trousers.

Bit by bit I got to know a few people and changed my boarding arrangements several times, but I still felt very much of a stranger, and when I was alone I would think about Elbeuf with homesickness.

Yet when I did go home, which I could only do rarely because of the cost of the fare, I found I was not altogether happy there either.

I used to shock people there. They disapproved of the mascara on my eyelashes, my plucked eyebrows, and the glorious scarlet nail varnish I now wore. Even my sister was horrified at this, for she considered it the beginning of a slippery slope.

Dear Catherine, you were unfair to my harmless nail varnish. Although now I would agree that Paris is a dangerous city for a young girl. It only takes a bunch of flowers, a car, and a few carefully chosen words, and she can become far too involved.

I was very poor.

I had to count every franc. Even taking the underground became a luxury, for my rent, food, and

BETTINA when small.

upkeep simply swallowed up my meagre 5000 francs a month (about 25/- a week).

How did I manage? Herve Lauwick, the chief editor of "Noir et Blanc," came many a time to my rescue without realising it, by asking me to pose for fashion pictures. But even so I had to skip many a meal.

Then I met Beno Graziani. I was spending the evening with some friends in a cabaret.

He was no Adonis. He even had a slightly crooked nose, but he was attractive, and above all he had the gift of making nonsensical remarks.

He soon had me in fits of laughter. We danced round to the bar where he introduced me to some of his friends, "the boys," as he called them.

We told one another our life stories, which, as we were both very young, did not take very long. We met again the following day and every day after that.

His friends were nice, too, and welcomed me into their circle.

Then came the spring and the first sunshine, and Beno and "the boys" began to talk of holidays.

Since he had still found no work, there was nothing to keep him in Paris, so he decided to return to Nice for a while, where he would not only be nearer the sun but closer to his mother's purse (she lived in Nice), which he hoped to find less firmly closed than his father's wallet in Paris. (His parents were parted.)

He asked me to go with him.

I must confess that I never had a moment's hesitation about what to do, and left Costet's without a single regret.

Of course the whole thing was pretty irresponsible, but we were very young and had visions of ourselves playing the lead in one of the world's great love stories.

One of Beno's friends, a wealthy one this time, who was mad about sport, was going to Nice to watch a motor race.

He found Beno good company, so he offered us both a lift in his car. We had a very jolly trip and in the early hours of the morning arrived at the Negresco Hotel, where Beno's friend had booked rooms.

I went straight from my sordid digs to that palatial luxury, in the midst of which I awoke to an unimaginably blue sea.

I felt gloriously happy and utterly heedless of the future.

Unfortunately, I was soon to realise that sunshine, in spite of its charms, did not offer a solution to all life's problems.

Perhaps Beno's mother's purse had not proved to be as deep as he had hoped; that I do not know, but I do know that after a while he had to begin to think of finding work.

It was a completely hare-brained notion, but nevertheless someone hit on just the thing. "One of the boys" suggested to Beno that we might take over the management of a bar he owned in Juan-les-Pins.

According to him this would not only give us a living but might well make our fortune

We worked very hard, sometimes far into the night, to have everything ready for the opening day. Beno had rounded up all his friends and acquaintances, every man Jack of them.

Everyone came along; no one was missing. They all served themselves and we had great fun. But when we came to count the takings we found that our visitors had gone off leaving precious little in the till.

We had to cut our own expenses in order to avoid going bankrupt.

Then one wonderful day I earned ten thousand francs, not by selling lemonade but by winning a bathing-beauty competition at the Casino.

Time passed quickly and I never regretted Paris. But one morning I realised that this sort of life could not go on forever. Juan was beginning to make ready for the winter.

I get married

Everything was closing down. The beach was deserted.

Our bar had not made our fortune during the summer. Come the autumn, it could scarcely do other than hasten our ruin.

So Beno and I made some wise resolutions. Once in Paris we would both find work and we would get married.

Costet had closed down, so a friend (for I now had friends) suggested I should go to Lelong.

My mother was delighted at the idea of my getting married, but much less so my sister.

I wept tears of vexation on the day she told me of her fears. She said that Beno was intelligent, but far too young; that he was not sufficiently mature and had proved this during our Juan-les-Pins escapade.

However, at 11 o'clock on Friday, September 13, 1946, Beno and I found ourselves standing before the Mayor of the 16th District.

I signed my new name in the Register of Marriages with a firm hand, for I believed I was marrying for life.

I was bored at Lelong, so I went soon left. A friend of Beno's was a saleswoman at Fath and it occurred to me I might get an introduction to the great man.

As the interview grew closer, I again grew more and more nervous.

I had never seen the great Fath before, but, judging from the importance and sumptuousness of his fashion-house, I imagined him to be severe and imposing.

But he soon put an end to my misery.

He came almost running down the stairs. This was no grave-looking man but a tall, sunburned, fair-haired boy with all the fragile charm of adolescence allied to that ease of manner seen only in the man of breeding. His eyes were green and I liked him the moment I saw him.

I no longer felt nervous and yet he was examining me from top to toe, or rather appraising me. I was wearing a dark green tartan dress, my hair long, and little make-up.

He pushed open the door to the changing-room and called: "Madame Berthe, you'll be having a new girl tomorrow."

Then he turned to me. "What's your name?"

"Simone."

Madame Berthe, a little, vivacious, chubby, grey-haired woman, poked her head round the door.

"But we've already got a Simone."

Fath took another close look at me: "You'll have to call yourself something else. You look to me like a Bettina."

I had no idea what "looking like a Bettina" involved, but I accepted his suggestion with a broad smile.

The Simone Bodin I had been, until that moment, fled back for ever to the land of shades. From then on I became Bettina to my friends, who made no protest at this change of status. Only my family still continued to call me Simone for some time.

When I went to work for Fath, I had never heard of Bettina, Goethe's young mistress in his old age.

(Later, however, Fath told me he had really taken me on because I had curving eyelashes.)

I went home exultant.

Fath had opened his couture house after the war, and at that time it was at the height of its fame. The decor was exquisite, right down to the great painted Louis XV screen, and the superb flower arrangements everywhere, even on the stairs.

And the other girls quickly accepted me.

This changing-room was a nice one, that I knew from the start. Of course, there was the occasional quarrel, but quarrels were inevitable, and were always followed by boisterous reconciliations.

When I first went to Fath, Louise had been his reigning star for a long time. Everyone thought her wonderful, and she had no equal when it came to putting on long tight sheath-dresses, wrapping herself about in mink, or wearing enormous hats.

She was very tall and thin.

She would enter the room, wrapped mysteriously about in a fur stole, which she would then throw off in a theatrical gesture to display the dress beneath, and would walk off nonchalantly trailing the priceless fur across the carpet.

"Oooo! Ah!" the startled audience would exclaim.

Yet the most respectable bourgeois life awaited her when she got home, in the form of a hus-

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BETTINA *by Bettina*

PROPHETIC picture. Bettina, in bridal array at Fath, models before Aly Khan and Rita Hayworth, whom he was to marry the next year. Bettina's romance with Aly began seven years later. This was their first meeting.

band, a little girl, and the kitchen chores.

She would relate her domestic crises to us with great humor.

To complete my picture of the world that was mine for five years, I should mention Madame Berthe, our dresser, who was always prepared to have a good laugh.

She was an expert at dressing and undressing us simultaneously. With one hand she would hold a petticoat for us to step into, while with the other she slipped us out of the dress we had just worn.

But her greatest claim to fame was that she never pinched her girls with their zip-fasteners.

There were things that happened at Fath that I would never have tolerated anywhere else, for at last I had found a house I enjoyed working for, and felt completely at home.

There were sometimes sulks or bitter-sweet words, sometimes even tears, and once Madame Berthe smashed a vase to smithereens to soothe her jangled nerves.

But hard work soon smoothed over all petty jealousies, for a great deal of hard work went on in this extremely luxurious setting.

It would be false modesty on my part to deny having influenced Fath. A new mannequin — and I was a new one — never wears more than ten to twelve dresses at her first showing, but Jacques made me thirty, all very different from the others, thirty dresses with a style all their own.

At that time mannequins were all tall girls, mainly foreign, and very much the *femme fatale* type. But I was smaller.

Fath tried with me to create another type of woman, much more akin to the woman one might meet in the street.

I have seen him do things that none but he would have dared to. Not only did he design dresses but he made hats as well. And do you know whose head he tried them on? His own.

He would sit before a mirror and place them on his head, and by pummelling and kneading them would eventually create something really smart.

What is more, his hats really suited him and he never looked ridiculous in them.

I could well have been the happiest of young women, for I was making a good living, had a job I really enjoyed doing, and seemed to be making a success of it.

But unfortunately my married life was less satisfactory. Beno remained a delightful companion, but as a husband he was far from perfect.

I would come home exhausted in the evenings to find Beno in fine fettle telling me we had a rendezvous with friends in some bar. There would just be time to change before the round began, a round that would take us during the night to every nightclub on the Champs-Elysees until dawn.

But preparations for the collection chased away all my gloomy thoughts and soon I found I had no time to brood.

As the great week drew near, everyone grew more and more jittery, everyone kept bursting into tears, and everyone, from the boss right down to the dressmaker's apprentice, was tormented by a single thought: was the collection going to be a success?

It was.

After the Press showing Fath was beset by a delirious crowd of highly critical fashion writers who were congratulating him and embracing him on all sides. I realised that the day was won and he signalled me to come over.

Straightaway I was besieged with questions.

I realised that I had intrigued them all.

But our trials were not over, for the First Showing was to take place that very evening.

At that time Fath's First Showings were quite an event in Paris. They were held in the evening and people used to come to them as if they were going to the theatre.

The rows of gilt chairs in the showroom were filled with royalty (Princess Margaret saw the collection privately later), famous painters, celebrated writers, women reputed for their elegance, and well-known actresses.

Both the evening gowns Fath had designed for me, the bronze satin and the white satin, were acclaimed on all sides. I also received a tremendous ovation for a green overblouse worn with a large beret stuck with a pheasant feather.

After the showing Fath introduced me, as he had done that afternoon, to his friends and customers.

It took only a matter of hours to turn me into a star.

The green tweed overblouse that won me my first success at Fath now became responsible for altering my whole life.

The following day, a tall, handsome, easy-going American came and asked me whether I would be willing to pose for photographs wearing that overblouse. I was overjoyed and agreed. He was a photographer from "Vogue."

One photo leads to another, and soon I found I had a second job, being a "cover-girl."

I had to dash from one studio to another and used to have a sandwich and a cup of coffee for my lunch. I would often have to rush off between two shots to present a collection at Fath (like the one to which Aly Khan and Rita came). Then it would be off to the studio again . . .

And so the days went by, always standing, always with an empty stomach.

Through me, Fath now caused a revolution in women's hairstyles.

At that time women were wearing their hair very long, and I myself wore mine in a chignon.

Then one afternoon, as I arrived at Fath, late yet again and hurrying up the stairs in order not to miss my first entry, I ran into the boss, who had just returned from the U.S. "Bettina mine, when you have done here, I want you to go to Georgel and have your hair cut. I've just seen a girl in America with hair as short as a boy's. You get all that cut off, and you'll look divine!"

I needed no urging, for I have always loved changing my hairstyle. And this was indeed a change. Georgel was extremely reluctant to do it, but eventually he cut my hair short like a convict.

Then I went back to Fath, expecting compliments. But Jacques looked at me, rather disappointed.

"No, no," he said, "it's still too long. Go back to Georgel and tell him it's not to be more than half an inch long."

So I was completely cropped.

Some of my friends let out a shriek when they saw me, while others thought the short hair suited me very well.

World trips

Soon women in the street, at nightclubs, or at Fath copied me and had their hair cropped.

To go with my short hair, Fath then created his famous long line of striped blouses, that did up with a rose.

Beno and I agreed to separate. I made up my mind to get a divorce, not, I must say, without some sorrow, and finally I did so.

And my travels began. I had been in Algiers and Vienna, Amsterdam and Munich for Fath.

But as a cover-girl I went now to Portugal and then Italy for photogaphs for one fashion magazine, to London for another, the U.S. for a third, then Brazil for a fourth.

Adventures were many and in Buenos Aires, which I visited after Brazil, my hotel bedroom was so thoroughly ransacked that I had nothing left but my return ticket and had to travel home without a bean.

Back in Paris, I met Guy Schoeller, the man who introduced me to good reading and good music.

I fell in love with Guy, and through him met a whole new world of writers, including Georges Simenon, William Faulkner, the poet Jacques Prevert.

Guy took me yachting on my holiday and we sailed from Cannes to Capri via Corsica, meeting along the journey the fascinating people he knew.

In Corsica we found ourselves moored, every time we made harbor, next to a huge yacht almost as big as a liner, and became friendly with her owner, an immensely wealthy kind of ship-owning Argentinian Onassis called Dodero.

We had greatly intrigued him and I thought I caught a glimmer of envy in his gaze, for he, too, would have liked to sail in a tiny sailing-boat, whereas his age, his wealth, and his obligations kept him a prisoner in his liner.

When our cruise was over he invited us to Maxim's in Paris for a big farewell dinner, as he was returning to the Argentine. Conversation was about the Motor Show, and Dodero asked me whether I liked a certain new sports car shown.

"Oh, yes," I replied.

And a few days later a chauffeur arrived wearing sky-blue livery and driving a black convertible sports car with green leather upholstery, and handed it over to me.

It was magnificent and I fairly jumped for joy.

A friend passing had to listen, completely thunderstruck, to my incredible tale, and admire the car given to me by a gentleman I scarcely knew.

I was doing more and more photographic work, but no longer working for Fath. Then Hubert de Givenchy asked me to come and work in the fashion-house he had just opened.

I had known this handsome giant for a long time. He always had amusing ideas for blouses, belts, pullovers, necklaces, and jewellery.

Hubert not only wanted me to show his dresses but to be his publicity agent as well, for had I not a multitude of friends in the Press and the world of fashion?

So I accepted the offer, thinking it would be great fun to be in at the birth of a fashion-house.

Guy and I got on very well together and I was sufficiently in love with him to want to see our relationship made permanent.

We would often talk about getting married, but time passed and still the idea remained only an idea.

I was beginning to feel a trifle disappointed.

Then one evening after work I found a note from Guy saying he could not come that evening because he had to attend a business dinner. I was most upset and felt both incredulous and furious.

I got into the car and drove off without the faintest idea where I was heading.

But by chance I met some friends, had dinner with them, and was introduced to a tall, sunburnt man, Peter Viertel (who later married film star Deborah Kerr).

But I was so angry with Guy that I paid him no attention whatever.

I met Peter again at Klosters. He loved skiing and used to spend the whole winter there. This athletic young man with his hard, clean-cut face was extraordinarily patient with me. I could not ski and he, a champion, used to accompany me very slowly down the ski-slopes.

He never left my side and would join us for dinner every night at the hotel.

When I saw Guy again I had the impression that it was a very, very long time since I had last seen him. He was no longer the Guy I had once loved. I, too, had changed.

Givenchy had been so successful that he had been asked to New York to present his collection at the famous "April in Paris" charity ball, held annually at the Waldorf Astoria.

I went as both mannequin and Press attache, and the evening of my arrival in New York I was in my room at the Waldorf Astoria when the phone rang. It was the hotel porter to say that Mr. Viertel was in the hall.

I was staggered. Peter had caught the plane after mine in order to join me.

Film-star friends

He showed me a side of New York I had never dreamed existed. Peter was an author and scriptwriter and introduced me to many writers and people in the world of films.

I believed that at last I had found a sound, lasting love.

Later I spent two months with Peter, living like an American, in the States. He had signed a contract with a Hollywood film studio.

I need hardly say that I was shown round some film studios. At one of them was a large blond girl called Marilyn Monroe, although the name meant nothing to me at the time since she had not then achieved fame.

I got to know Elizabeth Taylor, who at that time was living with her husband Michael Wilding and their children in the most luxurious surroundings, although there was utter chaos everywhere.

This world of movies that appears so attractive seen from a distance loses much of its charm when seen close up.

The actors spend their entire lives with other actors and when they meet of an evening it is always to talk shop. It is most depressing.

Everyone drinks a lot in an attempt to relax, and the men talk together or watch television, while the women have tedious conversations about their family worries.

The star who made the greatest impression on me of all was Greta Garbo, whom I met through Peter's mother, Salka, who knew Garbo well.

Salka told me that Garbo was

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BETTINA by Bettina

extraordinarily shy. When she was shooting, screens used to be put up to hide her from the stagehands' gaze.

Salka told me how one day, when everyone had just stopped work on a scene, Greta appeared dressed as Queen Christina, wearing a black velvet dress, and every electrician, every stagehand who, goodness knows, were blase enough, had been spellbound by her beauty.

When I met Garbo I thought her so beautiful that it gave me quite a shock.

She was both lovely and elegant and yet she did absolutely nothing to enhance her looks, for she wore her hair in a fringe and had on a navy-blue pullover with a little scarf tied at the neck, trousers that were too big, and espadrilles laced around her ankles.

And yet an aura of mystery seemed to emanate from her.

Luis Miguel Dominguin was in Hollywood at this time, too. Some ambitious producers wanted to turn this great Spanish bullfighter into a film star, and we managed to get Luis Miguel, a great friend of Peter's and at that time enamored of Ava Gardner, an apartment in the same block as ours.

Ava in love

From then on our telephone never stopped ringing, even in the middle of the night. It was always some woman admirer.

A great number of these calls came from Ava Gardner.

Ava and Luis Miguel had just parted company after one of the many scenes that interrupted their love-affair, but Luis Miguel was sulking and refused to come to the phone, so Ava, miserable and depressed, told Peter, whom she had known for a long time, all about her woes.

She would waken us in the very middle of the night.

Peter had never been the kind of man with whom one could have long, intimate conversations. Even so, the question of marriage had come up several times.

But he was not free, for he had a wife with whom he had not been living for a long while.

He urged me to be patient, and, to encourage me to forgive him, drew me into the hurly-burly of his life.

And soon we were back in Paris.

When I look back over my many memories, this period of my life seems to have been so delightful and carefree, and yet I was not entirely happy.

Life in Paris, my trip to Hollywood and the contacts I had had with famous people had made me realise that I was not the sort of person who could give her entire life over to seeking success.

I wanted something else from life, a more peaceful existence, life with a husband who would be a real husband to me.

And something was about to occur that was to separate Peter and me.

In later years, Aly and I often talked about the way we met over a period of seven years, from that afternoon in 1948 when I first caught sight of him in the show room at Fath, to the dance in 1955 that completely transformed our lives. The dance was held at Robinson, near Paris.

Aly used to say affectionately:

"I always knew you would be a woman who mattered to me in my life. I knew it from the very moment you were first introduced to me at Fath."

I saw Aly once again before the Robinson dance. It was in 1952 when I was a mannequin at Givenchy, and he came to see the

Continued from page 25

collection with Gene Tierney.

As soon as the last dress was off, I put on my own things as quickly as I could, and left the changing-room, determined to avoid the crowds. I was off to do some photographs, and had a cardboard box under one arm. But there stood Aly.

With a broad smile and a gesture that implied he was unable to get through the crowd, he called:

"Wait for me. I'll see you outside."

It was then I realised that my reason for hurrying out of the changing-room had been so that I should not run into him, and I tore off down the stairs and dived into my car.

But, I often asked myself, what had make me take flight like this? There is no doubt that I had felt frightened, frightened of this all-too-seductive young man whose charms the newspapers were forever praising while relating the details of his amorous adventures.

Was I already beginning to feel attracted to him?

Later, Aly would laugh about the way I had stood him up that day. But he was never a man to force matters to a head; he simply let time work on his behalf.

And how right he was, for fate had it that we should meet again quite unexpectedly one June evening in 1955.

A friend of mine, Francoise de Langlade, "Vogue's" fashion editor, and I had agreed to have a quiet snack at her flat after a harassing day at work.

Then afterwards, if we felt we could face it, we would go on together to a dance that was being given at Robinson by a wealthy Argentinian couple, the Carcanos.

I arrived at Francoise's place at nine, wearing a plain little black linen dress, flat-heeled shoes, and a long coral cashmere cardigan.

In one hand I was clasping the dress I was to wear for the dance, a short white dress with big black lozenges, that I had borrowed from the Dior sales stock; in the other I held a pair of red, very pointed and rather uncomfortable shoes.

Aly was there. He had come to pay his respects to Francoise, whom he had known for a long time, and was about to leave.

Then, stopping short, he asked me where I was off to with all those things.

I told him, but added: "But we probably won't go to the dance."

Aly thought for a minute, then said:

"Why don't we all have dinner together? I'm supposed to be meeting someone, but I can fix that. I'll give you a ring as soon as I've finished."

"Yes," came Francoise's reply, for she knew his ways, "we'll still be waiting for you at breakfast-time."

"No, not at all; I promise I'll be quick."

And off he went at the double.

I was thrilled. My fears had vanished and I found Francoise's presence reassuring. And I was about to have dinner with one of the world's most famous men.

An hour later the telephone rang.

"Come over, will you, and we'll eat at the Pre Catelan."

And this was how, for the first time, I entered the house where I was later to live for five years. I had not the slightest premonition about what the future held in store.

As Francoise had foreseen, Aly was not there. "I told you so; he's always late," she said.

The butler, who must have been used to this kind of situation, offered us a wide choice of drinks and cocktails to keep us happy while waiting.

We opted for port flip. I did not feel very comfortable, holding my glass and perching on the end of a vast sofa. The drawing-room was not at all cosy. The chandelier was only half on and cast a dim, rather inadequate light over the sumptuous furniture in the huge room.

"He might at least buy **himself** some flowers," said Francoise, pointing to a vase full of wilted red roses.

Her remark set us both giggling and we had still not managed to suppress our mirth when Aly arrived.

He shot into the room like a rocket, brimming over with apologies.

"I've so many things to do," he told us.

How many times was I to hear that remark during the following years!

Then, without even giving us time to finish what was in our glasses, he said:

"Let's go and eat!" and called, "Jacques, is the car ready?"

He got into the driver's seat. I was worried about my appearance, for it seemed to me I was not very suitably dressed for eating out. But Aly said I was perfectly all right and complimented me on my jumper with all the charm of man-

BETTINA and ALY dine in Paris.

ner he always used to convince every woman he ever met that she was the most beautiful he knew.

Surrounded by assiduous waiters, Aly selected a table, ordered the meal for the three of us and some pink champagne.

It was pleasantly warm, and our table was the jolliest in the restaurant. The band played Aly's favorite tunes and the band leader kept on making little knowing signs to him.

"Come and dance," said Aly.

I went out on to the floor feeling shy and rather stiff, while all the other tables watched us. But the music helped me to relax; then, to my considerable surprise, **I felt** Aly's cheek resting on mine.

He danced the whole evening like this; first with Francoise, then with me, although I had the impression it was perhaps more often with me. But always cheek to cheek.

This was how he danced with all women, regardless of their age or beauty and, of course, it sometimes gave some of them the wrong ideas.

But I must admit that I, too, was under his spell that evening.

Everything seemed so simple. Only the present mattered. I never asked myself what might happen next: all I wanted was for that evening to go on and on.

At 1.30, however, Aly glanced at his watch.

"I must leave you," he announced disconsolately. "I had to put off the person I was supposed to be seeing earlier till midnight and I'm already late for that."

It occurred to me that it was a funny time to be meeting anyone and wondered whether it was a woman.

"If you are going to this dance, I'll see you there," he added, turning toward me.

"Yes, I'm going," I replied.

But I thought he was joking, and felt quite sure he would not come. And yet I wanted him to.

He dropped us at Francoise's flat, where I had left my dress and my car, and vanished into the night.

When we found ourselves on our own Francoise decided not to go to the dance, and I began to wonder whether I should or shouldn't.

But I found I had slipped on my dress almost without noticing it and there I was sitting at the wheel of my car.

I did not know how to get to Robinson and was soon lost.

But I finally reached the place, only to be suddenly overcome with the dreadful thought that the dance might be over and I the only person there.

But my anxiety had been in vain, for there were still crowds of people there. I saw some I knew, who were most surprised to see me arrive unaccompanied and at such a late hour, and I sat down at their table.

In spite of myself I found I had my eye on the door, and soon I saw Aly arrive.

I felt sure he was looking for me, and suddenly I was overwhelmed with a desire to hide, and hope he would not see me. He asked the young wife of one of his friends to dance, and went on looking for me.

I felt pleased that he was seeking me out like this, but would not have dreamed of doing anything to indicate where I was.

All the same he did see me, and I was trapped. My heart began to thump, and beat still faster when he came toward me.

We danced, hardly uttering a word. Actually, I had no desire to talk.

We danced on like this until seven in the morning, when we found it was broad daylight and we were alone on an empty floor. A handful of people who had stayed on late were eating breakfast.

It was time to go. Aly dismissed his chauffeur and asked me to drive him home. It was cold and he gently wrapped his own coat about my shoulders.

That very morning he had to leave for Switzerland with his son, Karim (now the Aga Khan), and his chauffeur. And I had to set off in a few days' time for Saint-Paul de Vence, where I was to spend a week being photographed for "Life."

"But how marvellous!" Aly exclaimed. "I shall be staying at my house 'The Horizon' in Cannes. Promise to ring me as soon as you arrive: I must see you again."

I was delighted to hear him say this, but, once again, as soon as I found myself alone, reality triumphed over dreams.

I tried to forget the romantic night I had just lived through by reminding myself of all the things I had to do.

I had work to occupy me until the end of August, then I was supposed to be spending a fortnight in Biarritz with Peter.

"Seductive face"

When I set off for the South, one major preoccupation of quite a different order was bothering me, namely the most difficult mission I had been entrusted with by "Life," who wanted me to get in touch with the artist Picasso.

All I had to do was to persuade him to pose for some fashion photos with me.

But I had been warned. Picasso was a very difficult man. However, he consented to pose, and all went well.

I had naturally not forgotten my promise to Aly.

I had thought about him a great deal after that wonderful dance at Robinson, then little by little his face, that incredibly seductive face, had grown dim in my mind.

For a moment I felt like lifting the receiver, but I decided not to, and drafted a letter that read:

"I am off tomorrow. I did not have time to get in touch with you, but I'll see you some time. Bettina."

Then I waited. The telephone rang and Aly was full of reproaches. But I felt happy.

"I'll come and pick you up at half past eight tonight for dinner."

Naturally he was late.

Once again he reproached me for not getting in touch with him.

It became increasingly obvious that he was not accustomed to being treated like this, and in my innermost heart I felt both pleased and annoyed. So he thought my heart had beaten for him alone since the night at Robinson, did he?

He apologised to me about the evening: "You were too late getting in touch with me for me to put my dinner guests off."

So we set off to meet them.

I was wearing an old three-quarter-length white mackintosh given to me by a very small American man I once knew, a navy skirt, and a bullfighter's shirt I had brought back from Spain. I felt I could have faced any fashionable gathering.

But as Aly and I walked into the dining-room at the inn, I had the curious impression that a deathly hush fell on the central table, where his ten guests were.

The women immediately began to whisper among themselves, and there was no mistaking the fact that they were frankly hostile.

Aly, of course, talked a great deal to me and was even sweeter to me than usual.

"You really are the loveliest woman here," he said. I smiled, but was not taken in by that one, for he undoubtedly paid exactly the same compliment to all his women friends.

From "Bettina By Bettina," c copyright 1963 by Opera Mundi.

NEXT WEEK:

"I fall in love with Aly"

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Choosing the right school

IF "Perplexed Mum" (Qld.) can resist the pressure of what she suspects as the "snob appeal" of friends' advice to send her daughters to boarding-school, she should do so. The child's I.Q. determines the standard of education received, and one has only to glance at examination results to see that a boarding-school education is not necessary to give a child the best start in life. See that your daughters have a first-class high-school education and leave the rest up to them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. O. Tewkesbury, Old Bar, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

"PERPLEXED MUM" should send her daughters to the State high school soon to open in her town. Not only would she and her husband be spared the financial strain but the girls would still have their parents' guidance. We live 40 miles from the nearest high school, so, of course, have to consider boarding-school unless in the meantime a high school, for which we've been battling, is built in our area. I would much prefer our children attending a high school daily from their own home.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. D. Wood, Dalrymple Heights, Qld.

★ ★ ★

SOME of the "friends" I went to primary school with went on to boarding-school for their secondary education, and they don't even bother to speak to me now. I went to a State high school and in my final year sat for seven subjects and passed all seven. I give the credit to a wonderful teaching staff, friendly classmates, and, most of all, to a happy homelife, which is unknown to most boarders.

£1/1/- to "Stater" (name supplied), Clare, S.A.

★ ★ ★

I THINK the child who lives at home develops a broader outlook. At high school pupils are drawn from all walks of life. After school and at weekends they meet neighborhood children from other schools and mix freely with their parents' friends in their own homes and at those of the friends. They have access to newspapers and have some idea of what goes on in the world around them. Children at boarding-school usually go right through five years of secondary education with the same classmates and live in a narrow little world.

£1/1/- to "Family Woman" (name supplied), Wollongong, N.S.W.

Odyssey of a clock

I AM the owner of a "travelling" alarm clock, and it really HAS travelled — many thousands of miles. It was manufactured in Switzerland, exported to Australia, where it was bought as a gift for me, and sent to me in England. It travelled around England with me, and I have now brought it back to Australia.

£1/1/- to Miss Norma Gray, Seaforth, N.S.W.

Women and finance

THE disastrous losses incurred recently by a number of public companies in which, apparently, many women had invested lead me to wonder why so few women actively interest themselves in what is done with their money. I was the only woman shareholder at a company's recent annual general meeting, and felt that if more women shareholders had attended there could have been some enlightening discussion.

£1/1/- to Margaret Akhurst, Chatswood, N.S.W.

In the wrong shop

MY daughter took a summer vacation job in what was unmistakably a newsagent's shop. One customer asked for a pair of thongs and another for fish and chips. A woman tried to buy hot water and a child demanded a refund on a cool-drink bottle. The strangest feature was that none of these people was blind, and all appeared to be normal. What, then, could be the reason for these requests?

£1/1/- to "Odd Bodd" (name supplied), Victor Harbor, S.A.

She's taking up more space

LATELY I have lost nearly a stone in weight, yet I still take up more space than I did a year ago. Every time I take a step in my pointed-toed shoes, my foot occupies one and a half inches more space; my head, complete with hairdo, is nearly two inches higher; and my summer handbag — I can nearly get the portable typewriter into it. Four hats, summer, winter, golf, and sun-hat, make a combined height of 2ft. 5in. With so many people living in flats, where, oh where, does everybody keep everything?

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Evans, Gundagai, N.S.W.

Thoughtless passengers

HOW often one sees a shopper waiting on a bus seat with sometimes a shopping basket on each side of her. One hesitates to ask for space to sit down—but as you are certainly more tired than those baskets, you would be quite justified.

£1/1/- to "Jen" (name supplied), Toowoomba, Qld.

Exaggeration is the spice of speech

• When a lunch-counter employee was accused of using meat other than ham in a ham-and-egg sandwich, the New York City Markets Commissioner, Mr. Albert Pacetta, said: "Ham and eggs is a most characteristic symbol of America. Debasing it is about as serious as an attack on motherhood."

Do you scent a conflagration?
What's the betting he reneges
When the mothers of the nation
Register that ham and eggs
Is a symbol set beside them
In affectionate regard?
Not intending to deride them
He will find they take it hard.
And he'll cop some wrath from others—
People who with justice say
There are ham and eggs and mothers
Elsewhere than the U.S.A.

—DOROTHY DRAIN

I was speechless!

VISITING a married son, I had an attack of laryngitis and could not speak. Concerned at my loss of voice, my four-year-old grandson hurriedly found my glasses, and said, "Put these on, Grandma, and see if you can talk."

£1/1/- to "Grandma" (name supplied), Prospect, S.A.

Spectacles aid hearing

SINCE having to wear reading glasses I have noticed not only how smart they are but that the lower rims are a great camouflage for lines under the eyes. A friend of mine also maintains that she hears better with her spectacles on. I was rather sceptical, but since trying for myself I am inclined to agree with her. Is there any scientific explanation for this?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Mildred Stake, Pymble, N.S.W.

Deception in the kitchen

HOW many housewives allow their husbands to become aware that they have not "slaved" in the kitchen for hours but have used packaged and frozen foods? Presenting a delicious meal of baked rabbit, my aunt never informs uncle that she collected the rabbit cooked on her way home from town and hastily opened a packet of frozen vegetables, or that the pudding he enjoyed and the cake he had for lunch both came from packets.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Young, Pascoe Vale, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE LOOKERS

TWO lady ticket-collectors at a Sydney station were talking about a male ticket-collector.

One said: "He doesn't look at the tickets. He only looks at the legs."

The remark was overheard by a train traveller, and eventually it got into a newspaper.

It has caused some concern in the railways. The railways have a hard time paying their way. How can they hope to do well if ticket-collectors look at the legs instead of the tickets?

The leg-watching habit is a problem that extends far beyond the railways.

It causes road accidents. It distracts businessmen who are giving dictation. It makes building workers stop and whistle.

There is hardly any job in which some inefficiency is not due to it.

Leg-watching solicitors get their deeds mixed up. Traffic policemen make mistakes through looking at the knees of girls driving small cars.

I even know of a journalist who is not above glancing at girl reporters' legs in office time.

Most men have an incurable tendency to look at the other sex. They look especially, though by no means exclusively, at the legs.

This may be regrettable, but it cannot be helped.

Men constantly, silently appraise legs, like art critics. It is one subject on which every man considers himself a connoisseur.

They are often laughed at for all this glancing and peering. Yet it is not entirely their fault.

Women and girls do nothing to discourage it.

They wear short skirts, not to mention shorts. They deliberately try to make their legs interesting by tanning them, shaving them, encasing them in nylons.

You can hardly blame a normal young ticket-collector for looking down below the tickets.

What can the railways do about it?

One idea is that they should employ women ticket-collectors. But this would be unfair to men.

Another suggestion is that business girls should wear season tickets round their ankles. Then a collector could look at the ticket and the legs at the same time. But the girls might object.

I think a frank appeal should be made to young men — not only ticket-collectors — to keep their eyes on the job.

Inspiring slogans could be used, like: "Two men looked out from prison bars — one saw legs, the other stars."

Australia will not have much future if men keep interrupting their work to look at legs.

And yet — how strange and abnormal and altogether awful it would be if they stopped taking this interest. *Then* the country might have no future at all.

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You simply take three little American Slimming Tablets each day. You eat normal meals—but the tablets reduce your appetite and, at the same time, assist your digestive processes to prevent food turning to fat.
American Slimming Tablets cost only 10/6 for 14 days' treatment—9d. a day. From Chemists only.

SAFE! SIMPLE!

American Slimming Tablets

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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The slender-line skirts illustrated on this page show two different waistlines. One is raised and belted, the other is finished at normal waist level.

THE skirts answer two separate queries from readers. One asked for a skirt pattern with a raised waistline and the other for a straight skirt. Both designs are included in the one pattern. Under the picture are details.

"What would be the best wrap to wear over a floor-length evening sheath?"

The most sophisticated cover-up is a slim floor-length coat in matching fabric. However, this is rather extravagant and I personally think a generous stole in matching fabric is a smart alternative. For extra warmth, line the stole with wool.

"Do you think the Empire-line is suitable for a maternity frock? I want to make the frock in floral silk for my sister's wedding. Should the skirt be full, and how much fabric should I buy? The style is being made by a dressmaker. I take 34in. bust size."

I think the Empire-line is very pretty for maternity wear. I suggest the design should have round pleats joined to a fitted waisted bodice. Have the frock finished with a scooped-out neckline and above-elbow sleeves, and the high waistline finished with a self-material bow-sash. This would require about 5yds. of 36in. material.

"I have some beautiful turquoise blue Thai silk, just enough for a shift. Please give me an idea for the style."

I suggest a scooped-out neck and two self flounces at the hemline. The dress can be sleeveless or finished with wrist-length sleeves. The latter idea is newer.

"Is it possible to have one costume that can have a street-length and ankle-length skirt?"

Surprisingly, yes. A street-length sheath can be converted into a "formal" by wearing the sheath over an ankle-length skirt. The separate garments must, of course, be made in the same material and color.

2581. — Straight-cut skirt in sizes 25, 26, and 28in. waist. Butterick pattern 2581, price 5/- includes postage. Patterns available from Betty Keep Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O. Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Could I have an idea for a black crepe sheath for late-afternoon wear?"

Have your sheath dipping to a deep V in front and cowl-draped at the back.

"I want to make a pair of cotton pyjamas and wondered if there is any way I can take away the plain look generally seen in bought styles."

Pyjamas can be very feminine with a glamor edge of lace ruffles around the jacket front and edging and circling the ends of the trouser legs.

Peach Parfaits

DAVIS GELATINE AND CANNED PEACHES

LEFT: BASIC JELLY. Dissolve 1 envelope or 3 rounded teaspoons Davis Gelatine in 1 cup hot water. Add 1 tablespoon sugar. Stir till dissolved. Add syrup from 29 oz. can peaches. Add 1 tablespoon port wine or lemon juice. Pour basic jelly into parfait glasses, leave until thickening, add peach slices, chill until set. VARIATION: Chill basic jelly until set. Spoon into glasses in alternate layers with peach slices.

RIGHT: CREAM JELLY. Make basic jelly. While hot stir in 1 small can chilled, whipped evaporated milk. Chill until set. Spoon cream jelly into glasses in alternate layers with peach slices.

CENTRE: CRUSHED PEACH JELLY. Add finely crushed peaches to above cream jelly. Pour into glasses, chill until set. Decorate with peach slices and cream.

PERFECT PARTNERS

Nothing is as pretty as a parfait! And the prettiest parfait's simple — with Davis Gelatine and a can of peaches! See for yourself — try one of these easy-to-make peach parfaits today!

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Specially if you're slimming

Milk has a very high protein value per calorie. It's rich in nature's own protective vitamins and minerals—which you need every day. So it's extra important when you diet. For the new natural milk diet, which can lose you 7 lb. in 7 days, write to: Milk Publicity Council, P.O. Box 48, Broadway, Sydney. (It's free.)

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Mrs. Kate Hill.

UMFOLOZI WILDERNESS

By MRS. KATE HILL

● *I am not heroic, and I do not really like wild animals. But before we came to Australia after three years in South Africa I decided to see the real Africa. So I made a three-day expedition to the Umfolozi Game Reserve.*

THE 182-mile drive from Durban was sheer horror. After only 50 miles the tarmac ended abruptly and the red dirt took its place.

I had left Durban at 12.30 p.m. — plenty of time, I thought, to reach Mpila Rest Camp, "headquarters" of the reserve, before dark. But I had not counted on that frightful road.

I had chosen what must be the worst road in Africa.

Almost at once my near-side shock absorber complained and kept it up until it was joined by all the others, and I was in real trouble. I found myself crawling in low gear at the mercy of every bump, skidding all over the road.

The native children scattered all over the road thought I was making the car perform to amuse them. With worrying about them—and their cattle and goats—controlling the car was a nightmare.

However, I was getting used to the road until I came upon a priceless bridge near Mtubatuba, a sort of railway bridge over the Umfolozi River with a very Heath Robinson strip joined on for cars. It was only wide enough for one car, and the railings between it and the river were broken.

Somewhat unnerved I started to cross — and found another car coming toward me. I had to back off the wretched thing, and, even worse, had to watch the other car's progress over it. All the slats went up as the wheels went over them. When it was my turn, I'm sure I went over with my eyes shut!

It was dark and late when I reached Mtubatuba, with an 18-mile stretch of dirt road ahead of me before the turn-off to Umfolozi Game Reserve, then 13 more miles. I remembered that people are not allowed to drive through the reserves after dark, but there was nothing for it but to continue and sleep in the car if I couldn't get into the camp.

When I saw lights I turned off the road with relief, but it wasn't the camp after all. It was some sort of road mechanic's place with a weird old native and a depressed - looking young woman who directed me farther on.

On I bumped and skidded, until I was stopped dead by another horrible bridge—a nasty low thing not much above the water, and with no sides. Another crossing with my eyes shut, then on uphill on the interminable road.

Trigger-happy

I was beginning to wonder why they did not let you drive through the reserves after dark. Did rhinos — or leopards—charge cars? Did they have trigger-happy guards looking out for poachers?

Suddenly an enormous Land-Rover bore downhill at me out of the darkness and stopped. But I didn't! For the first time I got up speed and belted up the hill into the safety of the Rest Camp, Mpila.

There were lovely civilised-looking huts and a kitchen - cum - bathroom as well.

I apologised for my lateness to a rather severe young man, who looked regimental and mentioned rules in a tone a man uses when he may enforce them. However, he didn't and the kitchen staff cooked a meal for me. But I went to bed with a vague feeling of being back in the army, and none too sure that I might not be thrown out in the morning.

It was fine next day, and I found that Mpila had a wonderful view of the reserve. After breakfast I met my trail companions, two men who were under the impression that I would be some "old battle-axe" who would "muck up the trail" for them. They were pleasantly suprised to find I still had all my own hair and teeth, and I was happy to learn that I was not to be thrown out for coming late.

The ranger, Mr. Dent, was somewhat theatrical, like Davy Crockett, with a beard and a belt full of cartridges, but so pleasant a man that I forgave him at once. The other two, George and Cam, are now my firm friends. Both are married, with grown-up children, and turned out to be the best companions for such a trip.

We were given kitbags to pack, then loaded into a Land-Rover for the first stage of our journey. Then our kit was given to the donkey boys to take by a short cut to the site of the first camp.

Mr. Dent gave us a short lecture on litter and so on, and wheeled away into the bush. We walked single file with the men carrying our lunches in knapsacks, and me carrying the water-bottles. I felt it was really theatrical now, and was not sure I would like it.

Then we were in the Tamboti forest, and a feeling of pure enchantment, which I did not lose for the rest of the long walk, came to me. The sunlight in the trees, the odd fragrance, and the utter solitude had a heady effect, and all my irritation disappeared.

But soon I became desperately tired and found breathing an effort. I asked what happened if someone were ill or injured, and was told alarming tales about various guards and poachers and the difficulties of getting them to hospital. That didn't help at all!

Danger

Suddenly Mr. Dent swung his gun as something vast flicked in front of him. It was a monitor lizard, a huge thing looking more like a snake. Almost immediately Aaron, our native guard who walked in the rear, whistled. We turned to see a python cross the trail just behind us.

In the next half-hour we saw a great variety of wild creatures — zebras in the distance, warthogs frighteningly close but happily afraid of us, lovely springing bucks, and even tortoises in our path. My fatigue was beginning to go, and I was happy walking behind the ranger.

He saw a rhinoceros right in our path, and led us up very close to it. It sensed us there but could not see us. The ranger made us sit down behind him to be even more invisible. We were downwind from the rhino, so it could not smell us, but it knew something was wrong and with its calf it began to circle us, snorting and ground-pawing alarmingly.

I started to rise to run and climb a tree, but Mr. Dent motioned to me to be still. I was, but it needed all my self-control. Then the rhino got around to where it could smell us, and made off.

Mr. Dent told us a lot about rhinos, which are the chief interest in Umfolozi. There are two kinds, the black and the white square-lipped. The black rhino is terribly dangerous, and given to charging people for no good reason at all.

The white rhino is apparently safe. But you are handicapped in telling them apart, for the white rhino also looks black (I'm not clear why it is called white!). By the time you are close enough to see if it has a square lip, you are likely to be in trouble if it hasn't.

It can charge faster than you can run, and it is useless to face its charge, then leap aside, as it can wheel faster than you can jump. There

MPILA REST CAMP on the Umfolozi Game Reserve. Visitors stay in the small comfortable huts between safaris on foot or in car convoys to see wildlife.

ZEBRA (right) is one of many varieties of African wildlife on the reserve. There are also lions, buffaloes, leopards, rhinoceroses, wildebeests, waterbucks, baboons.

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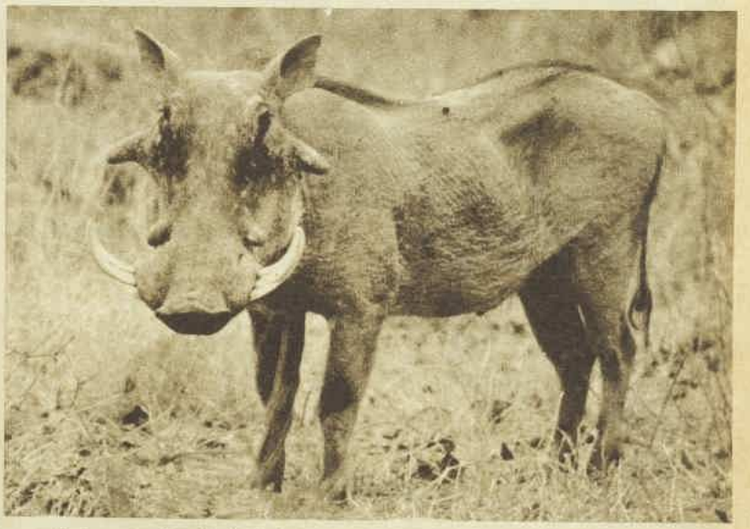
THE Umfolozi Game Reserve in Zululand, 182 miles from Durban, is 72,000 acres of wilderness in the basin of the Black and White Umfolozi Rivers. Mrs. Hill, who wrote this account of her "safari," is an Englishwoman who migrated to South Africa with her husband and three daughters, Jane (13), Lisa (10), and Debbie (6). The Hills came to Australia last year and now live in Melbourne.

CAMPFIRE and tents at Puff Adder Creek, where the party camped on the second night. From left: Cam, the native guard Aaron and the tall Masai tribesman (in greatcoats), Mrs. Hill, and a donkey boy. Below: A warthog, terrifying in appearance, but fortunately afraid of humans.



seems to be no sensible thing to do about a rhino except keep away from it!

Very little is known about it, and there is a battle going on for its preservation. They occasionally trap one at Umfolozi to send to different parts of the world in case the dangers from poachers and Government restriction of territory should reduce its chance of survival.

To trap it they hunt it on horseback, then shoot a drug into it and follow it until it falls asleep. Then a cage is brought up by lorry, and when the rhino wakes up it is docile enough to be led into the cage. My imagination boggles at the courage of the first man to test this docility. The rhino is a prehistoric animal, and might have had a prehistoric immunity to the modern drug!

I have since looked up rhino in the Encyclopedia Britannica, and have discovered that there is no need to worry about distinguishing between black and white rhino at a distance.

Both, it appears, have little intelligence and a very bad temper. Certainly they have no beauty and do no good. On the credit side there is only that they are good eating, especially in autumn and winter (which is ruled out, anyway, because they are protected), and there is that tenuous link with prehistoric times.

Heretic

I am not entirely convinced of the sense in preserving wild and dangerous animals just because they go so far back in time, and I cannot understand Mr. Dent's devotion to it. I accept that some people like lonely places with a spice of danger added, but this absorption with preserving an ugly, stupid, dangerous animal — that a man of high intelligence and obvious integrity should devote himself wholly to it and see ordinary civilised life as a "rat-race" — is beyond me.

As a prudent minority, however, I did not air this heresy in Umfolozi. It is useless to argue with a dedicated man. If you deflect him you are doing mischief, and if you don't you are being idle. There is also the danger of being converted to his way of thinking.

We went on to the river, the Black Umfolozi, and we had to take our shoes off to wade through it. I, of course, walked into a deeper place than anyone else and got my slacks soaked. There was a crocodile in that river, and everyone else hoped it would come close to be inspected. I was happy without it.

On the far side of the river we made a fire and tea, and I dried my slacks. This lunch break did an awful lot for me, and, although we walked more after it, I was not nearly so fatigued. Cam was a great wisecracker, with a very picturesque vocabulary and no inhibitions about swearing in feminine company.

Umfolozi has a huge variety of game, and we saw most of it. We followed game paths only, and found an unbelievable solitude and contentment on that first day.

We had to wade through the Black Umfolozi again to make camp for the night. We forced our way through bush with Mr. Dent somewhat uncertainly leading the way, guided only by the river smell and the increasing reediness. Then we were through, and the tents and fires on the other side of the river gave us the strength to cross it.

The campfire was a new experience for me, and I had never slept in a tent before. We sat around a Tamboti fire, which is poisonous to cook on, so the cooking was done at a distance on a different wood by the donkey boys.

We had cold chicken, hot curry, fruit, and coffee. And we talked. Mr. Dent had been an art teacher in London. Talking about England and home around that fire seemed fantastic. We were out of time that night, and the wilderness had a grip on us.

Comic relief

No one who drives through the reserves to see the animals does any more than touch the surface, and can have no idea what it feels like to be part of it. My companions were probably not so carried away by it all as I was — Cam in particular provided comic relief and an anchor to reality.

None of us had a good night's sleep. Cam and George caused a great deal of upheaval and noise in their tent, and finally subsided — as did all our air mattresses. There had been much talk about the danger of ticks, and I was thankful not to have found out which was the really dangerous one. I would certainly have been putting on my torch every five minutes to try to identify it!

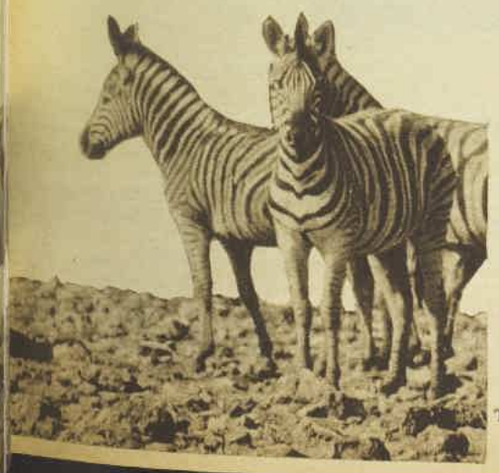
Dressing in a low tent is very difficult, and I was glad to get out of it in the morning. We washed in the river, and the reason for Mr. Dent's beard became clear. No one shaves in the wilderness.

I seemed to have been walking all my life, and was quite happy to go on for ever. We took a rest by the White Umfolozi before crossing it, and watched the waterbuck come down and disappear again on the other side. I sat on a bough facing what must have been the loveliest tree in the wilderness, and for the first time wished I could paint. Photographing that tree would not do at all, for it might have come out as it is instead of how I saw it.

We crossed the river just in time to shelter from a downpour, which never really stopped for the rest of the trip. We sat under a large tree for a long time, with Aaron, our native guard, sitting in a sort of waterproof trance a little way off.

We pushed on for five or six miles through soaking rain, and everywhere we seemed to be frightening the warthogs. They were almost underfoot and running like mad from us in all direc-

Continued on page 36



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CUTE KITTENS for each day of the week will brighten kitchen towels. They are from Embroidery Transfer No. 178. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/-.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives information about readers' antiques.

● *English cups and saucers.*

My terra-cotta colored cup and saucer has a raised leaf design and the other two are decorated with Chinese figures. —Miss M. Smith, Masterton, N.Z.

Your English porcelain cups and saucers (right), decorated with Chinoiserie motifs, were made during the second quarter of the 19th century, possibly at the New-hall factory, Staffordshire. The leaf-patterned cup and saucer is also Staffordshire, about 1845.

★ ★ ★

Could you please give me some idea of the age of my copper tea urn? — Mrs. J. L. Dixon, Camberwell, Vic.

Your urn (below), which is English, was made during the first quarter of the 19th century and is a fine example of the Regency or Empire period. The neo-classical shape, embellished with Egyptian motifs, is typical of the period.

● *Copper tea urn.*

I would be grateful for any information you could give me about my cup. Markings are a crown, Coalport, and A.D. 1750.—Miss D. Grieve, Naracoorte, S.A.

Your cup (below) was not made before 1880. The proprietors of the Coalport factory claimed the factory started in 1750, and during the latter days of the Victorian era started marking their productions with the printed mark — a crown, Coalport, A.D. 1750.

● *Victorian cup.*

I have a jug which is decorated with green and russet fern fronds. Could you please tell me something about it? — Miss W. Cunningham, Devonport, Tas.

Your attractive English pottery jug (below) is probably of red stoneware which has been glazed. This type of jug decorated with fernleaf motif was rarely made before 1860 and the style was in vogue until the late 19th century.

● *Pottery jug.*

Dettol, the most recommended antiseptic, is available in cream as well as liquid form. Both belong in your medicine cabinet.

Squeeze or pour, but be sure it's Dettol.

If you know antiseptics, you'll know "Dettol"—the **germicidal** antiseptic that kills germs in wounds. But did you know this most recommended product is available as a cream?

"Dettol" Antiseptic Cream contains the same active germicidal ingredient as "Dettol" liquid, which is so favoured by doctors, so trusted by nurses and so widely used in our hospitals. For application to skin affections such as napkin rash or chapped hands; minor burns, or sunburn; "Dettol" Antiseptic Cream offers an extra measure of soft, soothing, medication.

"Dettol" Antiseptic Cream is actively germicidal and promotes healing. It soothes irritation and helps to prevent re-infection. It is non-greasy. Always keep "Dettol" handy, in tube and bottle.

When sympathy is needed, so is "Dettol".

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

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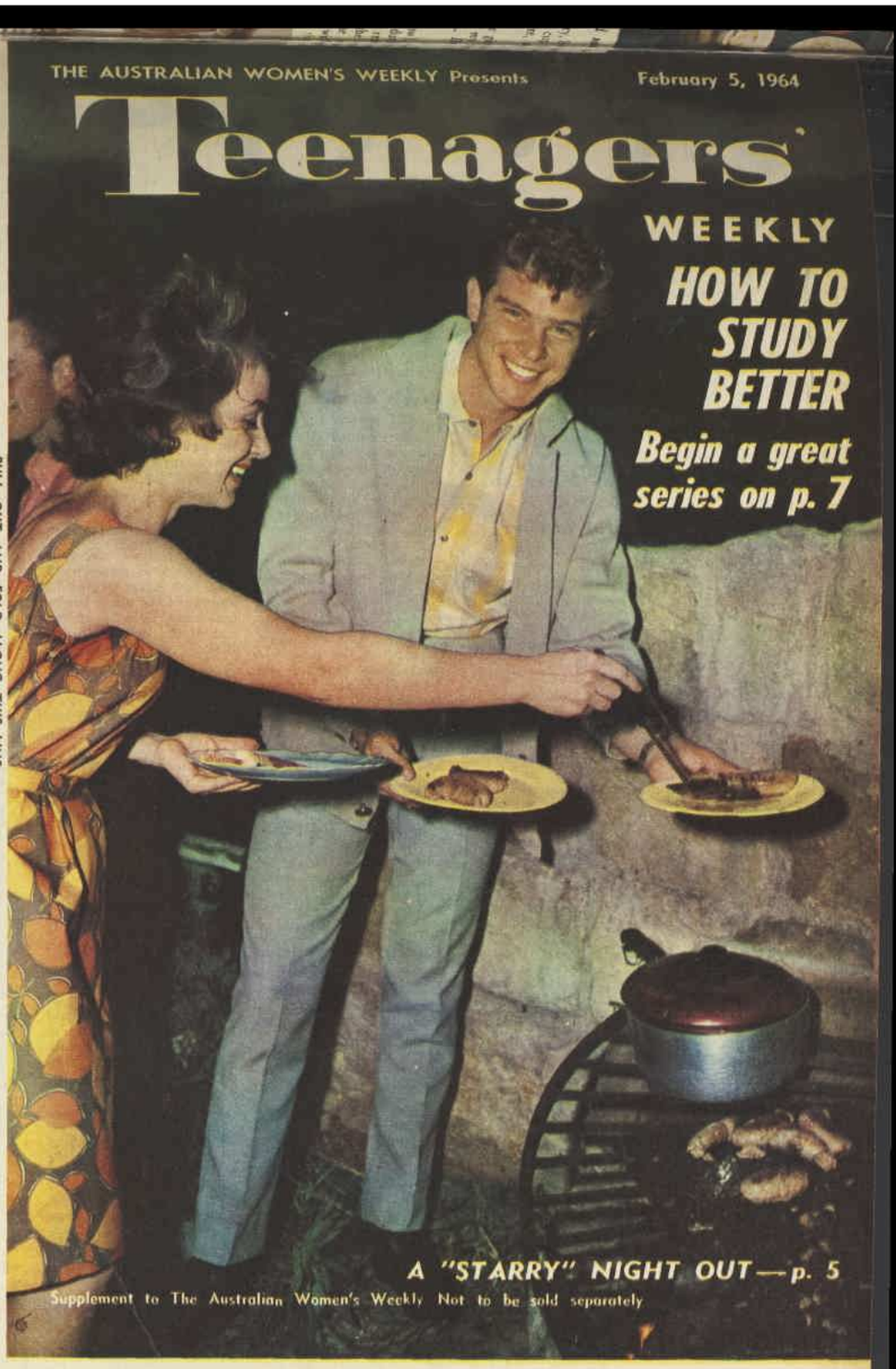
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents February 5, 1964

Teenagers' WEEKLY



HOW TO STUDY BETTER

Begin a great series on p. 7

A "STARRY" NIGHT OUT — p. 5

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

PULL OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE

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Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Teenagers show good manners

ONE grows exceptionally tired of the persecution of teenagers for their manners.

During this last week of travelling to and from Sydney I have seen a great many teenagers helping young mothers with strollers or parcels, helping old people in crossing streets, and even standing back to allow elders to pass through bus doors first.

In direct contrast to this display of good manners by teenagers are the manners exhibited by most adults, if one takes the time to notice.

This is one time when the result comes out in favor of the teenager. — *Pam Wadeson, Condell Park, N.S.W.*

Life-saving fund

EACH time a life is saved in the surf by a member of a Surf Life Saving Club, an insurance company has possibly been saved from paying out on a life policy.

This would amount to thousands of pounds each season. Thus, I think that these companies should subsidise the government grant to clubs, pound for pound.

This amount could be kept in a fund and drawn from only in times of distress by surf clubs for lost or damaged equipment, or for other urgent needs. —*Philip Michod, Burnett Heads, Qld.*

Wilful barber

RECENTLY I was in a barber shop sitting down waiting for my turn in the chair. When it came to the turn of the young man before me the barber made a comment about his hair being a bit bodgie-looking.

The customer told the barber how he wanted it cut, but the barber cut it according to his own ideas, and when it was finished the young man had a drab and old-fashioned hair-style.

Do barbers have the right to change a hair-style without the customer's permission? I'm sure this one lost a customer. — *Peter Wright, Kelvin Grove, Qld.*

Boy's advice

EACH month I go to a fair number of dances, and am getting to know some of the lurks, and would like to give some advice to the wallflower girls who find themselves sitting on the hardboard seat all night.

It is a good idea to sit up and look alive when you find yourself sitting alone. You will look a much more attractive selection for the door-huggers — the boys who must stand around the door, block the entrance, and give their advice to the dancers on the floor.

I find that there is nothing worse than to see a lonely girl slouching and moping because no one has bothered to ask her for a dance.

So my advice when you go to a dance is — look alive, or don't bother going, because you would be better off with a good night's sleep. — *"Mick," Wollongbar, N.S.W.*

Early leaver

ONE always hears from adults that "school-days are the best days of your life." I do not agree.

I left school five years ago at the age of 14½ and then completed a day-time secretarial course at technical college.

Since then I have had four office jobs, learning something different from each — machines, switchboard, etc., as well as making innumerable friends.

In all cases I received excellent wages and worked under the best conditions, and last year paid cash for a car of my own.

I have never regretted leaving school. — *"Ascot," Mascot, N.S.W.*

Precious memories

EVERY teenager should keep a diary. I have kept one for a year, and reading it over now I am grateful for the chance to relive the happiness (and sadness) of the past 12 months.

Time slips so quickly through our fingers, but we can preserve memorable moments for ever by recording our day-to-day events.

Youth is precious and gone all too soon, so why not start now on your "scrapbook of memories"? You will never regret it, and will have many laughs and sighs over it at the end of the year.—*"Happy Writer," Romsey, Vic.*

Skinny or fat — just laugh

"HELP" (T.W., 18/12/63) asked what she could do about being too thin. I, too, suffer from the same misfortune, and am, plainly speaking, skinny, although I eat as much nourishing food as my plump girl-friend.

I was self-conscious of my figure until I began to treat my thinness as a joke rather than as a serious problem.

I would advise "Help" to do this, too. Next time somebody calls you "skinny" put on an air of mock superiority and say something like "You're only jealous of my gorgeous figure," then rattle aimlessly on about your diet problems or something equally silly.

A quick change of subject helps after the first retort, and here the weather is always convenient.

The method I've suggested leaves little room for back-answers, for often the critic's mind is distracted by your supposed pride in your figure, or

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

● This is the twelfth issue of Teenagers' Weekly in its new, compact shape. Some readers welcomed the change, others opposed it—so here is a chance for everyone to vote on the issue. Just place a tick in the appropriate square below, and return the coupon to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Do you like Teenagers' Weekly's new shape?

YES ☐ NO ☐

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the change in conversation. —*"Help II," Lakes Entrance, Vic.*

BEING fat, instead of thin, I know how "Help" feels. But I look at it this way: that's the way you were meant to be, and there's just nothing you can do about it.

Everybody calls me "Fat," but I have got used to it, quite like it, and now just laugh and go along with the kids. — *Stephen Martin, Newborough, Vic.*

School uniforms

WHY some teenagers disapprove of school uniforms being compulsory beats me. Have these people ever thought about it? Here is the reason for it:

The cost of uniforms is not high, but just think of the cost of all the dresses, jumpers, and stockings needed each term if there were no uniforms. They would cost much more.

And it looks much smarter to see a mass of greens, reds, or blues than multi-colored clothing.

Some people would be teased and embarrassed if they wore the same dress day in and day out, and in some cases this is all some families could afford.

These are a few of the many reasons why uniforms are compulsory. — *Jane Mathews, Deakin, A.C.T.*

Pop tunes junk

"WHAT bugs me most," a jazz musician once said, "is that the music most people like to hear are dogtunes played by mickey mouse bands."

He went on to say that hit tunes were commercial "to make some bread," and that they were steals from jazz or jazz diluted and commercialised.

I strongly agree with him, and would add that pop tunes are mostly garbage, pure unadulterated junk, hashed up by people who have no musical ability and forced upon an unwary public by the high-pressure tactics of disc jockeys.

If you think I want to start an argument, you're correct. I am willing to take on all comers with both fists, for it's high time that teenagers in general became aware of their poor taste in music.

If people would only listen carefully to any pop tune, and look for some musical merit, they would suddenly discover that they couldn't find any.

Then maybe they would look for something better. —*Mark Shield, Salisbury, Qld.*

Next week . . .

- Sean Scully, the 16-year-old Australian who is playing a leading role on the Broadway stage.
- A young American actress recently in Australia tells of working with Richard Chamberlain in "Dr. Kildare" —and there is a pin-up of the star, too.
- How Margaret Smith reached the top in tennis.

"The world may be round to you, but after careful consideration I think it's square."

Views on surfies and their bleached hair

● "Huskie" (T.W., 18/12/63) said that at her high school several boys had been expelled for bleaching their hair, and asked what others thought about surfies and bleaching.

WHAT has the color or length of a student's hair to do with schoolwork and study?

We go to school to learn and study for exams, but some teachers are more concerned about the pupils' looks than they are with getting on with their work of teaching.

It is ridiculous expelling a student because of bleached hair. Pupils should be allowed to follow the latest trend.

And you have to admit that surfies sure do look nice. — *"Surfie Girl," Chelsea, Vic.*

THE general condemnation of teenage beachgoers as troublemakers and hoods is the result of a small-minded approach by those supposed to be mature.

At the beaches there are two teenage classes. Surfies are the trouble-causers. They bleach their hair and carry a board around with them to bash the rockers.

The other class are the surfers. Unlike the surfies, they don't profess a false love of the surf, but in a sensible way they go to the beach and enjoy the clean sport of surfing.

While the first class should be condemned, the second should be encouraged. — *"Mike," Caringbah, N.S.W.*

TO bleach your hair just to follow the latest craze is stupid if it is going to lead to expulsion.

I do not consider myself a square, but to disobey a school rule, which leads to being expelled, is too serious. — *"Future Look," Wangaratta, Vic.*

MAYBE bleached hair isn't a necessity for surfing, but personally I like it, provided it doesn't look too revolting. I certainly fail to see why anyone should be expelled from school for it.

Although I agree that the surfie craze has gone too far, I have nothing against real surfers.

But when three-year-olds and rockers take to wearing miniature surfboards round their necks, ugh! — *"Pro-Surfie Girl," Booval, Qld.*

I FOLLOW the craze of surfies. It is a lot of fun, and it is better than being a rocker or a square.

Bleaching your hair is a bit crazy, but a lot of sensible, nice boys do it.

Boys shouldn't be expelled for bleaching their hair, as it doesn't interfere with schoolwork. It is a personal matter and at schools in our district is allowed. — *"Surfie Sue," Glenelg, S.A.*

THE majority of surfies are boys who go to the beach for the pleasure of surfboard - riding. Although some boys do peroxide their hair, those who stay out for hours on end have their hair bleached by sun and salt.

Because we're teenagers everybody finds fault, yet just before Christmas a 17-year-old surfie was drowned while trying to save a man's life. — —*"Irate," Taree, N.S.W.*

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NEW LOOK, TASTE FOR LUNCHES

● Let's face it — sandwiches as an every-day item for luncheon can become monotonous. But, at school or office, start a Luncheon Club — see who can dream up the best new ideas for the lunch box. You can create your own special Club Sandwich!

PACK THESE into the lunch box as a change from sandwiches — golden Bacon and Egg Pie, Tomato Jelly Mould, crisp-crumbed Vegetable Patties.

THINK of all the new breads there are to experiment with—pumpernickel, dark and light rye, malt bread, wholemeal, milk bread—all the different textures and tastes which team so well with so many foods. Make a sandwich with two different breads—potato bread teams well with a slice from a crusty Vienna.

Here we give you a few hints on the right way to make a good sandwich, and we suggest some sandwich fillings you'll like.

And, if you feel that it's time you had a change from sandwiches, then there are lots of ideas here for good-tasting lunch-box food that's different.

Let your talent and imagination take it from here.

Sandwich hints

● Avoid too-moist fillings in sandwiches; the bread will become unpalatable. Better to prepare the filling separately, carry it in a plastic bag or box, and fill sandwiches when ready to eat.

● Or, if that is not possible, then place a crisp lettuce-leaf under and over filling. This will prevent filling soaking into bread.

● Savory butters are a help, too. Besides adding lots of flavor, they also help keep the bread fresh-tasting. Blend in to the butter any of these—curry powder, mayonnaise, finely chopped chives, cheese or parsley, a little anchovy paste, devilled ham, mustard, cinnamon (nice with date sandwiches); experiment to see which you like best.

● When using meat, such as ham, corned beef, lamb, or roast beef, as a filling, slice it thinly. Two thin slices of meat have much more flavor and are easier to eat than one thick slice.

● When placing filling on bread, be sure all four corners of the sandwich are covered; this means that when you bite near the edge you will find something besides bread.

Fillings

● Thin slices of ham and Swiss cheese between rye bread.

● Finely chopped dates mixed with some chopped walnuts and a little chopped preserved ginger; moisten with a little lemon juice or ginger syrup. Good between slices of raisin bread, too.

● Spread bread slices with butter, then thinly with peanut butter. Top with thin apple slices (brush them with a little lemon juice to keep their fresh color).

● Cheddar cheese with gherkin; chopped hard-boiled egg mixed with a little mayonnaise and curry powder; sliced cold tongue with cucumber; or mashed tuna or salmon, mixed with a little mayonnaise and chopped cucumber.

Club sandwiches

Club or Three-Decker Sandwiches are made of three slices of bread, buttered; first the lower layer is filled with a spread or a filling, topped with another slice of bread, filled again, and finally topped with the third slice of bread, gently pressing all layers together.

(These are nice made with toast to serve as a savory snack at home, too.)

Here are some filling suggestions:

● First layer: Lettuce spread with mayonnaise, cheese slice. Second layer: Pineapple slice, shredded lettuce.

● First layer: Lettuce, grilled bacon, chutney. Second layer: Lettuce, sliced tomatoes, chopped parsley.

● First layer: Coleslaw topped with thin slices of tomato. Second layer: Thin slices of ham.

● *To page 15*

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★ THE NIGHT THE STARS WENT OUT ★

ROLAND STORM (left) at outdoor supper with Sue Clark, of Sydney, and fellow-singer Dig Richards.

● Show-business people rarely have nights off to entertain themselves. So, when Fay Crowhurst, of the Sydney suburb of Sans Souci, recently gave a party for young stars at her home, we went, too.

STOMPERS are (from left) Dig Richards, Sue Clark, Julie Stenton, of Sydney, and disc jockey Ward Austin. On OUR COVER, Rob E. G. with hostess Fay Crowhurst, manager of stomp group The Nocturnes.

LATEST DANCE, The Hitch-Hiker, entertains (from left) Rob E. G. and other guests, Judy Evans, Barbara Watforn, and Ross Barlow, of Sydney.

DANCER Terry Hyland and Denise Allborn, Sydney, took a refreshing dip at party watched by Roland Storm (left) and Barry Stanton.

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Great Discoveries — By WILLIAM JOY

Death of inventor still a mystery

● A spectacled German, Rudolf Diesel, boarded the Harwich-bound steamer Dresden at Antwerp on September 29, 1913, and demanded a cabin.

HE laid his old-fashioned nightshirt neatly on the bunk, set out his shaving gear, put his handsome gold watch on a shelf, and tucked a wallet holding £100 under the pillow.

Then he vanished.

Consternation ran through the ship next morning, for Herr Diesel was a most important man. He had invented the self-ignition engine that revolutionised transport.

Just before he vanished he was designing an engine to give additional speed and range to the submarine, then emerging as a deadly weapon.

A fortnight later a body was found floating in the sea. His family identified objects in the pockets as belonging to Rudolf Diesel.

The mystery is still unsolved. Some say overstrain and financial and legal worries drove Diesel to suicide.

Others hint at murder by German secret agents. The world then was plunging to war. Diesel engines were produced, under licence, in many countries.

The German High Command, some claim, was anxious to stop Diesel revealing his latest plans to potential enemy manufacturers.

And then, of course, he may have fallen overboard by accident.

Rudolf Diesel was born in 1858 in Paris. His father, Theodore, a master bookbinder, fled to the French capital from Augsburg after the German revolution of 1848.

The family had a hard struggle to exist. As a small boy Rudolf helped in his father's leather shop and delivered goods all over Paris in a wheelbarrow.

Fled to London

When the Franco-German war flared in 1870, the Diesels fled with hundreds of other German refugees from Paris to London. They were so poor that Theodore sent young Rudolf back to Germany to live with an uncle in Augsburg.

The uncle, a professor of mathematics, sent the boy to an industrial school, where he studied physics, chemistry, mechanical engineering, and industrial economics.

At 14 Rudolf Diesel decided to be an engineer, and saw for the first time the "pneumatic tinderbox" which played a major role in his life.

The pneumatic tinderbox resembled a big glass bicycle pump. A piece of tinder was put at one end. The plunger was driven in two or three times. The compressed air generated heat and the tinder began to smoulder.

Diesel told his children years later that his famous engine was little more than a pneumatic tinderbox.

In 1875 Rudolf Diesel enrolled at Munich Polytechnic. He went down with typhus just before his finals, but topped the list.

Refrigeration expert

Already Diesel was obsessed with engines. He knew that the best steam engines turned only 10 per cent. of the heat from the fuel they burned into useful energy. He determined to invent an engine to reduce this waste.

In the meantime he and his family had to live. He went to Paris as plant manager for a refrigeration firm, but he continued to grope for his waste-proof engine.

He designed an ammonia steam engine and experimented with it for five years.

He decided that, to avoid waste, combustion must take place in the engine cylinder and not on a boiler grate.

A report on an apparatus claiming to produce heat or cold by compressing air reminded him of the pneumatic tinderbox of his schooldays and made him wonder if the same principle could be used for ignition in an engine.

Forced to return to Germany by political pressure, Diesel patented his idea. In 1893 he published a paper about it, and was promptly ridiculed. "What does a refrigeration man know about heat engines?" jeered his rivals.

However, he convinced the famous firm of Krupp and an Augsburg firm that his engine would work.

RUDOLF DIESEL.

He set up his first engine at Augsburg and hitched it by belt to the factory transmission system to make it turn.

His main difficulty was feeding fuel — crude oil, petrol, petroleum —to the highly compressed incandescent air in the cylinder.

The first time he tried it a pressure gauge blew out with a roar like a cannon and sent pieces flying with the force of bullets through the shop.

Early tests failed. The first engine turned over only once under its own power. The cylinder was sooty. Packing and valves gave way under pressure.

Not till 1895, after a chain of errors and failures, did Diesel's third engine begin to work consistently.

The engineering world hailed Diesel as a genius. Big firms competed for the right to build his engine under licence. He became reasonably rich.

Then his troubles began. Enemies challenged his patents. He had to fight them off at law or buy them off.

Proved sound

He bought an oil well to provide fuel for his engines, and lost all the money he put into it.

Faithless friends cheated him in real-estate deals.

Careless workmen produced faulty engines. Rivals tried to undermine his association with Krupp.

The French and the Russians, however, put diesels into river and canal boats and proved them sound.

Diesel engines were firmly established when Rudolf Diesel boarded the steamer for England in 1913 and vanished.

The riddle remains. Did he fall overboard by accident? Did he commit suicide? Or was he liquidated by a war-mad power?

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YOU can study better

● This is the first in a series of articles by PETER O'MEARA, DON SHIRLEY, and R. D. WALSHE. The authors are experts in their respective fields of rapid reading, school counselling, and teaching methods. Last year they wrote the best-seller "How to Study Better."*

"IN these articles we shall demonstrate that failure and poor results are not a matter of insufficient brain power but are usually due to faulty and ineffective methods of study — things that you can do something about."

— P.O'M, D.S., R.D.W.

THE GOALS OF STUDY

MOST of us end the vacation reluctantly, for we have enjoyed taking it easy.

But most of us also find that the return to school has its pleasure — in renewing friendships, in learning what others have been doing, and even in getting back to purposeful routines.

In past years you may have found that after the initial interest of returning to school the first couple of weeks have dragged.

Perhaps you have to wait on textbooks, perhaps the timetable was not settled, perhaps the new work was slow in developing.

Perhaps, too, in past years, this initial vagueness somehow set the pattern for your performance throughout the year.

Act now!

We propose that right now you should TAKE ACTION YOURSELF to bring the year's work under control.

That sounds fine, you'll say, but it's only words, only preaching. On the contrary, at the end of this article we shall make some down-to-earth proposals.

First, however, we must explain something important about yourself.

If you are an average student you probably feel a bit disappointed or self-reproachful about last year's results.

We questioned students recently, and they said things like this: "I can't get interested in so-and-so." "My attention is on other things," "I try, but I'm not well organised," or "I just haven't got the brains, I suppose."

Now, let's take up this matter of brains.

You have a brain of great capacity. Ask any psychologist. He will tell you that your brain has some 10,000,000,000 cells. It is a miracle of engineering compared with which the Sydney Harbor Bridge is a crude construction.

It is like a machine that can work wonders if handled properly. The way to get it working properly is to have clear-cut goals.

Success in study or in anything depends on goals.

Success may be defined as "the satisfactory accomplishment of a goal sought after." No goals, no success!

Goals give a game its immediate purpose; they give to study a purpose, a stimulus to work hard.

Moreover, in a subtle way, they can do a lot of work for us. Let us explain what we mean.

How goals work for us

The brain may be compared to the cash register at your self-service store.

The girl presses some buttons—then gives you a chit with the items totalled; but she has no idea what went on as the machine whirred.

Likewise, you cannot watch your brain working. You can think of a problem — a little later up comes the answer.

What sets the brain in motion? A goal. By goal we mean aims, objectives, purposes, ambitions, or problems posed as questions.

When you formulate a goal, you in fact press the buttons of your mental machine.

It goes into motion automatically. IT works hard, but YOU do not have to strain, for the work goes on below the level of consciousness, and the results, like the chit from the computer, are thrown up for you to examine.

The best, most forceful goals are mental pictures. Many prominent sportsmen know this, and they make such pictures a part of their training—they "see" themselves running very fast, or leading in a race.

What to do

We can't supply you with ready-made goals. A true goal is your own creation.

YOU must think it up; YOU must want it; YOU must regularly think about it and picture it.

We can suggest that you divide your goals into three groups like these . . .

Short-term goals. These are what you want to achieve today, tomorrow, next week, or next month.

Examples: to get a certain task completed, to get out of bed a little earlier, to improve the layout of your notes in the coming week, or to do well in a definite class test.

Middle - term goals. These you want to achieve over a longer period; say, by the middle or end of 1964.

Examples: to do well in maths at the half-yearly exam, to convert last year's flop in science into a pass by a change of attitude to the subject, or to read ten good novels this year.

Long-term goals. These concern your career and ambition and ideals. Don't be timid here. Turn your vague hopes and desires into conscious goals.

By making a goal to be, say, an airline pilot, you will be helping to change yourself into the kind of person who could undertake such a career.

Here is a great principle: DECIDE WHAT YOU WANT NOW AND WORK PURPOSEFULLY, AND THE FUTURE WILL COME RIGHT FOR YOU.

Keep in your wallet or purse a card on which you have clearly written your long - term and middle-term goals. From time to time look at these and get MENTAL PICTURES about them.

As to the no less important short-term goals, set aside a time each evening to think about what you want to achieve in the next few days.

YOU WILL FIND THAT MAKING GOALS WILL BE THE STARTING POINT FOR IMPROVING THE OVERALL STANDARD OF YOUR WORK — YOU WILL BE ON THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

NEXT WEEK : Your programme of study.

* "How To Study Better," published by Martindale Press, 37 Woronora Cres., West Como, N.S.W. Price 3/6 plus postage.

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SIX INDIVIDUAL HAIR SHAPES

● *Your hairstyle is part of an overall "look," and should suit your head shape when seen from the side and back as well as look pretty from the front. That is the theme of these six very young and individual hairdos designed by leading Paris stylists for autumn-winter.*

AS PRETTY going as it is coming this young hair fashion is to girls with fairly definite featur It concentrates thickness at the back of the head, in a chic wa

NEW eye-holding shape borrowed from the 1920s (left) is wonderful for a long, slender neck. Hair is smooth, all but flat on top, has low bow to hold back the quiff.

LOV eyel on helr a

SOFT, turned-under curves, arranged with restrained fullness for the face that needs a little more width, also has light bangs.

SUPPLE, quietly understated style suits many face shapes and hair lengths. Wide-waved effect falls into a slow curve on one side.

YOUNG and gay hairstyle m the most of a piquant profil features side-swept lines and circled by wisps pointed to

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SHAPES

AS PRETTY going as it is coming, this young hair fashion is for girls with fairly definite features. It concentrates thickness at the back of the head, in a chic way.

LONG, upcurled fringe to the eyebrows that whips up madly on one side below a deep helmet shape makes news with a look of Beatle abandon.

YOUNG and gay hairstyle makes the most of a piquant profile. It features side-swept lines and ears circled by wisps pointed to front

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Bob Rogers'

POPLINE

Francoise hits the top

● Let's turn the clock back just over 12 months, to October, 1962. In England The Beatles are making a name for themselves with their first hit, "Love Me Do."

IN France, something equally historic in show business is happening. A young girl named Francoise Hardy makes a three-minute appearance on a French TV show.

Dressed in offbeat black oilskin, in a traditional pose leaning against a lamp-post, she sings a song she has written herself, "Tous Les Garcons et Les Filles" (All the boys and girls).

In those three minutes Mademoiselle Hardy made an impact on the French that has never been equalled. Two weeks later 65,000 copies of her song had been sold, and Francoise was France's new favorite.

Since then this tawny 19-year-old with long, straight chestnut hair has become the idol of French teenagers.

Her songs are all plaintive stories of perfidious friends and lost love. And they are all hits.

Young French girls no longer look to Brigitte Bardot to set new styles; they are all copying Francoise — her hairdo, her very simple, very chic clothes, and her quiet, sad air.

Roger Vadim, ex-husband and discoverer of Bardot, has signed Francoise to an exclusive contract.

She starred in his recently released production "Chateau en Suede" (Castle in Sweden). And, incidentally, the screenplay for the film was written by another famous Francoise — Francoise Sagan.

The success of French-lyric tunes like "Dominique" and "Milord" in Australia indicates that language is no barrier when a song has real appeal.

Perhaps, if given the opportunity, Francoise Hardy could also make the charts in this country. Remember her name. I am sure you'll be hearing a lot more about this young lady.

Two more record pages in Everybody's Magazine

Pin-up and "Star Dossier" of JOHNNY CHESTER

AUSTRALIA'S TOP TEN

LATEST NEWS and REVIEWS in Everybody's

OUT TOMORROW

THIS ISSUE ON SALE NEXT WEEK IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA

COLIN COOK, whose new disc is a potential national hit.

U.K. stars invade U.S.

THE United States is preparing for an invasion, but it won't mean another World War. It simply means there has been a big switch on the music scene.

Instead of the usual stream of American stars to England, British beaters are now marching on America.

Set to hit U.S. shores soon, with beat guns blazing, are **The Beatles, Gerry and the Pacemakers, The Searchers, Brian Poole and The Tremeloes,** and **The Dave Clark Five.**

Scouting parties already sent out in advance include **Frank Ifield,** who passed through on his way to Australia, and **The Caravelles,** who have just returned to Britain after a successful two weeks in New York.

The two Caravelle girls, Lois Wilkinson and Andrea Simpson, have made the biggest impression so far. Their first hit, "You Don't Have to Be a Baby to Cry," rose to No. 3 on the American charts.

The Beatles, whom people in England have cleverly dubbed The Beat-Alls, arrive in New York on February 7 for an appearance on the top Ed Sullivan TV show.

Brian Poole and The Tremeloes will be in the U.S. around the same time, and Gerry and the Pacemakers do the Ed Sullivan Show in March.

The Searchers and Dave Clark will cross the Atlantic later in the year.

To complete the new domination by Britons, both Frank Ifield and **Cliff Richard** are having great success in the States at present with "Please," and "It's All in the Game."

Fine record

YOUNG Melbourne singer **Colin Cook,** whose good looks and talent have made him a big favorite with southern television audiences, has come up with a fine record which could break through the interstate barrier and become a national hit.

The song is an American tune, "Heart," which was a No. 1 hit in the United States a year or so ago for **Kenny Chandler.** The fine arrangement in back features a rhythmic heartbeat effect.

New use for old discs

WHAT do you do with your old records?

Teenagers in America who get tired of stacks of old discs cluttering up their rooms don't throw them away.

They bake them to make them soft, crimp the edges, paint them, and in a host of other ways turn them into attractive centre pieces and wall plaques.

Then they sell their creations to raise funds for clubs and charities.

This idea might well be adopted successfully by Australian teenagers.

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Bobby Darin

BOBBY DARIN, whose pin-up is on page 16, is one of the most financially successful stars in the business.

Temporarily he has decided to give up working in nightclubs to concentrate on songwriting, records, and films.

However, Capital records have a souvenir of his last club appearance in Las Vegas, and it will shortly be released in Australia.

This is one of Bobby's best efforts on disc.

THE BEATLES, who will soon lead an invasion of America by British stars. From left, they are Paul McCartney, John Lennon, Ringo Starr, and George Harrison.

O'Keefe picks Top Ten

FROM time to time in this column I'll feature the Top Ten records chosen by a top artist. This week we start with **Johnny O'Keefe**, and the reasons why these ten discs appeal to him more than any others.

● **"From Me To You" — The Beatles (Parlophone).** "I think I like this one because at the time of release the Beatles' sound was new and original. As well, it's a good song with an exciting treatment."

● **"Mocking Bird"—Inex Foxx (American Sue).** "This record is virtually unknown in Australia. It received no exposure, perhaps because the lyrics are very difficult to understand unless you listen carefully. Actually it's an old nursery rhyme, and it has a tremendous dance rhythm."

● **"Be My Baby" — The Ronettes (London).** "This is one of the records with the New York sound so popular at the moment, like 'Then He Kissed Me'. It's very exciting, a tremendous production."

● **"Don't Make My Baby Blue" — Frankie Laine (C.B.S.).** "This one appeals to me mostly because of the wonderful work which has gone into the production, and because it's good to see an oldtimer like Frankie Laine come back in such a big way with such a strong song."

● **"Cry Cry Baby" — Garnet Mimms & Enchanters (United Artists).** "Although it really isn't similar in any way, it reminds me of the oldie, 'Over The Mountain.' It has the same mood. I like the 12/8 tempo, which is different and clever."

● **"Martian Hop" — Ran-Dells (London).** "A fantastic amount of work must have gone into this record. I really admire the original sound, and also it just sounds like a bunch of Martians to me."

● **"My Prayer" — The Platters (Mercury).** "I worked a tour with The Platters and I always loved watching them do this number. It's beautiful. I admired Tony Williams' work very much."

● **"The Crusher" — The Atlantics (C.B.S.):** "I like 'Bombora,' too. Once again this is a wonderful sound. A great production technically. Very different and exciting."

● **"You'll Never Walk Alone" — Gerry and the Pacemakers (Columbia).** "Carousel is my very favorite musical comedy. Every song in it is good, and this one perhaps the best of all. It's great to see a pop singer revive wonderful tunes like this, so that these classics are drawn to the attention of young people who might otherwise be unaware of them. Some treatments of great tunes are offensive, but Gerry's version is really well done."

● **"Get A Little Dirt On Your Hands" — Delltones (Leedon).** "This is one of the most outstanding records ever to be released in Australia. It's just a good song, and Noel Widerberg never sounded better than in the lead on this one."

Johnny said that the above ten are not in any particular order.

When pressed to name his favorite O'Keefe record he finally named "Shout."

"It was so spontaneous," he said. "We just walked into the studio one night. Didn't even run through the number first. We just turned the lights out and recorded it.

"I knew immediately it would be a hit. I didn't even wait to hear the playback."

I might add that "Shout" has just earned Johnny another gold record for sales equivalent to a million.

Sure shots

"THAT Girl Belongs To Yesterday," Gene Pitney (United Artists). "Navy Blue," Diane Renay (20th Century-Fox). "The Pacer," Warren Carr (Leedon).

WORTH HEARING

MENDELSSOHN: Midsummer Night's Dream

WHEN Mendelssohn was 17 he wrote an overture to Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; it was an extraordinarily assured and imaginative piece of music which combined the romantic vision of youth with the craftsmanship of a mature composer. It did much to establish his reputation and remains one of his best-loved works.

Seventeen years later he was commissioned to write a full set of incidental pieces for the same play: the measure of his success is that, while innumerable other scores have been commissioned for Shakespeare and then forgotten, Mendelssohn's has become almost a fixed attachment to the play.

Three of these incidental pieces are as well known to concert audiences as the overture: the Scherzo, the Nocturne, and, of course, the Wedding March. A new recording from R.C.A. by Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony Orchestra introduces four more pieces (out of the total of 12 numbers) along with these.

Some of these less-known numbers might seem rather brief and inconsequential on their own; Leinsdorf has overcome this by using spoken passages from the play to link the music together (the narrator is Inga Swenson).

It is an enchanting performance of enchanting music. — MARTIN LONG.

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TOPS IN SPORT

Dancer now top diver

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● A pretty, blue-eyed Susan who just over four years ago was too petrified to look down (let alone plunge down) from a high-diving tower, is today Australia's greatest woman diver in sporting history.

SHE is Susan Knight, a 20-year-old Sydney draughtswoman, who has conquered the diving world to such an extent that she's the current British Commonwealth springboard and highboard champion, and is among the top-rating talent for this year's Tokyo Olympics.

But though Sue has conquered the art of brilliant graceful diving, she still hasn't completely conquered her fear of the diving tower.

"I just love high-diving now," she said recently. "But I must admit I still have butterflies in my stomach for a second or two before I get ready to take off from the tower.

"Then I start concentrating on the particular dive I'm about to do, and every thought of fear just vanishes."

Sue first decided to "go overboard" in 1957 when she was a student at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Pymble, N.S.W.

She'd never really had any diving ambitions, but she thought it might be fun to learn a fancy dive for the school swimming championships, so she taught herself, and won.

Later that season she became the combined schools' champion, and in the 1958 N.S.W. State championships she was second in the junior division and third in the Open.

In 1959 she won the State Open title, and began training with leading diving coach Jack Barnett.

Within a few months, Jack talked her into climbing the steps to the top of the 30ft. diving tower. He then spent an hour trying to convince Sue that she should attempt her first high dive.

"I remember I told Jack he was crackers," said Sue.

"Finally his goading got through to me. He kept saying it wasn't more difficult than springboard diving; that it just needed courage. So I decided to show him I wasn't nervous, though I felt it."

Within a few months Sue had won the State springboard and highboard titles, the national springboard championship, and a trip to Rome with the Olympic team.

SUSAN KNIGHT, 20, who has given up her job to train harder for the Tokyo Olympic Games this year.

In Rome, she didn't win any medals, but she won everyone's respect by becoming the first Australian woman diver to get beyond the elimination heats in Olympic competition.

Sue recently gave up her job in order to do greater justice to training.

She's now just doing part-time work as an architectural draughtswoman.

A qualified ballet-teacher, who began learning to dance when she was ten, Sue has ballet to thank for her extreme grace as a diver.

NEXT WEEK: Margaret Smith.

Beauty in brief:

FRESH MAKE-UP

THE ideal make-up for all types of young skin in warm weather is a light powder base of some description and a smattering of powder that matches the skin. Or one of the preparations that do the work of both.

The fresh look of this simple make-up is then just a matter of checking and renewing and all you have to do is wash the whole thing off a couple of times a day and begin again.

Lots of girls with dry skins complain that their complexions show flaky patches on warm days and say that frequently their make-up "separates" in an exasperating way.

If this happens, try cleansing with mild soap and lukewarm water, then tone and cool the surface with a mild skin freshener before making-up.

Besides soap and water and mild freshener you can use a light cleansing cream (not, of course, in that order), but for your complexion's sake go easy on heavy creams. Young skins don't need them and may turn skittish if overloaded.

Oily skin that perspires a lot on hot days has a nasty habit of making cosmetics look blotchy. Regular cleansing with the right soap — perhaps a medicated one, or soap made specially for oily skin — helps to check clogging of the pores, refines skin texture, and helps control perspiration.

Don't use rouge unless you have to — the heat may bring a natural flush to the cheeks and your complexion will look too florid if cheeks are already artificially rosy.

Lipstick that's drier than usual in texture lasts longer in warm weather. Blot well after application; heavy lipstick can look very shiny and hot.—**CAROLYN EARLE.**

favoured by doctors, so trusted by nurses and so widely "Dettol" handy, in tube and bottle

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Silent admirer

"COULD you please tell me if it is correct to write to a girl you have not met and ask her for a date? I have seen this particular girl, who lives near me, but just don't seem to be able to raise the courage to ask her for a date. I know that once I have written to her and get to know her I would be at ease with her."

"Bashful," Vic.

Your idea is a little reminiscent of the era when girls were strictly chaperoned and sometimes received a letter from an "unknown admirer." A modern girl might be a bit startled by such an approach — but she'd probably be flattered, too.

If you really can't pluck up the courage to say "hello," or can't wangle an introduction through someone who knows her, give it a go. There are no hard and fast rules in the Boy-Meets-Girl game.

Unselfish effort

"WE are two friends who are holding a small concert from which we hope to raise 10/-. As we are only 12 and 13, we have not much money to give as a donation. Do you think if we send our money to the United Nations branch in Australia they would be insulted? If you don't think so, could you please give us the United Nations' address?"

"The Twins," Qld.

The United Nations most definitely would NOT be insulted. They'd be delighted to accept your donation.

No amount is too small to help their cause. Just think — if all Australian schoolchildren of your age made a similar unselfish effort just once a year, thousands of needy children in other parts of the world would benefit.

You could send your donation either to the Queensland Division of the United Nations Association, Colonial Mutual Building, 289 Queen Street, Brisbane, or direct to the United Nations Children's Fund, 44 Martin Place, Sydney. Either way it will go to the Children's Fund (UNICEF).

It might interest you to know that all money raised in Australia is spent on Australian-made goods, which are then sent to UNICEF's projects for children in various parts of the world.

Here's hoping you have a really bumper concert!

Rewarding work

"I AM very interested in becoming a teacher of sub-normal children, but I do not know much about this profession. I was wondering if you could give me any information on the subject, or give me an address I could write to."

J.D., N.S.W.

If you write to the Sub-normal Children's Welfare Association, Head Office, 23 Central Street, Sydney, the secretary will direct you to the school nearest your home. You can then arrange for an interview with the teacher in charge.

A number of girls work as assistants to the teachers in these special schools. This way they learn the methods of training and caring for the children and whether they are really suited to the work.

Two very essential qualities are a love of children and patience. I feel that you have the first — or you wouldn't be considering this sort of career.

Record starter

"I AM a 16-year-old girl and I have liked a boy of the same age for about two years. I have been away at school for 12 months, so did not see him during that time. After coming home recently I've met him several times. We have had long conversations and I think he likes me. However, he has never asked me out, and I want to know if you think it would be all right to ask him over to my place to listen to records."

"Wondering," N.S.W.

Don't hesitate because he hasn't asked you for a date—ask him over. Lots of boys of 16 haven't started dating girls. And he hasn't had much time to renew his friendship with you yet, has he?

Early marriage

"I AM a girl of 17. When I leave school at the end of this year, I plan to have a career and travel before I settle down to married life. However, my boy-friend wants to marry me as soon as I leave school. I love this boy very much and don't want to lose him, but I am not sure if I am ready to marry him yet and feel that I will not have another chance for overseas travel if I marry at the end of this year. My mother says the decision is up to me, but I'm not sure what I want to do. Could you help me, please?"

"Undecided," Vic.

The very fact that you're not sure you're ready to marry this boy is proof enough that you're NOT ready — apart from the fact that you're too young and have too little experience of the world outside the schoolroom.

Stick to your plan for a career — and travel, too, if you have the opportunity. Both will help to make you a more interesting, mature person, better able to make a success of marriage.

If this boy really loves you, he'll be prepared to wait for you.

A word from Debbie . . .

● ***A lively party game can be a "life saver" for the host or hostess. Scavenger hunts are always fun.***

DIVIDE your friends into teams, with no more than six in each team. Pass round lists of what's to be hunted.

Set a time limit and start them all off at the same time. Each item is given a point value, and the team with the most points wins.

Have prizes ready for the winning team — maybe 45 records.

Here's a suggested list of things to be hunted. You can vary it to make it easier — or tougher — and to suit the district you live in:

Packet of gum, raw carrot, bus ticket, some sand, horseshoe, baby's bonnet, jar of jam, knitting needle, rose, piece of carbon paper, piece of toast, chicken feather, tennis ball, ice block, stick, thimble, old nail.

HAPPY SLEUTHING!

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New look lunches

● From page 4

HERE are some lunch-box recipes if you are fed up with sandwiches.

SUMMER SALAD SPECIAL

One small can salmon, ½ cup finely shredded raw cabbage, 1 hard-boiled egg, ½ cup cooked rice, ½ small onion, ½ small cooked beetroot, 1 small gherkin, ¼ cup mayonnaise, salt and pepper to taste, chopped parsley.

Slice or chop all ingredients, place in a bowl with rice and mayonnaise. Season with salt and pepper, add parsley. Pack into plastic containers, chill in refrigerator as long as possible. Include buttered crispbread or brown bread and butter in the lunch pack.

VEGETABLE PATTIES

One cup finely diced cooked vegetables (carrot, celery, parsnip), 4 tablespoons cooked green peas, 1 teaspoon minced shallot or onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, ½ to ¾ cup thick white sauce, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, small quantity flour, egg glazing, browned breadcrumbs.

Combine cooked vegetables, mashed peas, shallot or onion, parsley, sauce, cheese, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper. Shape a spoonful at a time into flat cakes, using a little flour.

Dip in egg glazing, toss in crumbs. Deep fry until golden brown in fuming fat or hot oil. Drain on kitchen paper.

Allow to become quite cold before packing in the lunch-box with salad snippets.

TOMATO JELLY MOULDS

One dessertspoon finely minced or grated onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1lb. sausage mince, 2 large tomatoes, 1 teaspoon butter, salt, pepper, pinch sugar, few drops worcestershire sauce, squeeze lemon juice, 2 teaspoons gelatine, 4 tablespoons boiling water.

Add onion and parsley to sausage mince, stir 5 minutes over low heat. Skin and chop tomatoes, cook to a pulp with butter, salt and pepper to taste, sugar, worcestershire sauce, and lemon juice.

Stir into cooked sausage mince and add gelatine dissolved in boiling water.

Mix all thoroughly together, fill into small wetted moulds. Allow to become cold, chill until set.

Leave in moulds for packing in lunch-box. Include small fork or spoon, buttered crispbread, lettuce leaves, a small whole tomato, and some celery pieces.

GIVE US A LITTLE KISS? GOOD NIGHT!

● I see there is yet another health investigation that is a shocker.

YES, on top of the latest smoking reports comes the news that kissing—repeat, kissing—is a health hazard.

I read that a German doctor has decided after exhaustive tests (what a way to get exhausted!) that mouth-to-mouth kissing spreads disease and should be banned.

The doctor's findings and suggestion will cause a peck of trouble for kissing addicts.

I suppose some will be able to cut out kissing completely.

Boys particularly will be able to kick the habit easier than girls — most lads have been told, "Cut it out!" often before.

Others, however, will not be able to get the monkey-business off their backs.

They will pay only lip service to any ban.

They will kiss and their lips will be sealed.

Perhaps we will see set up clinics to help people break the habit.

Patients at the clinics would be encouraged to cut down on the number of kisses a day.

Imagine the torment a 40-a-day kisser would go through!

Drugs could be used at the clinics to help girls cut down.

They could be himmunised and given anti-boy-otics!

Other kissers, of course, will not agree with the doctor and will give him a lips-ticking off.

The cosmetics industry, faced with longer-lasting lipstick applications, probably will fight back, too.

They could even charge the doctor with having conducted a no-smear campaign.

— Robin Adair

BACON AND EGG PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, ½lb. bacon, 4 or 5 eggs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, ¼ cup milk.

Knead pastry lightly on floured board. Cut off slightly more than half to line a tart plate. Roll both portions thinly, line tart plate with the large portion. Remove rind from bacon, cut into small pieces, place in uncooked pastry case.

Beat eggs lightly, add milk, season with salt and pepper. Spoon carefully over bacon in the pastry case, sprinkle thickly with parsley.

Moisten edges of pastry, place second portion of pastry on top. Press edges lightly together, trim away surplus pastry with sharp knife. Pinch edges together to form a frill.

Glaze with milk, cut a slit in top to allow steam to escape. Bake in hot oven 30 to 35 minutes. Allow to become quite cold before cutting into wedges.

CHEESE BREAD STICKS

(To include with a salad lunch)

Cut day-old bread into slices ½in. thick. Remove crusts, cut into strips ½in. wide. Coat on all sides with softened butter or substitute, roll in dry grated cheese.

Bake in moderate oven until golden brown. Allow to become quite cold before storing in lidded tin until required.

LUNCH-BOX ROLLETTES

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, sweet fruit chutney, 1 can luncheon meat, a little milk or egg-yolk.

Cut thinly rolled pastry into 3½in. squares. Spread lightly with finely chopped chutney. Cut luncheon meat into strips 3in. by 1in. Place a strip of meat on each pastry square.

Brush edges of pastry with milk or egg-yolk, fold over meat, press edges and ends of pastry lightly together.

Brush top with milk or egg-yolk. Bake on biscuit tray in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes.

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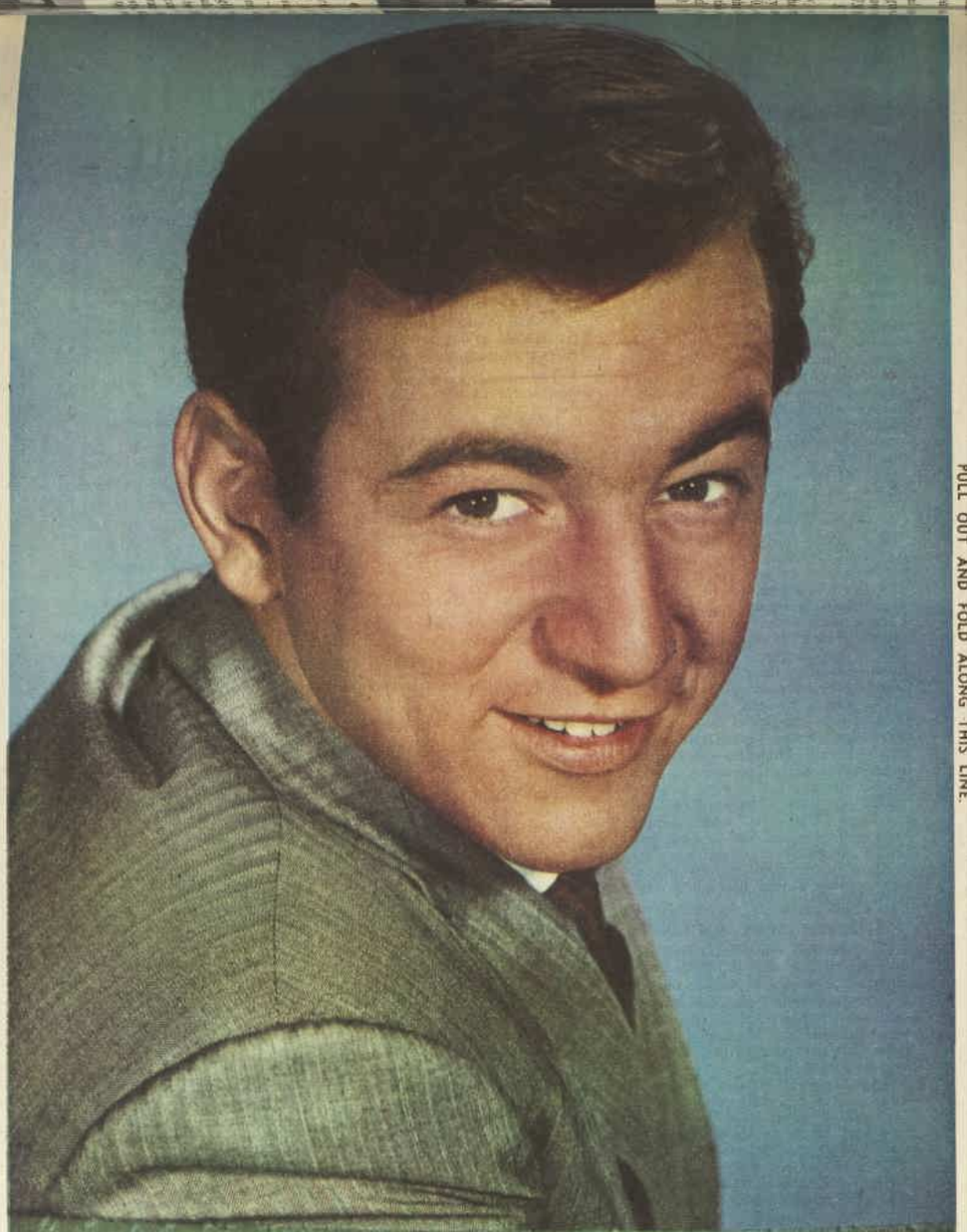

BOBBY DARIN

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 5, 1964

PULL OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE.

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TODAY'S BEST VALUE . . . your family will love the scrumptious come-back-for-more flavour of all Weston's oven crisp biscuits . . . 6 varieties in every one pound pack

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tions. I was utterly content to be soaking wet, tired out, and quite hungry—until I noticed that the ground was alive with small white snakes.

Mr. Dent was walking on unworried so I could not make a fuss, but I endured a lot of fear for a while. Then he stopped to pick up a porcupine quill for me, and I made a quaking reference to the snakes. I was deflated (but oh, so happy) to be told they were just very large worms.

We were now going downhill, with the path very slippery from the rain. There was something new to quake about—the fear that George or Cam, walking behind me, would slip and carry us all downwards head first.

We were so soaked by then that we waded through the river with our boots on and walked joyfully into the second camp, where the fires were blazing in spite of the rain and the tents already up.

Mr. Dent told us, encouragingly, that this place was known as "Puff Adder Creek," and disappeared to do some bird-watching. I changed my boots and slacks and went to sleep, while George and Cam drank beer out of what looked like sump-oil tins.

Across the river from us was a cliff of caves which threw an echo back to us when we shouted. The caves were full of noisy baboons, but they couldn't compete with some awful birds called, I think, ha-de-ha birds. They screeched like their name sounds, rising into the air looking like Macbeth's witches. They made the rain-soaked cliffs very sinister. There were a lot of noises there, hyenas in the night and every kind of bird. Mr. Dent could imitate them all.

We had only light tents instead of the heavy ones used in wet weather, and there was some talk of abandoning the trail. However, the rain slackened toward night, and we stayed on and cooked a very heartening meal. Cam was still drinking beer and was a little tipsy. He was very entertaining when I wanted to be quiet, but looking back I am glad of it, for I was intoxicated myself with the rain and fatigue and woodsmoke — and the wish for it never to end.

Another night on the subsiding air-mattress was sobering, and I woke up convinced that something was padding around the tent. Remembering that there are lions in Umfolozi, I got up and looked very cautiously out. The fire was nearly out and there was no sign of the ranger with his comforting rifle. So I put on my slacks, raced out, and pulled some more logs on to the fire.

I went back to bed feeling that I had personally vanquished the lion. I understood exactly how Horatio, keeping the bridge, felt when he said, "How can man die better than facing fearful odds?"

I was very deflated in the morning when Mr. Dent told me I need not have worried because the donkeys would have made a great din if anything had come around!

The Masai

We got up to more rain, and had to settle for walking straight back to the Rest Camp instead of in a circle to it. George took some photographs here and got the donkey boys in them, too.

One of these boys had a remarkable face, like a carving from stone. Even when he smiled it did little to change his expression. He was a Masai whose parents and wife had been taken by a crocodile. He was a powerful man, and very deft compared with the other boys. It seemed a pity that he should be dressed in pants and vest instead of a leopard skin.

We set off again and were soon soaked. We struck a rough sort of road and followed it for a while, but it was too slippery and we had to take to the bush again.

Some scruffy - looking baboons barked at us. Then we saw more of the leaping bucks — small ones, almost hidden in the long grass and springing away from our approach.

George had caught a cold and needed to rest often, because his breathing was affected. I was glad of the rests, for I was beginning to be very tired. But the tiredness didn't matter as much as leaving the wilderness behind did. I think a large part of me belongs in places like that.

We drooped and dripped into the Rest Camp, running into an American missionary and his wife, who were just leaving. Cam rallied enough to tell them they would never make it out of the reserve.

We had tea in the men's hut, and watched, with some worry, a lorry trying to drive into the camp and having to give it up. The road was a sea of mud.

I threw all my belongings into my car instead of packing them — a thing I was to regret before long — and said a quick goodbye, because the road was going to get worse. I drove as fast as I could out of the reserve.

I was soon in trouble. I skidded on the lorry's tracks, seeing little ravines and ditches on each side of the road through the driving rain. Finally I was bogged down in mud and had to get out to put branches behind all the wheels. My shoes were so muddy I continued driving in socks only.

I got the car off again, skidded in a circle, straightened it out, heart in mouth, and slid on. The longing to stop was almost overwhelming. I approached the narrow little bridge in fear that I should skid into the river.

But the car went safely across. Soon I would be out of the reserve. I had almost cheered up when the car skidded off the road, up a bank, and tilted slowly, almost over. I was too afraid to move in case I proved the last straw and overturned it.

When at last I cautiously opened the door, all my unpacked kit slithered out into the mud. The door would open only a few inches.

Help was on its way, though. A native in a lorry had seen me skid and came at once. He spoke no English or Afrikaans, but was a competent man, and after helping me pick up my belongings he tried to push the car back on to the road. He wanted me to stand at the driving side and steer it back, but I was afraid it would turn over and crush me, so I kept shaking my head and pointing back to the Rest Camp.

We heaved together for a while before realising it was still in gear. We had no foothold in the mud, but somehow, at last, we managed it. Incredibly, the engine started.

On again—more skidding, more frights, the awful tiredness that comes from long battling. And at last the end of the road through the reserve. The dirt road to Mtubatuba was a little better, but the car was in control, not me, and when I finally rolled into a petrol station I could hardly speak.

But there were only 30 more miles of dirt road. I went skidding on, sometimes in second gear for miles, but with the thought of the tarmac ahead of me like a vision of the Promised Land.

And at last I was there on the heavenly road, with the rain washing the mud off the windscreen and the car really moving. I had meant to telephone Larry, my husband, but I was glued to the wheel by then, and roared down the tarred roads to Durban.

Mummy!

West Street, South Coast Road, Clairwood, and then uphill to home, and the lovely moment of opening the front door and hearing the children shout "Mummy!"

The car was inspected the following day. The steering was badly damaged and the shock absorbers, too. It was fortunate I didn't know what was beneath me when I had spun down the tarred roads to home. I was lucky to be alive.

Home was somehow not quite right that evening. I returned from my wilderness trail in Zululand. I felt I had gone out to fight a great battle and had put down a root in a strange place.

It wasn't until the next morning when I sat down to my piano and began playing the "Elizabethan Serenade" that the stronger roots of home made themselves felt. And the room slipped back into focus again . . .

A 'Rural' cheque account saves busy women getting busier

How? Let your pen do your walking. Pay accounts by 'Rural' cheque. Have more time for special interests. A 'Rural' cheque book handles money safely, conveniently; a necessity for busy women. A 'Rural' cheque account helps build a useful banking connection. 'Rural' service is friendly and helpful, so start banking 'Rural'—you'll like the difference! Every class of trading bank business . . . cheque accounts for every person, business, Club or Society; Short Term Deposits; Free Safe Custody; Travel Service.

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WORTH REPORTING

HAVE you ever declared wrathfully, after buying something that turned out a disappointment: "I'd like to tell the manufacturer exactly what I think of this"?

An intelligent, grey-haired housewife will give you the chance to do just that.

She is Mrs. Nan Lansell, of Melbourne, director of an Australia - wide research bureau and head of its interviewing staff.

She is planning a national Mail Panel, to be made up of people who want to let manufacturers know what they think of their products.

They could be asked to give their opinions on anything from tractors to stove polish.

"Whether they live at the back of Bourke, or Birdsville, I'd like to hear from them," said Mrs. Lansell.

"I hope to start the panel with 12,000 members."

Mrs. Lansell recently returned from overseas armed with knowledge of how to run a national mail panel, which she gathered from four weeks' work in the Chicago and New York offices of American Market Facts—the biggest and best-known research company in America.

She visited 13 countries during her four months abroad, and met her two daughters — Diana, 22, in New York, where she worked at the Australian Consulate, and Virginia, 19, in London, where she is a research trainee with an industrial research company.

Mrs. Nan Lansell . . . research director.

Diana returned home with her mother and is hoping to follow her into research work.

Mrs. Lansell thinks Australia has a lot to learn about market research.

"But we're bounding ahead," she said.

"In America, most of the big research companies have mail panels. I heard of two with huge panels—one with 80,000 members and another with 300,000 members.

"I'm hoping to cover most parts of Australia with my panel.

"To get accurate survey results, we work from census figures so that we get the right proportion of people in sex, age, and locality."

Mrs. Lansell — she's just 5ft. tall — started her career 15 years ago as a door-to-door survey interviewer.

One of her earliest jobs was to find out what people thought about a brand of fly-spray.

Today she still handles many surveys on insecticides, and she maintains that over the years women haven't changed their attitude when being interviewed about fly-spray.

"They still maintain they haven't got any flies in their homes," said Mrs. Lansell.

★ ★ ★

THOSE infuriating moments when your reel of cotton rolls just out of reach under the divan, or your necklace breaks and the beads scatter behind the most massive furniture . . .

Gadget manufacturers are at last doing something about it. On sale in the U.S. is a Magnetic E-Z reach which extends the arm by another 27 inches. It has a scissor-like action and a magnetic tip which picks up large and small objects.

A Sydney store tells us that they haven't the American "arm" yet, but they have a four-foot-long handle with a spring clip which will hold mops or scrubbing-brushes and will pick up objects down to about matchbox size. A wonderful boon if you're an expectant mother . . . or a wee bit overweight . . . or just plain weary.

Koalas on the sideboard

WE can't say that plates decorated with The Beatles — a current craze among English teenagers — appeal to us. But we like the plates and dishes we saw recently decorated with little Australians who also have lots of fans.

They were of clear glass, patterned with button-nosed koalas (see picture, right). The design, which has a border of gum leaves, gum nuts, and blossoms, is traced in white on the glassware by silk-screen printing process.

Creator of the "koala" design is Miss Kate South, of Lindfield, N.S.W., who was headmistress of a Sydney school before her recent retirement.

"I've always loved the bushland and its flowers and animals," she told us. "And I've sketched and painted as a hobby since my Teachers' College days.

"I did some spare-time designing for my father after he opened a manufacturers' agency for china and glassware more than 30 years ago. He always felt there was a need for distinctive Australian designs.

"My brother (he runs the firm now) feels the same way. I designed the koala pattern, and another new one featuring wattle, for him last year."

The "koala" range is made by a firm in the English Midlands.

In 1937 Miss South went to England to see her first design, the "wildflower" range of Royal Winton china, being made.

We instantly recognised the pattern, a gay chintz interweaving of Christmas bush, flannel flowers, and wattle, when she showed us a sweets dish and small vase.

Miss South's next design may feature native flowers.

"There are so many beautiful wildflowers," she said. "And my home is right outside a natural reserve — I've only got to go out my front gate to see them."

£1000 FOR DIET

● Tell us how you lost weight.

We will pay £1000 for the best diet success story sent in by a reader.

The diet need not be new or original, BUT IT MUST NOT HAVE BEEN SUBMITTED TO ANY OTHER PUBLICATION.

Send in photographs of yourself before and after you lost weight if you have them, but photographs are not essential.

In addition to the prize of £1000 for the best diet we receive, we will pay £20 or more for any other diets we publish.

Send entries to Diet Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Entries must reach us by March 1, 1964.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES:

In the window of a beauty salon—"Don't whistle at the girls coming out of here. One of them may be your grandmother."

In an office equipment shop — "Reconditioned typists' chairs and desks for sale."

Elite

GLAMOUR
DURABILITY
QUALITY
AT
NO EXTRA
COST

AUSTRALIAN MADE

Illustrated—A beautiful group comprising 5 x 3 table, 7 buffet, and No. 5 chair.

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FEATURING LAMINATED PLASTIC

wash 'n wear
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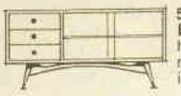
Here is furniture that graces your home with the latest in furniture design, stands the hard knocks of family life, yet does not cost a fortune to buy!

Elite Furniture comes in matched individual units, enabling you to select the grouping with dimensions best suited to your home, whether small flat or large bungalow.

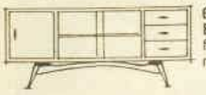
No. 2 Dining Chair features Elite's famous "U" frame. "Vynex" covered foam upholstered seat and back.

Other Units matching our Scandinavian Style Range . . .

5 ft. Contemporary Buffet/China Cabinet (China section has gay-coloured interior, mirror back).



5 ft. Scandinavian Style Buffet for the large family home. (China section has mirror back and coloured interior.)



6 ft. or 5 ft. Slenderline Buffet (China section features Elite's exclusive mirror back and mirror base.)

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for your FREE copy of the new ELITE FURNITURE CATALOGUE to: ELITE FURNITURE PTY. LTD. 296 BOTANY RD., ALEXANDRIA, N.S.W.
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New Nestlé's Baby Foods

perfected varieties • balanced nutrition • better textures
• natural flavours • the safety of glass

PACKED IN THE SAFETY OF GLASS

Generations of babies have thrived on Nestlé's trusted milk-formula 'Lactogen.' So Nestlé's know (better than any maker of baby foods) exactly the balanced nourishment Baby needs—and how it must be protected!

Now Nestlé's pack Baby's important "first solids" in hygienic glass. Mother may re-cap jars and be sure of freshness and flavour. For Nestlé's improved varieties — only farm-fresh vegetables and fruits, choicest meats and chicken! Nestlé's technologists control all cooking, and test to ensure natural vitamins and minerals are retained.

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• **Strained Foods**
Smooth in texture, bland in flavour and nutritious—to teach younger babies to enjoy new tastes, and help them graduate to "Junior" Foods.

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Provide older babies' nutritional needs for healthy growth and development. Tender "chunky" pieces encourage chewing, help develop strong teeth. In larger 6-oz. jars for growing appetites.

To open: Ask your Nestlé's supplier for this free "key-opener." Just twist under the vacuum-sealed lid.
To serve: Spoon out and warm enough for one feed each time, leaving rest of food in jar. Re-cap opened jar and store in refrigerator. When Baby eats a whole jarful at once he can be fed straight from the jar.

NLS101

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AFLAME WITH FLAVOR

● A flambe dish—that is, one set aflame with burning liquor—is different and dramatic to serve when you have guests for dinner or want a "special" for the family meal.

THE purpose of flaming a dish, apart from its dramatic effect, is to burn away the alcohol but retain its delicate flavor. It is best, therefore, to use the best quality liquor—the better the liquor the better is the flavor obtained.

A chafing-dish or an electric fry-pan enables flambe meals to be prepared with a flourish. Many can be prepared at the table, so guests or family share in the creation.

Although a flambe dish is spectacular to make and fragrant with the promise of good eating, the rules for this form of cooking are few and very simple.

● First, the liquor should be warmed thoroughly over a low flame. This can be done in a small saucepan or, if a small quantity, in a ladle.

Little copper jugs are also useful for this purpose, or some of the unusual small saucepans sometimes to be found in antique shops.

● Second, the liquor is set afire. This can be done before or after being poured on to the food, but do not touch the match to the liquor until the match head has burned away; this is to make sure all trace of the sulphur head has been burned from the match.

● Foods will flame more easily if they are hot or, if cold, have been brought to room temperature. Cold foods will immediately chill the liquor and prevent it flaming correctly.

● If you have been over-generous with the alcohol, and the flames rise too high, they can be quickly and easily subdued by placing the lid on the pan or chafing-dish in which the liquor is being heated.

● When pouring liquor into a hot pan or chafing-dish, always pour from a small jug or glass — never from a bottle. Once a dish is flaming there is danger, if the open neck of a bottle is exposed over it, of the gases in the bottle becoming ignited.

The flambe process can take place in the kitchen, too. Savory dishes are often blazed after they are sauteed at the beginning of their preparation. The mellowing and flavoring effect of this flaming will persist throughout the entire cooking process.

Traditionally, brandy is used for flaming savory dishes such as casseroles, although red wines are also used.

Heat the wine or brandy in a small pan, ignite, and allow the flames to burn out. Then add the liquor to the casserole.

If you are using the cheaper wines or brandies, this "flaming-off" process will greatly improve the flavor of the liquor.

Brandy or rum can be used for flaming sweet dishes. However, the flavor of different fruits will blend well with liqueurs.

Try kirsch with apricots or cherries, curacao or cointreau with peaches; or mix cointreau with dark rum to flame pineapple.

Chartreuse, too, flames well and adds a delicious flavor to food, because it has many different herbs as its base.

Here are recipes — some simple, some special, all spectacular — which provide that "surprise" item essential to a good meal to make it interesting, exciting — something to remember.

BRANDIED PEACHES FLAMBE: Golden peaches are simmered in a cinnamon-spiced, brandied sauce. Top each serving with cream, sprinkle with cinnamon.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all the recipes. Quantities are sufficient to serve four to six, unless otherwise stated.

LITTLE STEAKS FLAMBE

Four small fillet steaks (cut about ¾in. thick), 2 dessertspoons peppercorns, 4 shallots, 2 tablespoons oil, 4oz. brandy, 3 tablespoons cream or red wine.

Crush peppercorns coarsely with rolling-pin (this is easy if peppercorns are first placed in a paper bag); press peppercorns into both sides of steak, allowing about 1 teaspoonful for each steak. Heat oil in pan, saute very finely chopped shallots until tender; push to one side, add steaks. Cook quickly on one side, turn and cook the other. When cooked to desired doneness, pour over the brandy and ignite. As soon as flames die down, put steaks on to hot serving-plates. Add cream or red wine to pan; scrape pan well to take in all the drippings. Ladle this hot sauce over steaks.

A nice accompaniment is a crisp green salad, lightly flavored with garlic, served separately.

FLAMBE OF KIDNEYS SUPREME

Three veal kidneys, 2oz. butter, ¾lb. mushrooms (sliced), 1 small onion (chopped), ¼ cup brandy, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 cup cream.

Slice kidneys, then melt butter in frying-pan. Add onion, cook until soft, then add kidneys and mushrooms. Cook about 5 minutes or until kidneys are brown (be careful not to overcook because this results in tough, leathery kidneys). Pour over the brandy, ignite; when burnt out, sprinkle mixture with salt and pepper. Combine cream and mustard, pour over kidneys. Cook until cream is just hot. Serve immediately.

MUSHROOMS FLAMBE

One pound mushrooms, 2oz. butter, 1 cup dry sherry, ¼ cup brandy, ½ cup cream, salt and pepper, hot buttered toast.

Wipe mushrooms, trim the stems. Melt the butter in pan, saute mushrooms (whole or sliced) until lightly browned. Pour on the sherry, cook until almost evaporated. Then add the brandy, ignite and allow to burn out. Stir in the cream, season to taste; serve on slices of hot buttered toast.

BRANDIED PEACHES FLAMBE

One large can peach halves, 1 cup brandy, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1oz. each red and green maraschino cherries, ½ pint cream, extra cinnamon.

Drain peaches; put into chafing-dish or pan 1 cup of peach syrup; ½ cup brandy and cinnamon. Add peach halves and cherries, cook gently until heated through. Pour over remaining brandy (warmed) and ignite. Spoon into serving-dishes, top with whipped cream, sprinkle with little extra cinnamon.

Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

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IN THE DUMPS YESTERDAY

On her toes today

Based on a real life story.

Anne stole the show with her solo from Swan Lake.

"I'm so proud of her today," says Anne's mother.

"But yesterday she was a different girl. Wouldn't eat her dinner and was so cranky. Then I remembered Laxettes. Today she's really on her toes."

When childhood constipation upsets your family, Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative.

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DAVIS BEAUTY CLINIC

Dear Miss Harper,

People are always accusing me of biting my fingernails. This is not true. However, my nails are very brittle and are often broken and look ugly. Why is this so?

L.D.J., Manly.

Answer: Brittle nails are often caused by lack of protein. If yours tend to break or flake you should try the Davis Gelatine protein treatment.

Davis Gelatine is a high-protein food and the results of the course have been proved by extensive practical and medical tests in Great Britain and U.S.A.

Simply stir two teaspoons of Davis Gelatine briskly into half a glass of cold fruit juice or soft drink and drink it at once. Be sure to repeat this treatment daily for at least six weeks.

Your nails should soon respond to treatment but remember new nail growth takes several weeks.

Sincerely, *Helen Harper.*

P.S.: If you write to Dept. "B," DAVIS GELATINE (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Box 3583, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., they will send you complete details of Davis Gelatine Beauty Care.

DAVIS gelatine

458/63

THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTER READING 1/6

Everybody's

Continuing . . .

AFLAME WITH FLAVOR

CHICKEN LIVERS ROMARIN

Two tablespoons butter, ½lb. bacon (diced and blanched), 1 onion (finely chopped), 1 small green pepper (cut into strips and blanched), 2lb. chicken livers, seasoned flour, ¼ cup brandy, little fresh or dried rosemary, 4oz. red wine, fluffy cooked rice, chopped parsley, salt and pepper.

Melt butter in frying-pan, add bacon, onions, and pepper and cook until slightly browned. Remove, put in the chicken livers, previously tossed in seasoned flour. Shake over low heat until browned, then pour on brandy and ignite. Allow to burn out, return bacon and vegetables to pan. Heat wine in small saucepan and pour over the mixture, adding rosemary, salt and pepper. Allow mixture to cook few minutes longer, then serve on mound of hot fluffy rice. Dust with chopped parsley before serving.

VEAL PARMESAN

Six thick veal chops (cut from loin), 1 onion, 2oz. butter, ¼ cup brandy, 1 cup stock, 1 cup cream, salt and pepper, bouquet garni, beurre manie (see below), grated parmesan cheese, extra butter.

Trim chops carefully, set aside. Melt butter in shallow pan, add thinly sliced onion and cook gently until golden. Transfer to plate, then brown chops, adding little more butter if necessary. Pour over the brandy and ignite. Return onion and chops to casserole, pour over the stock and cream. Add seasonings and bouquet garni, cover and simmer until chops are tender (about 40 minutes). Remove chops to oval fireproof serving-dish, reduce sauce slightly over high heat; remove bouquet garni. Thicken sauce, if necessary, with beurre manie. Spoon sauce over chops, sprinkle with cheese, dot with little extra butter; glaze under hot griller. Serve immediately.

Beurre Manie: Work equal quantities of butter and flour (about 1 tablespoon of each) into a smooth paste. Whisk into sauce by degrees until sauce is desired thickness.

PORK TENDERLOIN VERONIQUE

Four pieces of pork fillet tossed in seasoned flour, 1 tablespoon butter, ½lb. green grapes, 1oz. madeira wine, 2oz. cream, ½ teaspoon worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper.

Put butter into hot frying-pan or chafing-dish and when it is very lightly browned add meat; brown thoroughly on both sides until well done. Remove to hot serving-plates. Keep hot while preparing sauce.

Sauce: Put grapes into pan, add wine; ignite. When flames burn down add cream, worcestershire sauce, and seasoning. Heat thoroughly, pour sauce over pork steaks. Serve immediately.

WINE-BEEF CASSEROLE

Two pounds stewing steak, seasoned flour. 2oz. butter, little oil, ½ cup brandy, ½lb. bacon (diced, blanched, and thoroughly drained), 2 cloves garlic (crushed), 2 onions (chopped), 2 carrots (diced), 1 leek (chopped, optional), bouquet garni, ½ bottle dry red wine, stock or water, beurre manie (see recipe for Veal Parmesan), ½lb. mushrooms, extra butter, lemon juice, chopped parsley, salt and pepper.

Cut steak into cubes, roll them in seasoned flour. Heat butter and oil in casserole, add meat and brown thoroughly; pour on brandy and ignite. Remove meat, add little extra butter if necessary and cook bacon pieces until brown. Add vegetables, brown well. Return meat to casserole; season with salt and pepper. Flame the wine in small saucepan, pour over meat. Add stock or water to cover and bouquet garni. Cook in slow oven until meat is tender (2½ to 3 hours). Meanwhile, quarter the mushrooms, saute in little extra butter with squeeze of lemon juice; keep warm. Remove meat to serving-dish, reduce sauce over high heat, thicken if necessary with the beurre manie. Check seasoning, stir in mushrooms. Carefully spoon sauce over meat, sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

***LITTLE STEAKS FLAMBE:** While the cooked steaks are still hot, pour brandy over them, then ignite. Serve steaks with a cream or wine-flavored sauce and a salad.*

STRAWBERRIES ROMANOFF

Three cups strawberries, ½ cup castor sugar, 3 tablespoons cointreau, 3 tablespoons rum, 1 tray vanilla ice-cream, ½ pint cream, 2 tablespoons cointreau (additional).

Wash, hull, and dry strawberries. Place in bowl, sprinkle with sugar, and mix carefully. Combine 3 tablespoons cointreau with rum, pour over strawberries. Cover bowl tightly so fragrance cannot escape; chill 2 to 3 hours.

Just before serving, let ice-cream soften slightly at room temperature while whipping cream until stiff. Whip ice-cream carefully until smooth enough to be combined with whipped cream, then carefully combine the two; chill while preparing sauce.

Drain strawberries and divide into individual servings. In small saucepan place their liquor marinade, to which the additional cointreau has been added; heat, then set aflame.

Spoon the chilled cream over strawberries, pour flaming sauce over.

RUM-CREAM PINEAPPLE

One large pineapple, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons rum, 2oz. butter, 3 egg-whites, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons cointreau, maraschino cherries or strawberries.

Rum-Cream: Half pint milk, ½ pint cream, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 whole egg, 2 egg-yolks, ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon rum.

Place pineapple on its side, cut off a thick slice, being careful not to injure the green top. Carefully scoop out the fruit, leaving about ¼in. border of fruit round shell; cut into bite-sized pieces. Add sugar and rum to pineapple pieces, replace all into pineapple shell. Dot with butter, replace top. Cover with foil, including green top; bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Remove foil and lid of pineapple. Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry. Add the ½ cup sugar gradually, beating until meringue is very stiff. With the last sugar addition, add vanilla. Pipe or spoon round edge of pineapple shell, return to oven until meringue is set and lightly golden. Heat cointreau and, when ready to serve, pour over fruit in pineapple shell and flame. Serve with ice-cold Rum-Cream.

Rum-Cream: Scald milk and cream. Add salt and egg and yolks beaten with the sugar, cornflour, and rum. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until smooth and slightly thickened. Cool, then chill.

To add attractive color contrast, maraschino cherries or few strawberries can be mixed in with the pineapple or used to decorate dish.

CREPES SUZETTE

Pancakes: Four tablespoons flour, 1 egg, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 cup milk, pinch salt, butter for cooking.

Place flour in bowl, add egg, egg-yolk, oil, salt, 2 tablespoons milk. Beat until smooth. Mix in remainder of milk; chill ½ hour. Heat heavy pan, rub base with butter. Pour thin layer of pancake batter into pan, brown on one side, turn over and brown other side. Continue until all batter has been used.

Orange Butter: Four ounces butter, grated rind 2 oranges, 3 tablespoons castor sugar, 1½ tablespoons brandy, pinch salt, extra brandy for flaming.

Beat butter until light and fluffy, mix in orange rind, sugar, brandy, and salt. Spread some of this butter on one side of each pancake. Fold them in three, reheat in orange sauce.

Orange Sauce: Finely shredded rind of 1 orange, 6 lumps of sugar rubbed on the rind of an orange, ½ pint orange juice, 4oz. castor sugar, 3oz. butter, ¼ pint brandy, skinned sections of 2 oranges.

Melt butter in pan or chafing-dish. Add lump sugar, castor sugar, orange rind, juice, and brandy. Stir over low heat 5 minutes. Add skinned sections of orange, then add pancakes. When pancakes have been gently heated through in this sauce flame with extra warm brandy.

PEARS FLAMBE IN PORT

Eight canned pear halves, 1 cup pear juice, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup port wine, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 glass brandy.

Blend cornflour with pear juice. Put in pan with sugar, stir over low heat until sauce is thickened and clear; add port wine. Reheat gently, add pears and simmer 10 minutes until pears are heated through. Pour brandy over, let cook 1 to 2 minutes, then flame.

A little red food coloring can be added to pan at the same time as the fruit to give an attractive pink tinge to pears as they heat in the sauce.

HOT MINCEMEAT SAUCE FOR ICE-CREAM

One and a half cups prepared fruit mincemeat, ¾ cup brown sugar (firmly packed), pinch salt, 4 tablespoons pineapple juice, 1 tablespoon rum, ¼ cup brandy, firm vanilla ice-cream.

Combine mincemeat, sugar, salt, pineapple juice, and rum in saucepan or chafing-dish, simmer until sugar has dissolved and the liquid has thickened slightly. Warm brandy and ignite. Add to mincemeat and stir gently until flame disappears. Spoon, while warm, over generous servings of the ice-cream.

BANANA FLAMBE ROYAL

Two bananas for each serving, lemon juice, butter or substitute, 1 cup sweet sherry, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon each nutmeg and cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves, 1½ teaspoons grated orange rind, 1½ cups crushed macaroons, ½ cup chopped almonds, ¼ cup rum.

Peel and quarter bananas (they are better if not quite ripe), sprinkle with lemon juice, brown lightly in hot butter or substitute. Make a syrup of the sherry, sugar, spices, and orange rind. Place bananas in buttered casserole, pour the syrup over them, then cover with layer of crushed macaroons and chopped almonds. Brown in moderate oven. Just before serving add warm rum. Ignite and serve flaming.

APRICOTS FLAMBE

One large can apricots, ½ cup kirsch, vanilla ice-cream.

Drain apricots. Heat 1 cup apricot syrup with ½ cup kirsch, add apricots, cook over gentle heat until heated through. Sprinkle with remaining kirsch, then ignite the liquor. Serve the hot fruit and sauce over hard-frozen vanilla ice-cream.

CHERRIES JUBILEE

One large can or jar of dark cherries, ½ cup rum, 1 teaspoon arrowroot or cornflour, 1 tablespoon cold water, 1 tablespoon red currant jelly, 1 tablespoon curacao or brandy, vanilla ice-cream.

Drain cherries well, soak in rum for several hours. Simmer cherry juice until reduced to 2-3rds original quantity. Blend in jelly and arrowroot or cornflour mixed with the cold water; cook, stirring, until slightly thickened. Add cherries and rum, stir in curacao or brandy; simmer a minute or two until liquor is heated; flame, serve over vanilla ice-cream.

COFFEE AFLAME

Coffee, lump sugar, cognac.

Fill small coffee cups with hot, steaming coffee. Place piece of lump sugar in teaspoon of warmed cognac; ignite. Lower the spoon slowly into coffee in cup, and the surface of the coffee will be aflame.

COFFEE BRULOT

Two cups very strong coffee, 1½ cups brandy, slice each of lemon and orange rind, 5 pieces lump sugar, 2 cloves, piece of cinnamon stick, piece of vanilla bean.

In saucepan or chafing-dish place orange and lemon rind, 4 lumps of sugar, cloves, cinnamon stick, vanilla bean, and brandy; heat slowly. Warm a ladle (let it stand in hot water, then dry thoroughly), ladle a little of the hot spiced brandy into it. Add remaining lump of sugar and ignite. When it is blazing well pour back into pan; add coffee and blend well. Serve in small coffee cups.

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Recipes win cash prizes

• While corn is in season why not try your hand at our prizewinning corn relish recipe, which wins £5 for an N.S.W. reader.

A DELICIOUS cherry and apple sweet and an unusual dish which gives color and flavor to the ever popular potato win consolation prizes of £1 each.

All spoon measurements are level.

CORN RELISH

Eighteen ears of corn, 4 large chopped onions, 1 red and 2 green peppers (chopped), 1lb. brown sugar, ¼ cup salt, 2 tablespoons celery seed, 3½ tablespoons dry mustard, 3 pints white or cider vinegar, 1 tablespoon cornflour blended with little water (optional).

With sharp knife, cut off corn kernels into large saucepan or preserving pan. Mix with onions, red and green peppers, brown sugar, salt, celery seed, mustard, and vinegar. Slowly bring to boiling point, simmer slowly (stirring occasionally to prevent sticking) about 20 to 25 minutes. If desired thicken with blended cornflour. Fill into hot sterilised jars.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Martin, 1/29 Elizabeth St., Artarmon, N.S.W.

APPLE AND CHERRY COMPOTE

One and a half pounds firm dark cherries, boiling water, 2 large Granny Smith apples, 4 medium-sized Jonathan eating apples, juice of 5 sweet oranges, castor sugar (if desired), whipped cream or ice-cream, custard or yoghurt.

Wash cherries under cold running water, remove stalks, cover with boiling water, and set aside. Peel, core, and slice apples thinly, place into separate saucepan. Drain water from cherries, wash again, then remove stones with cherry-stoner or small knife. Place in saucepan with apples, add orange juice. Cook over low heat until fruits are tender; chill well. To serve, spoon into individual dishes or glasses, top with swirl of whipped cream or ice-cream, custard or yoghurt.

If not sweet enough, sprinkle castor sugar over cooked fruit and stir until dissolved.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Gartner, 587 Gilbert Rd., West Preston, Melbourne.

SOUR CREAM POTATO CASSEROLE

Three-quarters cup finely chopped onion, 2oz. butter, 3 cups sliced cooked potatoes, salt and cayenne to taste, ¼ cup chopped parsley, ½ cup crushed cereal, ½ cup tasty cheese (grated), 1 cup cream, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 eggs (beaten).

Cook onion gently in heated butter until tender. Place half the potatoes in buttered casserole, sprinkle with salt, cayenne, and chopped parsley. Add part of the onion, cereal, and grated cheese. Add lemon juice to cream and well-beaten eggs, season with little salt and cayenne. Pour half this mixture over potatoes. Repeat, using remaining ingredients. Cover, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Serves 6.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Coulstock, 105 Alt St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

CORN RELISH is tasty and versatile. Recipe at left.

HOME HINTS

• These home hints from readers win a prize of £1/1/- each.

PREVENT dressmaking pins from becoming rusty by keeping a small piece of tailor's chalk or blackboard chalk in the tin with them.—Mrs. J. Fuller, Blackwood Rd., Vineyard, via Riverstone, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To keep bone-colored or fawn gloves, blouses, dresses, and underclothes a good color, add cold left-over tea to the rinsing water.—Miss Y. Ridsdale, 24 Beach St., Grange, S.A.

★ ★ ★

A paste made from lemon juice, salt, and bicarbonate of soda will remove rust stains from baths.—Miss J. Underwood, 8 Burlington Ave., Earlwood, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Immerse baby's new cloth book in a plastic starch solution, following directions on bottle, then iron the leaves. The book will stay clean longer and can be washed without becoming flimsy.—Mrs. D. Thomas, 120 Mitchell St., Wodonga, Vic.

have you tried new oven stick yet?

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UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

What is the most natural way to bottle-feed baby?

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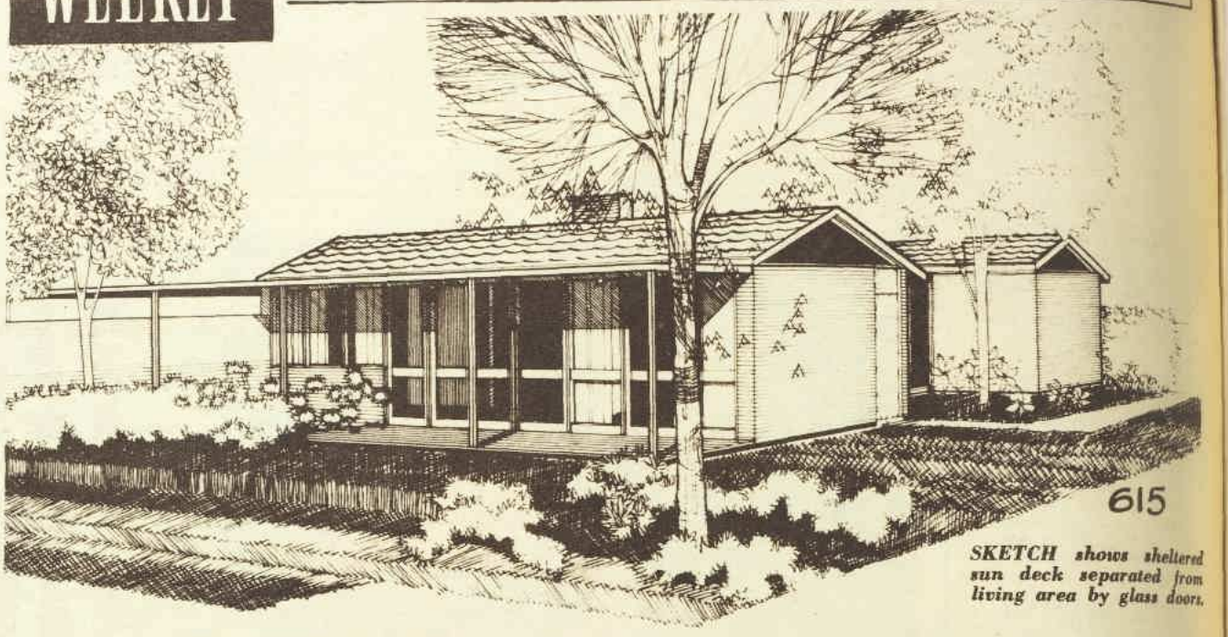
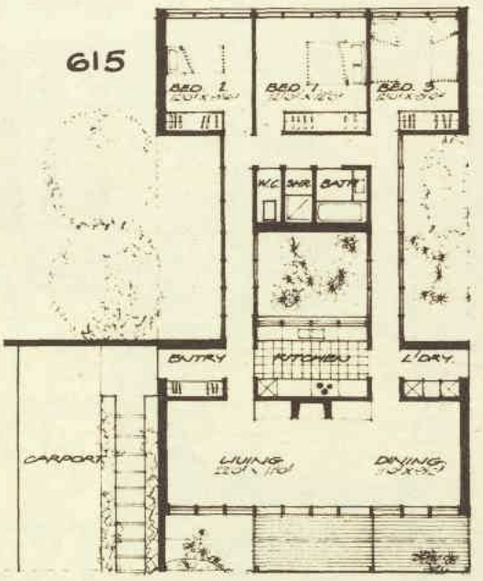
Home Plans Service



SKETCH shows sheltered sun deck separated from living area by glass doors.



PLAN shows the internal courtyard separating the living and sleeping wings.

● This week's home plan, No. 615, is a house built in H-shape and featuring an internal courtyard.

THIS compact family home is best suited to a block of land which faces the street. The house also should be built facing north.

It is 12.6 squares if built in timber and 13 squares in brick.

There are three bedrooms with built-in wardrobes for compact storage space. Each bedroom is close to the separate toilet, shower, and bathroom.

In the sketch above, the house is shown built in brick with a tiled roof joined by a flat roof section over the bathroom area.

The laundry is conveniently placed close to the kitchen, and has direct access to the yard. The kitchen is easily accessible to both living and dining areas.

Sleeping and living areas are divided by the internal courtyard, which eliminates noise and can be used as a play area for children under supervision from the kitchen.

Corridors joining the living and sleeping wings are opened up by large window areas which also help to give maximum light in the internal courtyard.

A sun deck extends across most of the large living-dining area and is accessible through glass doors. The sun deck is sheltered by a wide overhang to extend the living-dining area outdoors in summer.

Access to the front door can be made either from the carport or under a pergola which is used to join the carport to the house.

Our Home Plans Service

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs.

- Full plans and specifications from £10/10/-.
- All normal architect's services available.
- Alterations to suit site if wanted.

Phone or call at your local Centre at—

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Melbourne: R.V.I.A. Small Homes Service, Age Building, 233 Collins St. (63-0341, ext. 322). Mailing address, P.O. Box No. 185C.

Hobart: FitzGeralds (27221).

Adelaide: 47 South Terrace (51-1798).

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St. (Box 409F, G.P.O.). (22-691.)

Toowoomba: Pigotts (2-1733).

Perth: Western Building Centre, 10 Milligan St. (21-4788).

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How parents can help "The Quiet Ones"

By BERYL O. BAILEY

● All the publicity these days is given to youngsters who cannot be managed by their parents or teachers. The Quiet Ones still exist, however.

THEY pass their schooldays very often without causing the adults in their circle any bother at all, and, alas, they are often overlooked.

Perhaps you have such a child in your family. Sometimes these children are termed "reserved," "standoffish," or "shy." All too often they are written off as nonentities, and like all children they sense this quickly and feel deeply hurt.

Very often these reserved youngsters are the odd ones out in the family. They stand out most when visitors come to the house.

The others prattle on

While their more out-going brothers and sisters prattle away 19 to the dozen the quiet one sits in the corner playing with her doll.

Frequently these shy children are not demonstrative with their affection even to their own parents.

Some psychologists believe that certain types of temperament go hand-in-hand with physical appearance.

"Ectomorphs" is the term that has been given to describe these reserved children. It has also been observed that they are frequently thin children who do not put on weight easily.

Such youngsters often feel intensely about things but find great difficulty in expressing these feelings.

They feel all "bottled up," as their parents might say.

The danger is that their very quietness causes them to be unfairly called sulky. It is pathetically easy for them to be misunderstood.

They retire into shells

Normally boisterous children will clamor for the attention of parents and teachers but not the little ectomorphs! They may sometimes make a timid bid for attention but are easily rebuffed and retire into their shells again.

Again the average youngster can stand up quite well to jokes at his expense, but the reserved child is unusually anxious to stand on his dignity for one so young.

He heartily hates any form of ridicule, and is frankly "touchy" in this way. Try as you may you won't succeed in "laughing him out of it."

No doubt the reserved child is very difficult for parents to understand, especially if they are out-going people themselves.

It may help if they realise that their shy youngster is certainly not less fond of them than the more demonstrative child.

Don't let the quiet one in your family feel that he is in any way inferior to the others. Neither are you likely to see him become a highly sociable child overnight!

Gentle and loving encouragement and notice are what he needs to draw him into the family circle.

If ever you have to single him out, do so in a positive, constructive way such as: "Johnny is the thoughtful one of you; let him help." Or when visitors come, say: "You look after Auntie when she comes. You always remember to pass her things."

Even the reserved child will blossom in an encouraging atmosphere — knowing he will never be quite as lively as the others but he is loved for what he is.

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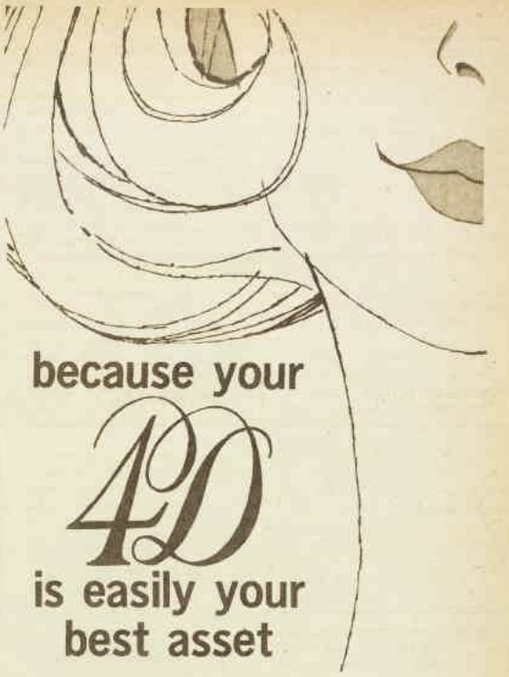

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CHILD'S PLAY

His name was not really Whelk; he did not know what it was. Placed in a foster-home at some unrememberably early age, he had spent the first thirteen years of his life as Leonard Birucoff, universally known as Foxy because of his pale, thin, pointed face and clever, red-brown eyes and unusual agility.

Mrs. Birucoff, a widow from Foxy's earliest recollection, took in washing to support herself and her foster-son, and the small, shabby house was constantly full of the reek of soap and bleach and ironing steam.

Foxy hated the smell, the poverty, his foster-mother's heavy, red hands and forearms; most of all, he hated the piles of snowy linen and damask and organdie that usurped all the level surfaces in the house. They were in mocking contrast to his own much-mended sheets, clean but coarse, and all the other makeshifts with which he was surrounded.

His hatred was not resentment on his foster-mother's behalf; he despised her, shrank from being seen with her, and obeyed her only when it was absolutely necessary.

For a time he indulged in the usual orphan's dream of a terrible mistake, of living in poverty while his real and wealthy parents were searching for him everywhere. The dream passed, as all dreams pass, but the ferocity of Foxy's hatred did not.

None of this showed. Outwardly Foxy was a polite, industrious boy, small for his age but willing and tireless. Neighbors noted with approval his 'after-school jobs of lawn-mowing and car-washing, and commended him to their own sons.

None of them knew that Mrs. Birucoff never saw any of this nobly earned money; none of them ever suspected his ungovernable rages when he was crossed, or the private stock of abusive language he kept for his foster-mother.

They did not know because Mrs. Birucoff was too proud of her own integrity, too fearful of some nameless authority, too innocent of the possibilities of violence in a 13-year-old mind to ask anyone's advice. A grown woman unable to handle a young boy? That would be nonsense, if you liked.

Foxy smoked, in increasing amounts; that was where a good deal of his money went. His foster-mother was adamant on this subject, on principle: she could not explain even to herself why it was that the sight of a cigarette sticking out of this pale, sharp, immature face sickened her so. She insisted; Foxy went on smoking.

On a hazily sweet afternoon in October, she came back from an errand in the town and found him lying on his bed, completely wreathed in cigarette smoke.

He was too big for physical discipline by a woman, and she did what was instinctive. He had not expected her home so soon, and the drawer of his dressing-table was incautiously open on several packets of cigarettes. Mrs. Birucoff seized them, cried: "I tell you, you do not smoke, Foxy!" and rushed into the kitchen and immersed the cigarettes in a sinkful of water.

Foxy followed her, and killed her.

The first blow with the iron that always stood ready on the board, was the product of an unknowing, white-lightning flash through his brain. The succeeding blows were not.

The cigarette packets were not saturated yet, and he snatched them out of the sink. He went back into his own little room and erased the traces of smoking, opening the window to clear the air.

He used his foster-mother's apron to wipe the handle of the iron; he had read that much. Then he took out and pocketed her week's money from the sugar-tin, overturned the kitchen table and both chairs, knocked a bottle of bleaching solution smashingly to the floor, and went to cut Mr. Thomas Husted's lawn down the road.

The authorities were kind. Even granted Foxy's meagre constitution, they might have looked deeper if he had had a bad character, or been known to quarrel with, or resent, his foster-mother.

As things stood, with witnesses to Foxy's helpfulness and industry coming forward of their own accord, it was clearly one of those senseless and brutal crimes that began with petty robbery and ended in murder. The poor woman, surprised in her own kitchen, had struggled; that was evident from the disorder.

A collection was made for Foxy by the people for whom his foster-mother had washed and ironed, and who were genuinely shocked by his plight. Because of this, Foxy did not have to go to a State institution. The money enabled him to complete his formal schooling under the eye of the court, and at sixteen, sponsored by a bank executive with connections in the east, he left the New Mexico town to study accountancy in Chicago.

He did very well; if at thirteen he had had an adult viciousness, he had also had an adult grasp. When he thought of his foster-mother, which was seldom, he was grateful for his deliverance from the soap smell and the platitudes, the humbling fact of the taken-in washing.

At eighteen he left Chicago and, in New York, became Leonard Whelk. The symbolism of the name pleased him, and the small business of saying: "With an h."

In the years after that — the clerkships, the heads-of-department, the treasurers, finally the vice-presidents — his background worked in him like an ulcer.

He had deliberately provided himself with a fictitious childhood for the benefit of his acquaintances, and with each casual embroidery the bitterness of the truth ate deeper.

When an opportunity came for him to be transferred to the south-western branch of his company, and he was expected to be eager, he felt a touch of panic — and then the slowly dawning realisation that this was exactly what he wanted, what he even, in fact, needed.

To go back. To live among, respected and possibly even envied by, people whose laundry he had once delivered and whose lawns he had once cut. Perhaps to hire and snap his fingers at their children. To walk about, unmolested, the author of the brutal crime that had never been solved.

The risk was minimal. Only the clever, red-brown eyes connected Leonard Whelk with Foxy Birucoff, and even they had paled in twenty-five years.

He had grown a small beard to hide his weak, pointed chin, and it gave him a look of dandyish importance. The expensive tailored suits concealed the narrow shoulders, giving him a stature not promised in childhood.

But what provided the greatest security of all was that nobody would be looking for Foxy Birucoff.

He was able to buy a house that seemed to him a symbol of all the houses that contained the people who had patronised or pitied him: long and cream, with its own surrounding wall, entered through a carved Spanish gate, and enclosing a lawn skirted by dwarf fruit trees.

He was wealthy, in a modest way; instinct had made him avoid any close friendships, so that he did almost no entertaining, and his hatred of his foster-mother had transferred itself in a milder form to all other women.

And now there was this woman saying with that mocking softness: "I know who you really are, and I know what you did."

Leonard Whelk went into his bedroom, hands quiet at his sides; he had found that the outward appearance of calm, even with no one present to see it, helped to slow the drumming of rage in his blood.

It was just after six o'clock, normally the time at which he

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — By RUD

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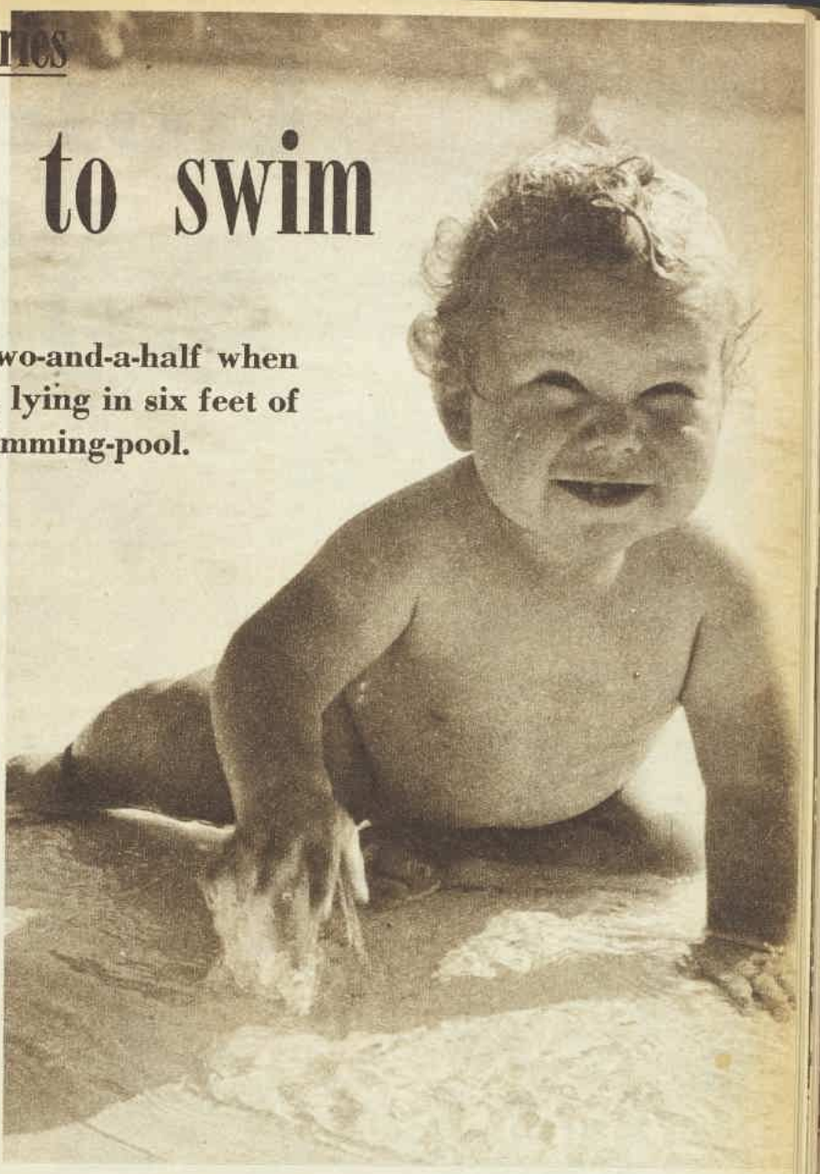
Teaching toddlers to swim

By a BONDI MOTHER

● My daughter, Cassandra, had just turned two-and-a-half when the family found her two-year-old cousin, Mark, lying in six feet of water at the bottom of a private swimming-pool.



AFTER half an hour's resuscitation, the toddler miraculously responded, but the experience scared the daylights out of me.

No one could have been a more vigilant mother than my sister, yet her child had just escaped death from drowning by seconds. What if Cassandra, too . . .?

The plight of lively two-year-olds like Cassie and Mark puzzled me.

On land, they were competent and physically active to the point of exhaustion (for Mum, anyway). In water — an inch out of their depth — they were completely helpless.

And they would remain that way until taught to swim at the currently accepted teaching-age of six to eight years.

Well, here was one jittery mother who couldn't wait that long. There had to be some way to teach a two-year-old—if not to swim, then at least to keep afloat.

I recalled a film I'd once seen of a lady teacher in Florida who claimed that swimming came naturally to humans.

She proved it by having the cameras dolly out for long shots of plump toddlers being tossed into her pool and dolly in for close-ups of the water-babies tadpoling it to the surface with beaming faces and a most congenial "Let's do it again" attitude.

But I hadn't the nerve to try this shock-treatment with Cassandra.

A common fear

The clue came next day when we were at the local rock swimming pool watching pupils from the school's Learn To Swim Campaign take their first lesson: dipping the face in water.

One eight-year-old was crying with the sheer terror of it. Other older boys were balking stage two "Dead Man's Float" (floating face down) with cries of "But I'll sink, I'll sink."

Not all the patience of the instructor could persuade these earthbound fledglings that nothing would happen even if they did sink.

Too many years of Mum's warning about drownings had sunk in too deeply for them to be anything but petrified at the prospect of submerging their faces.

I got the message! If a two-year-old was ever going to swim, she had to SINK first — and love it.

For Cassie and me from then on, it was a case of "get UNDER the water" and to heck with trying to stay on TOP of it.

At bathtime Dad or I (or whoever was on duty) filled the bath to the brim. We threw away the plastic ducks and tossed pennies and beads on the bottom of the bath.

Then, down on knees and bending over the side and looking ridiculous, we plunged our heads (to Cassie's utter fascination) into the water and retrieved the treasure trove.

The bath game

No further encouragement was needed as she scrabbled about on the bottom of the bath trying to beat us to the beads and pennies.

We bobbed our heads up for breath and let the air out under water, giggling as we watched the bubbles rise.

We made the most horrible noises and hog-calls under water and had so much fun there were furious protests when it was time for the orthodox business of a bath, the soaping down.

At the rock pool, the "underwater games" really got under way.

We held hands for confidence, and ducked down among the rocks and sea-plants and shells to see if we could find a mermaid or maybe some of the fish folk from Cassie's favorite story, "Ragged Blossom and Obelia."

As summer passed we couldn't track the elusive Mr. John Dory or Miss Ann Chovy—not even Tom or his Water Babies. But Cassie was now swimming after me underwater, treading water and floating face up or face down for increasing periods.

At just on three years she was persuaded to surface long enough for formal swimming lessons.

She took them in her stride because the lessons, instead of just starting, were over; she preferred to sink rather than swim, with the result that she swam beautifully.

We had only one rule. Depth didn't matter; DISTANCE did. She had to swim always within a few feet of the side of the pool.

And because three-year-olds have a lot more smart-cookie sense than parents give them credit for, she never overstrayed bounds nor misjudged her strength.

We were staying at a friend's sheep station when Cassie was about three and a half years.

In the charge of a teen-age governess, Cassie and a boy of eight (non-swimmer) were playing at the edge of a nearby river.

While the teenagers' attention was distracted the boy, with Cassie on his back, stepped into a deep hole.

It was the three-year-old swimmer who brought the teenager to the rescue.

My second child was taught to swim about the same age, and by the same cunning approach.

Apart from giving my children an early in-built love of and defence against water it saved me years of worry that someday a newspaper headline would record their deaths at a beach, a river picnic party, a swimming-pool, or in a boating accident.

Like Mark Twain — who when he was commended for his humanity in getting out of bed to rescue a squealing pig from a trap, replied, "I wouldn't have got any sleep if I hadn't," — here was one parent of a lively toddler who wanted some sleep, too.

"Men make me mad..."

● I'd like to borrow a soap-box for a few minutes to fulfil my New Year resolution and register my protest against all those sneaky little ways in which men (aided by cartoonists, editors, television, and film producers) are unfair to women.

By L. BENNETT, W.A.

I'M so tired of being told I'm a nagger (everyone knows all women are), a dangerous driver (ha-ha, don't you ever read the cartoons about the silly things women drivers do?), extravagant (you got a new hat only 20 years ago for Jane's wedding, so why can't you wear that to Jane's daughter's wedding?), helpless (how does he ever imagine the creaky door, broken window, worn tyre on the car fix themselves?), and all the other things built up into most men's idea of women.

I'd think it was just my husband's little peculiarity (like thinking he can cook), but I find the same illusion common to his friends, the husbands of my friends, and my male relatives.

My husband chased me for two years around three States to get me to marry him, but it's always I who "caught" him (of course NO woman has any ambition but to catch herself a breadwinner!).

When I back the car out, he whoops to all bystanders, "Stand clear, here comes Mum!" — and he's the lad who backed into the same fencepost on three different occasions.

When he hands over the housekeeping he chortles: "Here you are — all my worldly goods," forgetting what he keeps for his personal use.

And what he keeps is personal, whereas mine belongs to the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the dry-cleaner, the kids' schools, the milkman, the endless stream of repair men, charity collectors, etcetera and etcetera.

I'm supposed to be quite helpless with tools. "Stand back," he says, masterfully grabbing the screwdriver and jabbing it into the innards of the toaster, reeling back in a shower of sparks while I calmly turn off the switch.

He takes things apart and they stay apart. He spends hours explaining the workings of a complicated camera and then takes some sample photos for me (of course I'm too simple to catch on right away) with the cover still over the lens.

He never knows where to find his socks — though they've been kept in the same place for 15 years—and accuses me of moving things.

He makes all the worn old mother-in-law cracks about MY mother, though it's HIS mother who is the blister.

He says to the boys at the pub, "I've got to go — the missus will be waiting with the rolling-pin!," although (to give him his due) I've never needed even to raise my voice to him.

Yet I still love the brute dearly and really it isn't his fault. He and all the other males have just been brain-washed into a false idea of women.

Perhaps it's their way of bolstering up their male superiority, now that women can do anything they can do (and often do it better).

Women can't simply be human beings, taking their places side by side with men, but must be seen as scatter-brained little gold-diggers or as heartless Amazons with curlers in their hair and rolling-pins in their fists.

It makes me so MAD I could SCREAM. What do other women think?

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AT HOME *with Margaret Sydney*

● Among the people whose work I don't like are the revisers of the Bible and the standard prayer books. The fact that they are among the world's most eminent scholars doesn't do anything to alter my view, which happens to be mainly founded on prejudice.

I CAN understand the argument (used in the Preface to the 1961 edition) that the best available Greek texts should be available to English-speaking readers of the Bible in the current speech of our time. Fair enough.

But the revisers have said, "We have not felt obliged to render the same Greek word everywhere by the same English word . . . we have conceived our task to be that of understanding the original as precisely as we could and then saying again in our own native idiom what we believe the author to be saying in his."

Maybe I have the wrong slant on this, but I can't see much purpose in it unless the intention is to make it easier for modern readers to understand and grasp the essential meaning of each passage.

I should make it very clear that I'm not arguing any of this on religious grounds, but only on the question of what is clearest and most memorable.

On that basis, which of these two passages from Matthew 5 hits home hardest with you? The first is from the new 1961 translation, the second from the 350-year-old version dating from the time of King James.

How blest are the sorrowful, they shall find consolation.

How blest are those of gentle spirit; they shall have the earth for their possession.

How blest are those whose hearts are pure; they shall see God.

How blest are the peace-makers; God shall call them his sons.

OR:

Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God.

According to a recent newspaper clipping, the psalms used in the Church of England have been undergoing a process that the chairman of the revising committee, the Archbishop of York, calls "invisible mending."

The committee hasn't tried to make a new translation but only to mend an old 1539 one.

An Act of Parliament is necessary before the new versions can go into use in churches, but if the revision is approved there'll be many changes. The newspaper cutting gives only a few examples of the changes, but they seem to me a sad scaling down of reverberating phrases familiar to centuries of saints and sinners.

For instance, the line "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," from the 23rd psalm, will be altered in part to read, "Yea though I walk through the darkest valley . . ."

I have a feeling that a five-year-old with an inquiring mind might grasp something of the meaning of the first version, while there's quite a chance that the second would bring to his mind vague suggestions of rural areas without street lighting.

The word "hell" will also disappear from the Revised Psalter. In making those early translations zealous Christians like Coverdale probably had a tendency to call a spade a ruddy shovel.

But those translations have been with us a long, long time now, and I wonder whether contemporary revisers, in their efforts to simplify, don't run the risk of complicating meanings still further by calling a spade a manually-operated earth-moving device.

A brickbat or two for the teacher . . .

TALKING of five-year-olds, now's the time of year when thousands of them are making their first plunge in for the long swim up to Leaving Certificate standard.

Educationists have recently made several surveys of the reasons for high failure rates in schoolchildren. Yes, you guessed — the parents are to blame.

First the ambitious parent who had little opportunity himself, and hopes that the child will fulfil his frustrated ambitions; second the over-protective parent, who always acts as a leaning-post for the child, so that when he gets to high-school age and needs to show independence and initiative he just can't do it; and third the parent who puts pressure on the child to do as well as an older brother or sister. Fourth is the parent who thinks social position is more important than school, and encourages the child to regard school-work as something to be fitted in when there are no outings or parties.

Fifth are the jealous parents who secretly resent their children having better opportunities than they had and make light of their successes and ambitions; and sixth the mismatched parents who, because of their own unhappiness, force the child to work in an insecure home atmosphere.

I agree with every one of these. They must all be reasons contributing to a high failure rate, and also making school life harder for those who don't fail.

But I'd like to add seventh and eighth reasons of my own, on the grounds that schools must have some of the responsibility, in some cases at least.

I don't see why they should claim all the successes and push responsibility for all the failures on to parents.

So, seventh, teachers who couldn't care less, who go drearily along with the same words in the same tone of voice term after term and year after year.

These teachers apparently never think that they are driving a proportion of could-be bright students from boredom to inattention, from inattention to endless day-dreaming, and from day-dreaming to a place on the failed-to-satisfy-examiner list.

Eighth, favoritism, and its reverse. Teachers are human, which is to say they have fairly irrational likes and dislikes, like other people.

Most students can weather a year of being in the class of somebody who, rightly or wrongly, dislikes them and picks on them constantly. But for some it comes in a critical year, and turns them bolshie so that they give up trying or wanting to succeed.

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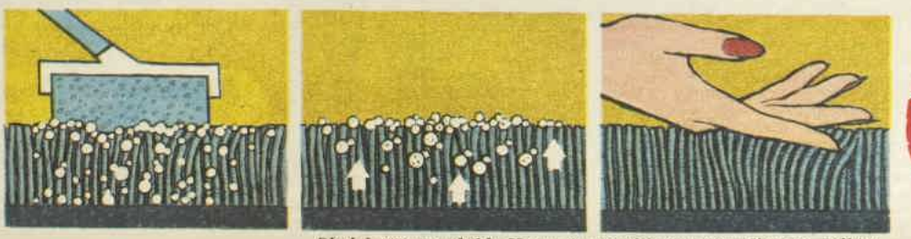

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put on the record-player a selection of his favorite records and took a leisurely bath, so that in the unlikely event of a telephone call, or even unlikelier one of a knock at the door, his lack of reply would be explained.

He switched on the bathroom and bedroom lights, drew the curtains everywhere in the house, adjusted a stack of long-playing records, and turned up the volume. Then he slipped out into the rain, and began to run through the darkness.

He had warned the woman in a half-bantering way not to tell anyone of their meeting at the bridge, and she had said coyly: "No, of course I won't tell anyone, because then it wouldn't be our secret."

Something eluded him there, something missed in the shocked roaring in his head. His only and slender guarantee—after tonight—was that she would have been relying on a steady flow of money, and an open secret was not worth anything.

Of course, she would have told sooner or later, because this was too good to keep: Leonard Whelk, with his big house and his expensive car, chairman of many committees and a director of the new bank, was really Foxy Birucoff, you remember him, the washerwoman's boy, and that awful murder that everybody said must have been a tramp? Well . . .

Whelk did not ask himself how she knew, or even if this were only a daring bluff. He did not know how the law stood with regard to the punishment of an adult for a capital offence committed as a minor. He did know that, even if they could not absolutely destroy Foxy Birucoff, they would most certainly destroy Leonard Whelk.

He had the night virtually to himself; he only had to step back once under trees to avoid the rainswept headlights of an oncoming car. South-westerners dined early, and the weather was a further deterrent.

Would she come? Greed and triumph would be spurs, even though she had sounded —coy, there at the end. Whelk did not allow himself to think of the alternative; that she was interested only in abstract justice and had gone to the police; that, moving cautiously, they had suggested this ploy, listening on an extension, or even tape-recording his suggestion that he meet a strange woman on a rainy night . . .

His selection of the bridge had been instinctive. Even with no time for his stunned brain to think, he had known that he must go on foot, as his car must be there in the garage for any chance caller to see, and that there had to be some avenue for the police to pursue immediately. And on the far side of the little bridge, perhaps two hundred yards up the road, was a somewhat dubious all-night cafe.

Leonard Whelk stopped running, because he had reached his objective.

Six-fifteen, he had said, and it must be at least that.

Quickly, almost as soon as his shadow had stained the faint gold from the street

Continued from page 44

light, he was partly down the sandy incline where the wooden rails began, as still as the thick, feathery tamarisks that grew there, and sheltered by them. He could see, but he could not be seen.

(Suppose she had said to someone with her: "He's going to meet me at the bridge. If I'm not back by . . ." or "I don't trust him. Come almost all the way with me and then hide where you can hear." Suppose?)

Out of the drip and rustle of the night, over the closer liquid course of the wide ditch under the bridge, came a crisper sound: the tap of a woman's high heels.

Whelk listened through a sudden, great pounding of pulses, but there were no accompanying footsteps, there were no secretly consulting voices. Carefully, silently, he parted some feathers of tamarisk.

He saw her shadow first, aimed at him like a weapon, and then, with the intense curiosity of fear and hatred, her belted raincoat and kerchief as she moved closer into the light at the far end of the bridge. The angle at which she stood kept her face in shadow, but while he watched, she lifted her wrist, pushed back her sleeve to glance at a watch, and then turned her scarfed head to peer expectantly up the dark road along which she would expect him to come.

He had deliberately mentioned getting out his car, so that she would have her attention trained on headlights and nothing closer, and he was quietly up out of the tamarisks and around the wooden railing before she could take more than a sharp step or two backwards.

Leonard Whelk smiled courteously at her. "Good evening," he said to the startled face inside the flowered folds. "I hope I haven't kept you waiting. You did telephone me a little while ago, didn't you — Mr. Whelk?"

The girl nodded, smiling back, and Whelk's hands flashed out and up.

. . . .

Susan Webb, putting the baby to bed and thinking hopefully that he felt a little cooler to the touch, was half-guiltily glad that Kit Austen was spending the night with a friend.

It was not that she disliked her husband's niece, exactly, and a purely female rivalry with a fourteen-year-old girl would be ridiculous.

Nevertheless, after the first twenty-four hours of Kit's three-week visit, Susan had found herself grimly putting on her prettiest robe to give the baby his seven o'clock bottle, seeing that the living-room was always at its best,

CHILD'S PLAY

ducking brusquely away from her husband's affectionate tousle at the nape of her neck if Kit were near.

To make matters slightly worse, Bill Webb noticed all this and was faintly and innocently amused.

At first glance, Kit had seemed all that a fourteen-year-old girl should be. The daughter of Bill's oldest sister, she was tall — taller than Susan was — and straight and clear-eyed.

In contrast to what seemed a growing majority of teenagers, she shunned lipstick and nail-polish, and her beige-gold hair clung in soft, casual duck-tails about her head. She did not fling her clothes at the nearest solid object, nor exhibit boredom if she were not entertained every moment of the day. Above all, her manners had an unusual, almost dazzling gloss.

Why was it that adult courtesy from a fourteen-year-old could be much more galling than rudeness from the same source?

Perhaps, thought Susan, because Kit's eyes, on closer acquaintance, were not so much clear as polite and totally withdrawn; she would have addressed a tree or a piano with the same deference. Because Bill and Susan were thirtyish and married, with a baby, and whatever sealed envelope life might have held for them had been opened, mundanely. Whereas for Kit the horizons were still unlimited, the envelope still sealed.

What a fool I'm being! thought Susan, but as she tucked the crib blanket in around infant Gregory, she said aloud in mimicry of Kit's light, cool voice: "Oh, you're so sweet," and then kissed him in penitence and closed the door softly.

She did not like the rising wind, with Bill due in at the airport at ten o'clock, but, then, she never liked the weather when he was flying.

In spite of statistics, storms frightened her, and perfect calm seemed the bucket that had gone to the well too often.

Bill had said to her, laughing: "Just what kind of weather do you like for flying?" and Susan had answered soberly: "None. Oh, I know —you can prove you're much safer in a plane than in your armchair, but I still wish you didn't have to travel so much."

Now she put the flight determinedly out of her head, as though in some way she might muddle the pilot, and began to prepare her dinner. The fact of its solitariness brought her mind back to Kit.

When the girl had phoned to ask if she could spend the night with Libby Mannering, Susan knew she ought to have spoken to whoever was in charge, to make sure that there had been an invitation more authoritative than Libby's, but the baby had begun a feverish whimpering and she had only said: "Well, if you're sure it's not putting them to a lot of trouble . . ."

"Oh, no. Mrs. Mannering said it would be all right," Kit had answered — but to Susan's certain knowledge Kit had tampered with the truth two or three times before where a plan dear to her heart was concerned. In conjunction with her straight, polite look, her air of being impeccable inside as well as out, it had made a surprisingly unpleasant discovery.

Susan had said nothing to Bill — after all, Kit was his niece — but she began to wonder uneasily about her own responsibility. Ought she to phone the Mannering house now?

But, on the other hand, what would be the point? Bill had left the car at the airport, and the Mannerings lived a good two miles away—easily walkable for Kit by daylight, but not after dark, even if there had not been the wind and the rain.

Nobody in the Valley walked after dark, not even a few hundred yards to a neighbor's house. After over a year here Susan still did not quite know why, but, like most customs-of-the-country, this one must have some basis in reason.

Gregory began to cry, and she turned the gas low over the grill and went into his room, flicking on the soft night-light. She said sternly to him: "You sleep through until seven o'clock, remember?" and touched his hot face gently.

He would not lie still; he made small, occasional frantic motions with his arms and legs, not with the instinct of health, but the irritability of fever. Susan sponged him, looked at the clock, powdered half an aspirin into a spoonful of strained apple, and got it inside him with difficulty.

This was teeth, surely? Everything small babies had—rashes and tantrums as well as fevers—was teeth, and if he did not acquire a tooth soon, Gregory was going to have to be fitted for dentures. But suppose it were not teeth? Doctors here did not come to your home, except on rare occasions; you went to them.

Still, if Gregory were not cooler in another hour, she would telephone the doctor. Susan went back to the kitchen, inspected her chops, which could by now have passed for charcoal briquettes, and rebelliously poured herself a glass of sherry. Then she had her dinner — fit for a pig, she thought pleasantly — and settled down with coffee and the evening paper.

Beset by dim worries on three sides — the baby, Bill, Kit — she read the newspaper with unnatural thoroughness, down to the marriages by candlelight ceremony, the earnest and humorless letters to the editor.

On the back page, a woman in Massachusetts, tenderly feeding what she presumed to be her fox terrier's litter of puppies under the porch, discovered that she had been nourishing a family of skunks.

A MAN in Minnesota, plagued by teasing telephone calls from teenagers, had dramatically ripped out his telephone by the roots, marched off, and hurled the instrument through the brand-new plate-glass front of the telephone company.

Susan stirred uneasily at that. Kit was a practical joker by telephone — she had boasted about her prowess with an unusual naivete — and of course she could not realise how maddening such an innocent prank could be if you had rushed lung-burstingly in from outdoors, or paused in making a baby's meal.

But the Mannerings' baby-sitter would certainly not allow anything like that.

The rain increased, borne on a stinging black wind, pouring down with the prodigality of any phenomenon. It wrapped and buffeted the Webbs' small house, Leonard Whelk's long-walled retreat, the Mannerings' comfortably sprawling bungalow. The roads were like unspooled ribbon, and in window lights and under street lamps cottonwood leaves thrashed and dipped in a golden lacquer.

At the Mannerings', discipline had begun to slip. Libby still felt vaguely bound by her mother's injunction to help keep an eye on things, and after she had conducted Kit to her record-player and records she did what Mrs. Beale always did — drew the curtains together, locked the four doors, and began to wash up the dishes.

As a preliminary, she snapped at the boys and for breaking a plate, dragged the couch cover half off the floor at the end of the kitchen, and lining window-sill behind it string beans.

Normally she was fond and got along very well her brothers and sister; was only when she had a friend of her own age she found them intolerable.

"Pigs!" she said vehemently, sweeping beans her palm. "That's what are, a lot of pigs!"

Tess said in a virtuous voice: "Lib, you know they—" and Libby stared fiercely on her: "You're worst of all, Tess. Just at that mess, look at the potatoes under the couch!"

"Harry spat on them," said Tess, responding effectively with her own rage. "Am supposed to eat potatoes Harry spat on — oh, course I am!"

Harry shouted that he only pretended to spit on potatoes, and William shifted slightly to get a better of the television screen. had learnt to stay out of battles.

"Well, you didn't have dump them on the floor," said Libby angrily, "and everybody ought to spit on Harry's food. In his dessert."

Instantly, they all wanted to know what was for dessert. "Nothing," said Libby pointedly. "I only meant if had dessert."

Face flushed with work, she began to clear up the potatoes, which she would have left there if Kit Austen had not been in the house.

After a second glance at her, William said resignedly: "I'll help, Lib," and daft preferred Daniel's mockery such occasions to his usual open resentment.

"William's a mother's help," remarked Daniel complacently from the couch. "He ought to advertise."

This theme was embroidered upon, loudly, until Libby said with sharpness: "Well, you're a mother's nuisance," and reduced them all to shrieks of laughter as she stalked out of the tidied kitchen.

In the pretty room she shared with Tess, the record-player spun soundlessly on one of the beds and a fold of primrose curtain swung as wind drove through the hole Harry had made the week before.

Libby walked down the hall

To page 60

"I got tired of trying to figure out what to make at mealtime."

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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The best way with BULBS

● Few garden-lovers would disagree that the spring-flowering bulbs give more spectacular results with less trouble than almost any other class of plant. Grow them as you will — in formal rows or casual clumps, "naturalised" in grass and in the shade of trees, or even indoors—their beauty is within the reach of every flower lover, green-fingered or not.

THEY present astonishing variations of color, size, and perfume, and are really easy to grow.

Early planting gives the bulbs time to become properly established and give of their best. When they appear in the shops and in nurserymen's lists, experienced gardeners don't delay in selecting the best varieties and the biggest bulbs.

That's the first important point to remember: *The big bulbs are the ones that will flower,* because the embryo flower-bud is already there, deep inside. Cheap lots of bulbs may be false economy, for they are often first-year divisions newly split off from the parent bulb and not yet large enough to flower. Nothing you can do will help them to flower if that precious bud is not there waiting to open.

Most bulbs are not particularly fussy where you plant them, so long as the drainage is good. They spend a lot of time underground in damp weather, and may rot if the soil is too soggy.

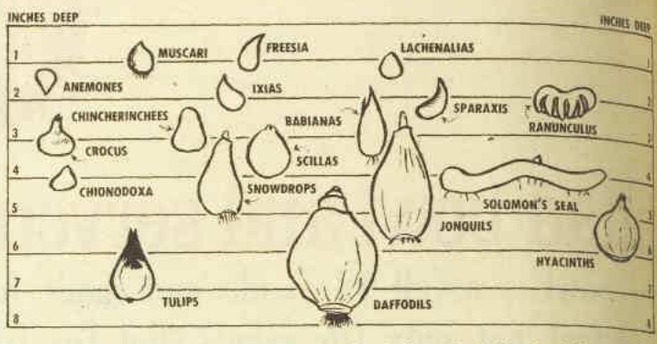
If your soil is too heavy, it's a wise idea to plant bulbs in a handful of sand to ensure that water won't lodge around them. The roots will soon reach out and gather all the moisture they need.

To ensure good feeding, spade the soil at least 10in. deep a week or more before the planting, dig in some old humus if you have it, and while you are actually planting the bulbs add a generous handful of bone-meal, below but not actually touching them.

Now, here comes the second important point: *Plant your bulbs the right side up.* That is not as silly as it sounds. They will grow, anyway, but shoots have a long way to travel if they have to grow right around the bulb and up again. And they won't all flower together if they are not planted the right way.

So which side is up? Generally, it's easy to tell: the pointed end is

HOW DEEP TO PLANT THEM



where the shoots emerge. But when in doubt you'll almost always find a circular scar on one side of the bulb, which is where the roots appear — and that side goes down. Aconites, anemones, and Solomon's seals are the trickiest, but fortunately they don't seem fussy how you plant them.

Wherever you plant your bulbs, make sure they are in clumps of, say, at least eight of the one type and color. If one or two fail to flower you can still be sure of an attractive show.

A good rule with bulbs is to place each one at least double its own width away from the next. This gives room for roots to develop and still leaves space for the bulbs to multiply later.

Make sure that all bulbs of a single type are planted at the same depth. (You can check the right depth on our planting chart.)

Dig out the loosened soil a few inches deeper than the desired planting depth. Place the bone-dust and cover with one or two inches of soil, patting it roughly level. Pop the bulbs in right way up and properly spaced, and replace the rest of the soil. Firm it in around the bulbs and soak thoroughly.

That is the third important point: *A good soaking at planting time will work wonders.*

The most attractive treatment for daffodils, bluebells, ixias, and sparaxis is to "naturalise" them in a lawn or wild part of the garden. If the soil is reasonably good they do perfectly well under grass, and they don't interfere with the mowing, because they don't appear until the grass has stopped growing for the winter.

Don't begin to remow, however, until the foliage has died down, for that is an important part of the bulb's ripening process. If really necessary, lift the bulbs and heel them into a disused part of the garden.

To naturalise properly, scatter a handful of the bulbs here and there and dig them in where they fall. Just lift a turf, prepare the soil as for ordinary planting, plant, water, and replace the grass.

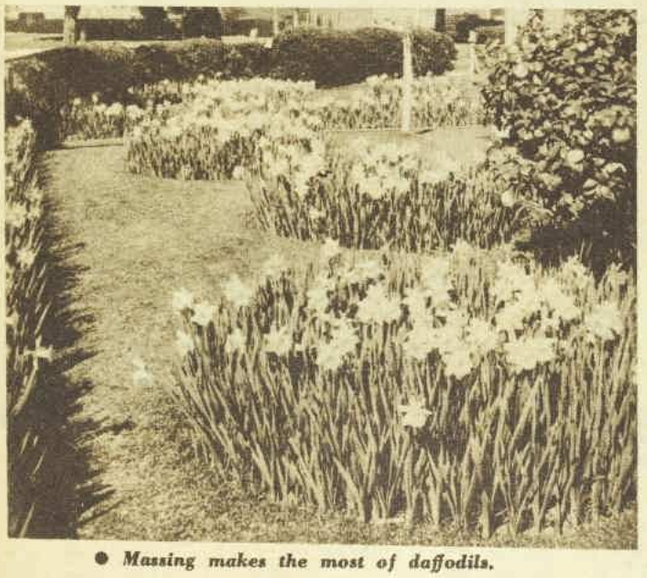
Under trees is another good location for bulbs — but only under deciduous trees, so they get a normal quota of sun and rain in winter.

Freesias grow well on sloping banks which are difficult to mow. They flower for a long period and if you let them seed will multiply rapidly.

Bluebells or scillas will grow in almost complete shade and can be left undisturbed for years.

Tulips, lilies of the valley, and crocuses must have a period of cold during the winter if they are to flower well. They should be planted on the shady side of the house, except in cold areas, well before the first frost arrives.

Lachenalias, ixias, sparaxis, chincherinchees, and babianas are natives of warmer climates and do best in an exposed sunny position. Provided they have water while the flowers are developing, they'll need no protection from heat.



● *Massing makes the most of daffodils.*

For earliest bloom, plant on the north side of a fence or bed; for later bloom, on the shady side of a house or tree. Daffodils and tulips bloom longer if shaded from hot sun.

Many gardeners object to planting bulbs in large numbers for the reason that they take up too much room and flower for only a short time. They overlook the fact that almost all bulbs can be overplanted with small annuals such as sweet alice, nemophila, violas, or Virginian stock. All these root shallowly, whereas most bulbs are deep down, and the annuals help protect the delicate bulb shoots from direct sun.

Bulbs need little special care while growing but do not like to be disturbed. Mark each planting with a small stake or twig so that you do not inadvertently dig into them before the shoots appear.

A feeding of bone-dust around (but not touching) the stems just before flowering will be appreciated, and another while the foliage is ripening to help development of the next season's buds and bulbs.

A thorough watering at planting time is necessary. Then water regularly when they are flowering, and a last time as the foliage changes color.

For preference they should not be watered again until the shoots show the following year, as bulbs need a complete rest. But obviously this last rule is difficult to follow unless you have a large garden with the bulbs in a special section of their own.

The best compromise is to lift the bulbs when the foliage has died down and store them in a cool, dry place till the next planting time.

Approximate lifting times for bulbs are:

DECEMBER: Crocuses, daffodils, freesias, hyacinths, bulbous irises, ixias, jonquils, lachenalias, ranunculi, tulips.

JANUARY: Anemones, montbretias, sparaxis, grape hyacinths, watsonias.

FEBRUARY: Ornithogalums, Solomon's seals.

ONLY WHEN CROWDED: Babianas, bluebells, chincherinches, snowdrops.

Growing bulbs indoors

MOST bulbs can be successfully grown indoors, though they will rarely flower a second season unless replanted outside.

They are grown in pots or bowls in commercially packaged bulb fibre. The container should have a good layer of drainage material at the bottom; it is then packed with fibre, and the bulbs are laid in place with their necks just below the surface.

The pot should be watered well and put away in a dark, cool place until the shoots show, generally in late winter.

The growing bulbs can then gradually be brought into direct light until the shoots turn green. Finally, they are placed on a sunny windowsill and watered occasionally.

They will normally flower a little earlier than their opposite numbers in the garden.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

BULBOUS PLANTS

A QUARTET of bulbous plants — two common, two rather uncommon — which should be planted early in the year. They give color and interest to the garden at different times.

Clivia and agapanthus are not true bulbs at all, but grow from a kind of creeping rootstock, like bearded iris. They must be divided, for they soon exhaust the soil.

Most so-called autumn crocuses are not crocuses, although they resemble them. The yellow ones are mostly sternbergias, the mauve types colchicums.

• Sprekelia formosissima (Jacobean lilies), above, won't flower till early summer, but should be planted out early to give them plenty of time to develop. They prefer rich deep soil, but will do well almost anywhere. There is a white as well as the usual red. Their stately bearing and rich color make them ideal for arrangements.

• Sternbergia lutea (autumn crocus), left, should be planted just below soil level, and flower best when left undisturbed. They like rich soil, but a ration of bonedust in late summer and the mulch of fallen leaves are all the nourishment they need. They multiply rapidly by natural increase. Native to the mountains of Persia and the Caucasus, they do best in hilly parts, but will flower anywhere. They produce leaves after flowers die back.

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• Agapanthus (right) like deep sandy soil well enriched with vegetable matter and old manure. Their old-fashioned name, Lilies of the Nile, helps explain that; being originally riverside plants in Africa, they like a dry midsummer and heavy watering in spring. The usual variety is Agapanthus umbellatus (sky-blue). Others: Atrocaeruleus (dark violet); Orientalis albus (white); variegatus (green stripes); Flore pleno (fully double); and monstrosus, the rarest, with heads of up to 200 flowers.

• Clivia miniata (left). Clivia spread rapidly and make a wonderful ground cover under trees or where the going is tough. They are not fussy about soil, but like a generous ration of leafmould and a sprinkle of bonedust at flowering time, which starts in winter. They pick up moisture from the air, so don't need winter watering. The more unusual Clivia is the nobilis, with long flowers rather like a Christmas bell.

Gardening Book — page 257

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How to make cut flowers last longer

● Did you know that a minute out of water means a minute lost in the life of a cut flower? Or that a little peppermint will make daisies last longer? These and other valuable hints to help housewives prolong the life of their flowers are given in this feature.

Some general advice

PICK flowers early in the morning or at sunset and stand them overnight in a bucket of water. Never pick in direct sun if you want the flowers to last.

★ ★ ★

A GOLDEN rule, followed by all florists, is to plunge the flowers into deep water immediately after cutting. If you do this they will last longer when arranged.

★ ★ ★

CUT all stems on a slant so they rest lightly on bottom of vase with minimum pressure. This aids water absorption.

★ ★ ★

STEMS of many flowers should be boiled before being soaked and arranged. Some people prefer burning, but this is not recommended, because often only half the stem is burnt properly and it dries out again. (Exceptions are maiden-hair fern and mignonette.) It is far better to boil about 1½in. of stems in water on stove, tilting flower heads away from rising steam. See boiling times in chart.

★ ★ ★

IF flowers droop, try scraping and recutting stems under water. This prevents any air getting into the stem.

★ ★ ★

IF using flowers from a florist, cut ½in. off stems and plunge them into deep water as soon as you get them home. This has already been done by the florist on receiving them from the markets, and by the grower, but it should be repeated, because every minute out of water takes a minute from the flower's life.

★ ★ ★

THE stems of any blooms that have fatigued badly in transit (roses usually do) should be placed straight away in boiling water for 1 to 2 minutes with the head away from the rising steam, then soaked in deep warm water until crisp again. This treatment will add at least a day to their lives.

★ ★ ★

KEEP flowers away from draughts, heat, and open windows. Draughts dry out exposed flower stems and slow water absorption.

★ ★ ★

DON'T store flowers in the open part of the refrigerator; the sudden temperature change will kill and discolor them. Insulate them first by wrapping and sealing in polythene, then store them in the crisper in refrigerator.

● Some cut flowers can be kept alive longer if simple ingredients are added to the water in the vase; others thrive on plain cold water. Requirements for individual flowers are given below.

FLOWER	PREPARATION	ADD TO VASE
ANEMONES	Cut stems on slant. Submerge 40 heads 1 to 2 hours until texture of flowers is firm.	¼ cup vinegar to 2 cups water.
APPLE BLOSSOM	Can be picked in bud. Crush stem base, allowing it to drink more water quickly. Blossom can be sprayed with hair lacquer to prevent petals falling.	2 tablespoons ammonia to 2 quarts water.
AQUILEGIA	Put stems into boiling water for exactly 20 seconds to discolor stems slightly.	5 drops peppermint to 1 pint water.
ASTERS	Place stems in boiling water for 1 minute.	2 tablespoons sugar to 1 quart water.
AZALEAS	Place stems in boiling water 2 to 3 minutes.	Cold water only.
BEGONIAS	Pick and arrange.	2 tablespoons salt to 2 quarts water.
CAMELLIAS	Keep blooms sprinkled with water daily. A little salt in centre of bloom helps prevent browning.	Cold water only.
CANTERBURY BELLS	Place stems in boiling water 45 seconds only.	2 tablespoons washing soda to 2 quarts water.
CARNATIONS	Pick when fully open. Cut stems on slant between notches with sharp knife.	Cold water only.
CHERRY BLOSSOM	Place stems in boiling water 1 to 2 minutes. Smash stem with hammer.	Cold water only.
CHRYSANTHEMUMS	Crush stems. Place in boiling water 2 to 3 minutes, then cold water.	10 drops oil of cloves to 2 quarts water.
CLEMATIS	Pick and arrange.	2 tablespoons medical alcohol to 1 pint water.
COSMOS	Pick when centre is smooth, before pollen ripens.	1 teaspoon sugar to 1 pint water.
DAFFODILS	Cut above white stem base, place in 1in. very cold water, leave in cool place ½ hour, arrange in 1 or 2in. of water.	Cold water only.
DAHLIAS	Place in 2 to 3in. boiling water 1 minute, then immediately into cold water. When in vase, change water daily.	5 tablespoons medical alcohol to 2 quarts water.
DAISIES	Pick before pollen ripens. Place in boiling water 1 minute and plunge into cold water immediately.	8 drops peppermint to 1 quart water.
DELPHINIUMS	Cut stem under water. Place in boiling water 1 minute, then into cold water.	2 teaspoons sugar to 1 pint water.
DIANTHUS	Submerge to heads for 1 hour.	1 tablespoon alcohol to 1 pint water.
DIGITALIS	Place in boiling water for 30 seconds.	Cold water only.

EVERGREEN LEAVES	See method for Leaves opposite.	1 tablespoon glycerine to 1 quart water.
FERN — (Maiden Hair)	Never pick until seed pods on back of leaves are brown. Sear ends over flame. Submerge in cold water 12 hours.	Cold water only.
FORGET-ME-NOTS	Plunge in hot, then cold, water. Strip small leaves to prevent water turning dirty.	Eight drops medical alcohol to 1 pint water.
FUCHSIAS	Pick when all flowers are open. Split stems. Place in boiling water 30 seconds, then into cold water	Cold water only.
GAILLARDIAS	Place stems in boiling water 1 minute.	Two tablespoons salt to 1 pint water.

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FLOWER	PREPARATION	ADD TO VASE
GARDENIAS	Once picked, flower won't drink water but foliage will. Keep as cool as possible, place on wet cotton wool. Gardenias can be refrigerated overnight if covered with polythene and stored in crisper. A little salt in centre of flower will help prevent browning. Keep sprayed with water.	Treat as directed at left.
GERBERAS	Pick when open a few days. Place in boiling water no more than 1 minute.	Cold water only.
GLADIOLI	Pick when first florets are open.	Five tablespoons vinegar to 1 quart water.
GRAPE HYACINTHS	Stand in cold water.	Eight drops medical alcohol to 1 pint water.
GRASSES	Dip stems in vinegar.	Cold water only.
GYPSOPHILA	Never pick, always pull up by roots.	One teaspoon medical alcohol to 1 pint water.
HELLEBORUS (winter rose)	Split stems and place in warm water or submerge ½ hour.	Cold water only.

HOLLYHOCKS	Place in boiling water 1 minute.	One handful rock salt to 2 quarts water.
HYACINTHS	Put into icy water.	Five drops peppermint to ½ pint water.
HYDRANGEA	Pick well-developed, firm heads. Remove most leaves. Crush or scrape stem, place in boiling water 1 minute.	Cold water only.
IRIS	Pick when just opening. Cut above white stem base under water. Dip in boiling water 1 minute, place in deep water.	Three drops peppermint to ¼ quart water.
LARKSPURS	Pick when first flowers are open. Place in boiling water 1 minute.	Cold water only.
LEAVES (Magnolia, Beech, etc.)	Submerge overnight and leaves will be firm and stronger. Condy's crystals in water will brighten color.	Preserve in 1 part glycerine to 2 parts water for 3 weeks.
LILACS	Remove young side growths with sharp downward pull except for leaf near head. Split and crush stem, place in fairly warm water until ready to use.	Cold water only.
LILIES	Cut stems on slant to prevent curling.	Half cup vinegar to 2 quarts water.
LILY OF THE VALLEY	Change water frequently. Keep cool. Wrap stems in wet face tissue, even when arranged.	½ cup vinegar to 1 pint water.
MARGUERITES	Pick when centres are smooth, before pollen ripens.	1 tablespoon salt to 1 quart water.
MARIGOLDS	Place in boiling water one minute.	2 tablespoons sugar to 1 pint water.
MIGNONETTE	Remove lower leaves. Burn ends, never boil. Place in deep warm water.	1 tablespoon salt to 1 pint water.
MOCK ORANGE	Remove all leaves. Crush or scrape stem.	Cold water only.
NARCISSI	Cut above white stem base. Place in shallow water.	Cold water only.
NASTURTIUMS	Place in deep warm water 2 hours.	Cold water only.
NOVEMBER LILIES	Pick before pollen ripens. Remove lower leaves. Scrape stem 2 to 5in.	Cold water only.
ORCHIDS	Only cymbidium orchids can be kept in refrigerator. Cattleya, etc., should be placed in coolest room.	Cold water only.
PEACH BLOSSOM	Pick in bud or before flowers are fertilised. Hammer ends. Can be sprayed with weak solution of gelatine and water or hair spray to help prevent flowers falling.	Cold water only.
PEONIES	Place in boiling water 30 seconds only.	3 tablespoons sugar to 1 quart water.

FLOWER	PREPARATION	ADD TO VASE
PETUNIAS	Strip lower leaves, stand in deep cold water overnight.	1 teaspoon sugar to 1 pint water.
POINSETTIAS	Scrape well and boil ends one minute.	1 handful rock salt to 2 quarts water.
POPPIES	Pick when bud is erect or at sunrise when just opening. Boil ends one minute. Plunge in deep water.	Cold water only.
PRIMROSES	Dip stems in boiling water 30 seconds to seal.	Cold water only.
RANUNCULI	Pick when centre is smooth before pollen ripens. Boil ends 30 seconds. Place in cold water.	Cold water only.
ROSES	Cut stem diagonally with sharp knife and scrape ½in. of stem. Dip in boiling water 1 to 2 minutes and arrange in warm water. The warm water travels faster, acting as a stimulus to the flower. If arranging in a silver vase, place 1 or 2 copper coins in base; this offsets the detrimental effect of silver on roses.	2 tablespoons salt to 1 quart water.
SALVIA	Dip stems in boiling water 1 minute.	1 tablespoon alcohol to 1 pint water.
SALVIA (Purple)	Pick at sunset and put in bucket of water overnight to prevent tips drooping.	Cold water only.
SCABIOUS	Pick when one circle of flowers or petals is open. It will finish opening in water and last longer.	Cold water only.
SCHIZANTHUS	Pick when about 8 flowers are open.	Cold water only.
SNAPDRAGON	Cut stems diagonally with a sharp knife. Never store in refrigerator with other flowers, as snapdragons give off a gas which kills all other blooms.	2 tablespoons salt to 2 quarts warm water.
SPIREA	Shake to dislodge loose petals. Smash stem ends with hammer.	Cold water only.
STATICE	Pick when fully open.	3 tablespoons sugar to 1 quart water.
STOCKS	Remove most foliage. Crush or scrape stems, then place in boiling water 2 to 3 minutes.	1 tablespoon salt to 1 pint water.
SWEET PEAS	Plunge in hot, then cold, water.	2 teaspoons sugar to 1 pint water.

TIGER LILIES	Remove most of foliage. Scrape stem for 2 to 5in.	Cold water only.
TULIPS	Cut above white base of stem. Roll individual blooms completely in wet newspaper an hour or two to keep stems straight.	Cold water only.
VERBENA	Pick when one circle of flowers or petals is open. It will finish opening in water and last longer.	Cold water only.
VIOLAS	Pick when fully open. Cut off pink-tinged ends. Submerge 2 hours in iced water.	¼ teaspoon salt to a small vase of water.
VIOLETS	As for violas.	As for violas.
VIBERNUM (Snowball)	As for hydrangea.	As for hydrangea.
WATERLILIES (Lotus)	Pour warm wax in centres of petals to prevent closing. Soak to heads until stem is quite firm.	2 drops alcohol to 1 pint water.
WATTLE	Crush stems, dip in boiling water 1 minute.	2 tablespoons salt to 1 quart water.
WILDFLOWERS	Crush stems if hard.	Salt in proportion to type of stem.
ZINNIAS	Place stems in boiling water 1 minute, then plunge in cold water.	Cold water only.

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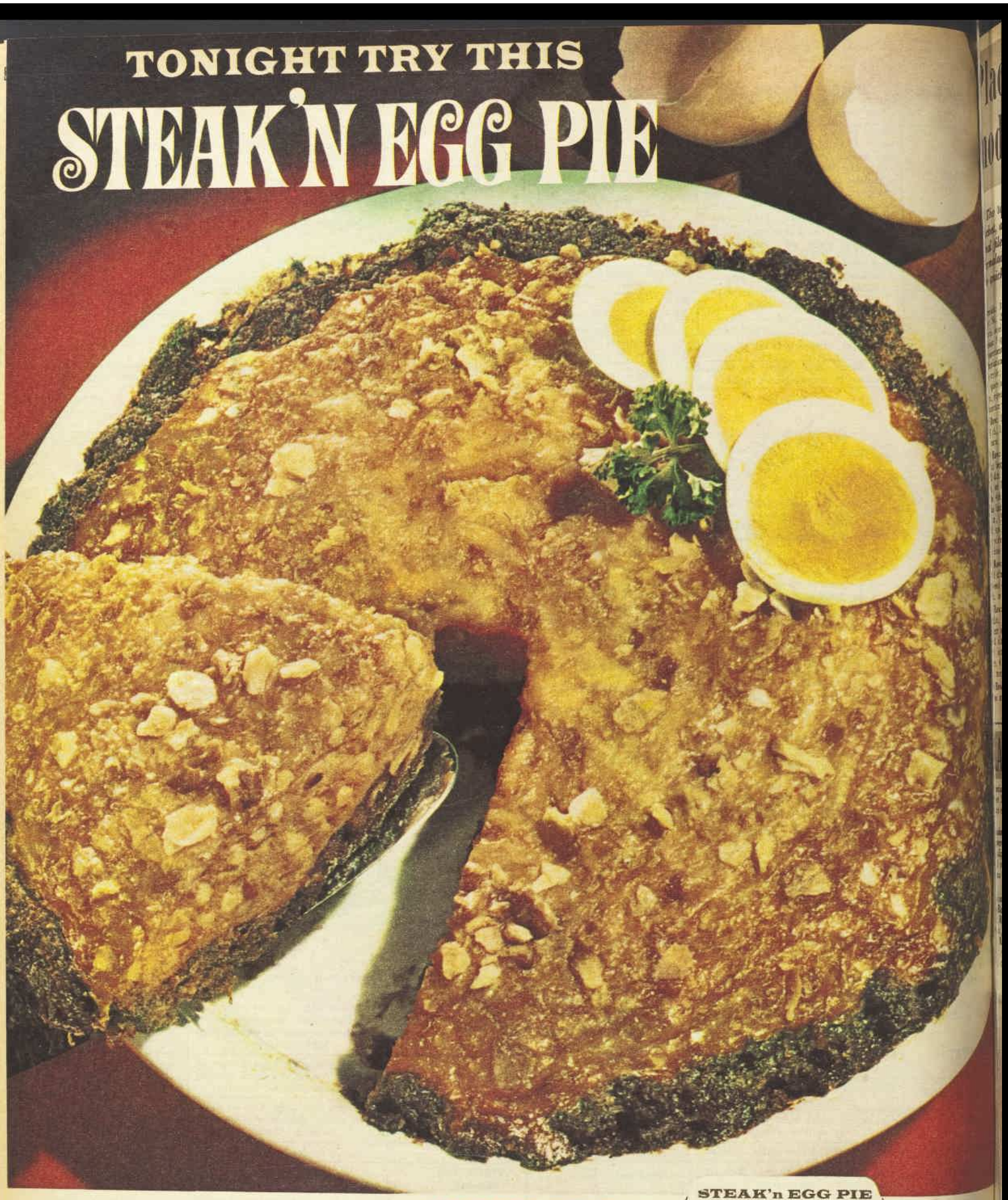
TONIGHT TRY THIS
STEAK'N EGG PIE



Tonight, for a nourishing change, team eggs and meat for a meal that's high in protective protein. Vitamins and minerals too. All egg dishes are rich in these important food factors. For food as well as money value, you just can't beat eggs. . . . Sunrise eggs, of course.

EB45b

SUNRISE EGGS

GUARANTEED LOCAL NEW LAID
Cartons weight stamped for your protection . . . 18, 21 and 24 oz. to the dozen.

STEAK'n EGG PIE

4 eggs
1 lb. minced steak
1 tablespoon flour
Mustard
16 oz. tin of spaghetti
2 oz. grated cheese
Crushed cheese jatz biscuits

Make the "pastry-less" pie-casing by combining mince with 1 beaten egg, flour and salt. Press into 9" pie dish. Bake blind for 10 minutes. Beat remaining eggs with seasoning; stir in spaghetti and cheese. Fill casing and sprinkle with crushed cheese jatz. Bake 20 minutes or until filling sets. Serve with vegetables . . . serves 5-6.

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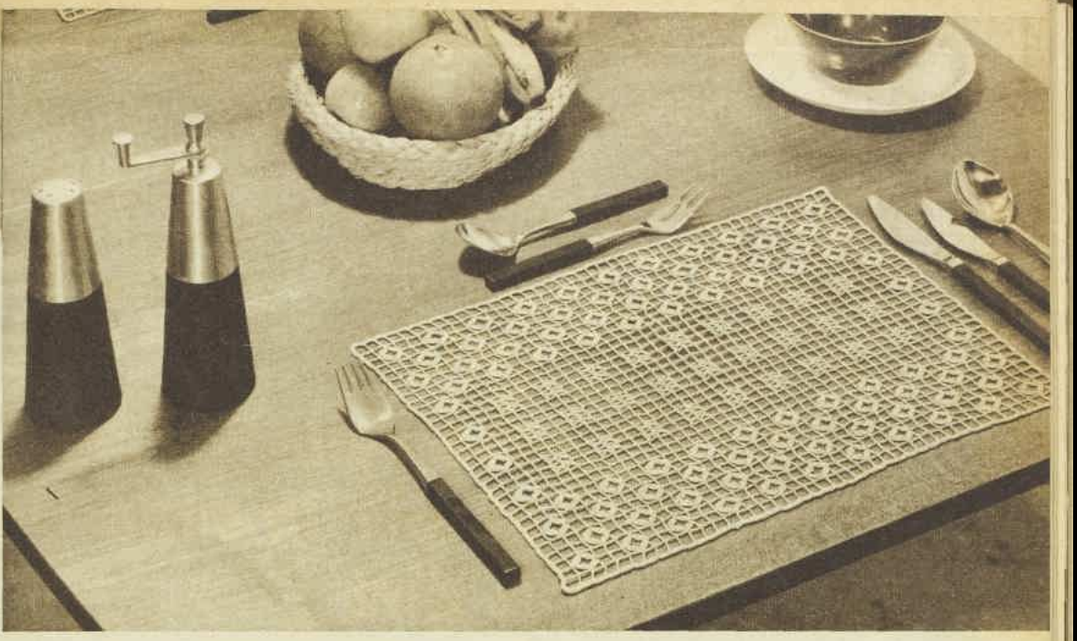
Place mats in modern design

● *The table-setting at right is in lacis crochet, a modern counterpart of traditional filet (see directions below). The marmalade-jar jacket and birdcage cover are quick and easy to make for gifts.*



Materials: 3 balls selected color Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 grm.). Sufficient for 2 place mats. Milwards steel crochet hook No. 3.

Tension: 3 sps. and 3 rows to 1in.

Measurements: 10¾in. x 14¾in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; d.tr., double treble; st(s)., stitch(es); cl., cluster; lp(s)., loop(s); sp(s)., space(s) equals 3 ch., miss 3 sts., 1 d.tr. into next st.; rep., repeat; sl-st., slip-stitch.

Commence with 135 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.tr. into 11th ch. from hook, (3 ch., miss next 3 ch., 1 d.tr. into next ch.) 31 times (32 sps. made), 7 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Miss first d.tr., 1 d.tr. into next d.tr. (sp. made at beg. of row), leaving last lp. of each on hook, work 3 d.tr. into next d.tr., thread over and draw through all lps. on hook (3 d.tr. cluster made), (4 ch., 2 d.tr. cl. into 4th ch. from hook) twice, 3 d.tr. cl. into same place as last 3 d.tr. cl. (diamond cl. made), * 1 d.tr. into next d.tr., (3 ch., 1 d.tr. into next d.tr.) twice (2 sps. made over 2 sps.), diamond cl. into next d.tr.; rep. from *, ending with 1 d.tr. into next d.tr., 3 ch., miss next 3 ch., 1 d.tr. into next ch. (sp. made at end of row), 7 ch., turn.

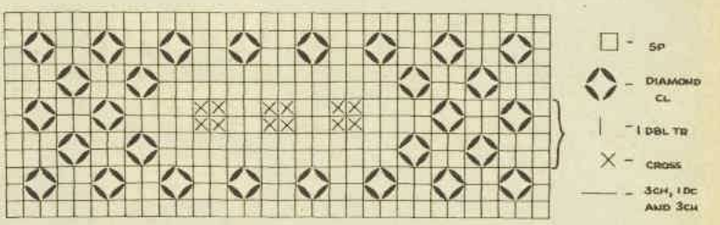
3rd Row: 1 sp., * 3 ch., 1 d.c. into centre of diamond, 3 ch., 1 d.tr. into next d.tr., 2 sps.; rep. from *, omitting 1 sp. at end of last rep., 7 ch., turn.

Cont. to follow diagram for 2 rows.

6th Row: 1 sp., (diamond cl. into next d.tr., 1 d.tr. into next d.tr., 2 sps.) twice, (2 sps., miss next 2 sts., 1 d.tr. into next st., 1 ch., inserting hook from behind last d.tr., work 1 d.tr. into first of 2 sts. missed — cross made — 1 d.tr. into next d.tr., 1 cross, 1 d.tr. into next d.tr.) 3 times, 4 sps. and cont. to follow diagram to end of row, 7 ch., turn.

7th Row: Follow diagram. Rep. 4 rows within brackets 18 times more and complete as given. Fasten off.

LACIS CROCHET (above) is formed by clusters of double trebles, blocks of double trebles and crossed double trebles which give a rich contrast of pattern and texture. Design details are in diagram at right.



EDGING

With right side facing, attach thread to any sp. on first row and work a row of d.c. all round, having 5 d.c. into each sp. and 11 d.c. into each corner sp., 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

Damp and pin out to measurements.

LACE JACKET FOR A MARMALADE JAR

Materials: 1 ball selected color Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20; Milwards steel crochet hook No. 3 (slack workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½).

Tension: First 4 rows on base equal 1½in. in diameter.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; rep., repeat; sp., space, equals 2 ch., miss next 2 sts., 1 tr. into next st.; blk (s), block (s), equals 4 tr., plus 3 tr. for each additional block in group; lp., loop.

BASE

Commence with 6 ch., join with a sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Row: 3 ch., 15 tr. into ring, 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch.

2nd Row: 3 ch., 1 tr. into same place as sl-st., 2 tr. into each tr., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch.

3rd Row: 3 ch., * 1 tr. into next tr., 2 tr. into each of next 2 tr., 1 tr. into next tr.; rep. from *, omitting 1 tr. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch.

Cont. in this manner, inc. to keep work flat. To inc., work twice into same st. until work measures same as base of pot, having a multiple of 15 tr. on last row.

Next Row: 1 ch, 1 d.c. into same place as sl-st., 1 d.c. into each tr., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

SIDE

1st Row: 5 ch., * miss next 2 d.c., **working into back lp. of each d.c. throughout,** work 1 tr. into each of next 7 d.c. (1 sp. and 2 blks. made), 2 ch., miss next 2 d.c., 1 tr. into each of next 4 d.c. (1 sp. and 1 blk. made), 2 ch.; rep. from *, omitting 1 tr. and 2 ch. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 5 ch.

2nd Row: 3 ch., * 2 tr. into next sp., 1 tr. into next tr. (blk. made over sp.), 2 ch., miss next 2 tr., 1 tr. into next tr. (sp. made over blk.), 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr. (blk. made over blk.), 1 blk., 1 sp.; rep. from *, omitting 1 sp. at end of last rep., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch.

3rd Row: 5 ch., miss next 2 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., * 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp.; rep. from *, omitting 1 blk. and 1 sp. at end of last rep., 2 tr. into next sp., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 5 ch.

4th Row: 3 ch., 1 blk., 1 sp.; rep. from * on 3rd row, ending with 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 tr. into each of next 2 tr., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch.

5th Row: 3 ch., 2 blks., 1 sp.; rep. from * on 3rd row, ending with 1 blk., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch.

6th Row: 5 ch., miss next 2 tr., 1 tr into next tr., 2 blks., 1 sp.; rep. from * on 3rd row, ending with 2 tr. into next sp., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 5 ch.

7th Row: As 5th row.

8th Row: As 4th row.

9th Row: As 3rd row.

10th Row: 3 ch.; rep. from * on 3rd row, omitting 1 sp. at end of last rep., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch.

11th Row: 5 ch., miss next 2 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., 2 blks., 1 sp.; rep. from * on 3rd row, ending with 2 tr. into next sp., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 5 ch.

12th Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. into same place as sl-st., * 2 d.c. into next sp., 1 d.c into each of next 7 tr., 2 d.c. into next sp., 1 d.c. into each of next 4 tr.; rep. from *, omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

13th Row: 1 d.c. into same place as sl-st., 1 d.c. into each of next 2 d.c., * 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into last d.c. worked (picot made), 1 d.c. into each of next 5 d.c.; rep. from *, omitting 3 d.c. at end of last rep.; 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

Attach thread to front lp. of any d.c. on last row of base, 1 d.c. into front lp. of each d.c., 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

Starch stiffly and pull into shape.

A PRETTY JACKET like the one at left avoids messy transfer to a special container — any jar can be used at table.

BIRDCAGE COVER

Materials: Two balls Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 10, white; 1¼yds. striped cotton, 36in. wide; ½yd. elastic; 1 press-stud; Milwards steel crochet hook No. 2½.

Measurements: Depth of edging, 2in.

Work chain desired length, having a multiple of 18 ch. plus 2.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each of next 4 ch, * 3 ch., miss next 4 ch., into next ch. work 2 tr., 2 ch., and 2 tr. (shell made), 3 ch., miss next 4 ch., 1 d.c. into each of next 9 ch.; rep. from *, omitting 4 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. into each of next 4 d.c., * 5 ch., shell into sp. of next shell, 5 ch., miss next d.c., 1 d.c. into each of next 7 d.c.; rep. from *, omitting 3 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. into each of next 3 d.c., * 7 ch., shell into sp. of next shell, 7 ch., miss next d.c., 1 d.c. into each of next 5 d.c.; rep. from *, omitting 2 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 ch., turn.

4th Row: 1 d.c. into each of next 2 d.c., * 6 ch., (1 tr. into next tr., 1 ch.) twice, into sp. of shell work 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., and 1 tr., (1 ch., 1 tr. into next tr.) twice, 6 ch., miss next d.c., 1 d.c. into each of next 3 d.c.; rep. from *, omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 ch., turn.

5th Row: 1 d.c. into next d.c., * 4 ch., (1 tr. into next tr., 1 ch.) 4 times, into next 3 ch. sp. work 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 d.tr., 1 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., and 1 tr., (1 ch. 1 tr. into next tr.) 4 times, 4 ch., miss next d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from *, ending with 4 ch., turn.

6th Row: * (1 tr. into next tr., 1 ch.) 6 times, into next d.tr. work 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 d.tr. 1 ch., and 1 tr., (1 ch., 1 tr. into next tr.) 6 times, 1 ch., 1 tr. into next d.c., 1 ch.; rep. from * to end, turn.

7th Row: * (1 d.c. into next tr., 1 d.c. into next sp.) 8 times, into next d.tr. work 1 d.c., 5 ch., 1 sl-st. into 5th ch. from hook and 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into next sp., (1 d.c. into next tr., 1 d.c. into next sp.) 7 times; rep. from * ending with 1 d.c. into 3rd of 4 ch. Fasten off.

To Make Up: Cut 2 pieces fabric 21 x 33in. Place right sides together, stitch down one end to form long strip. Turn back narrow hem along 2 narrow ends and 1 long side. On long side, turn back ¾in., then 1½in. and stitch. Make another row of stitching ¾in. from first for casing. Thread elastic through, secure at each end. Sew press-stud sections each end of casing. Sew edging to lower edge of cover.

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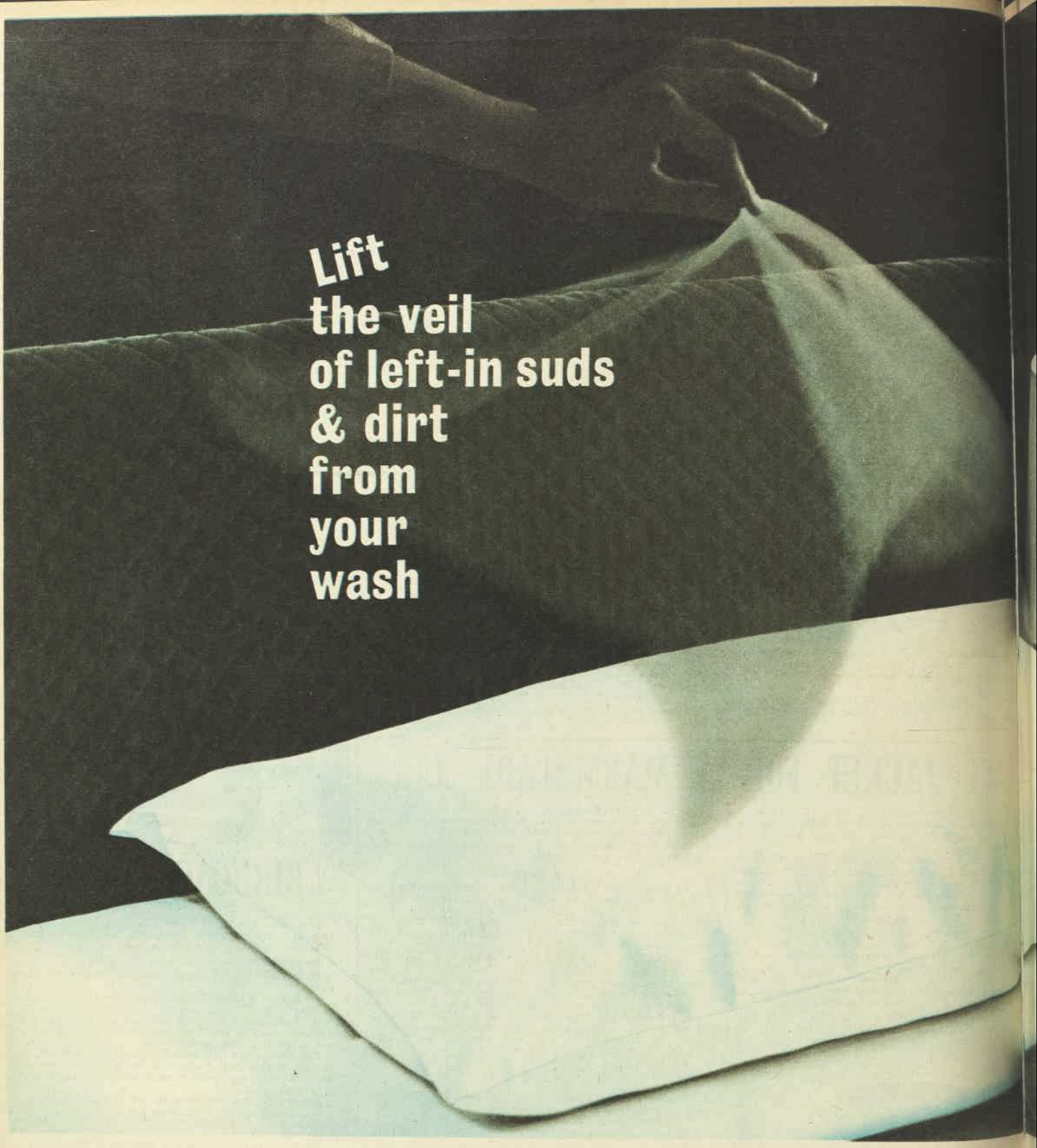

New Surf washes then rinses cleanest

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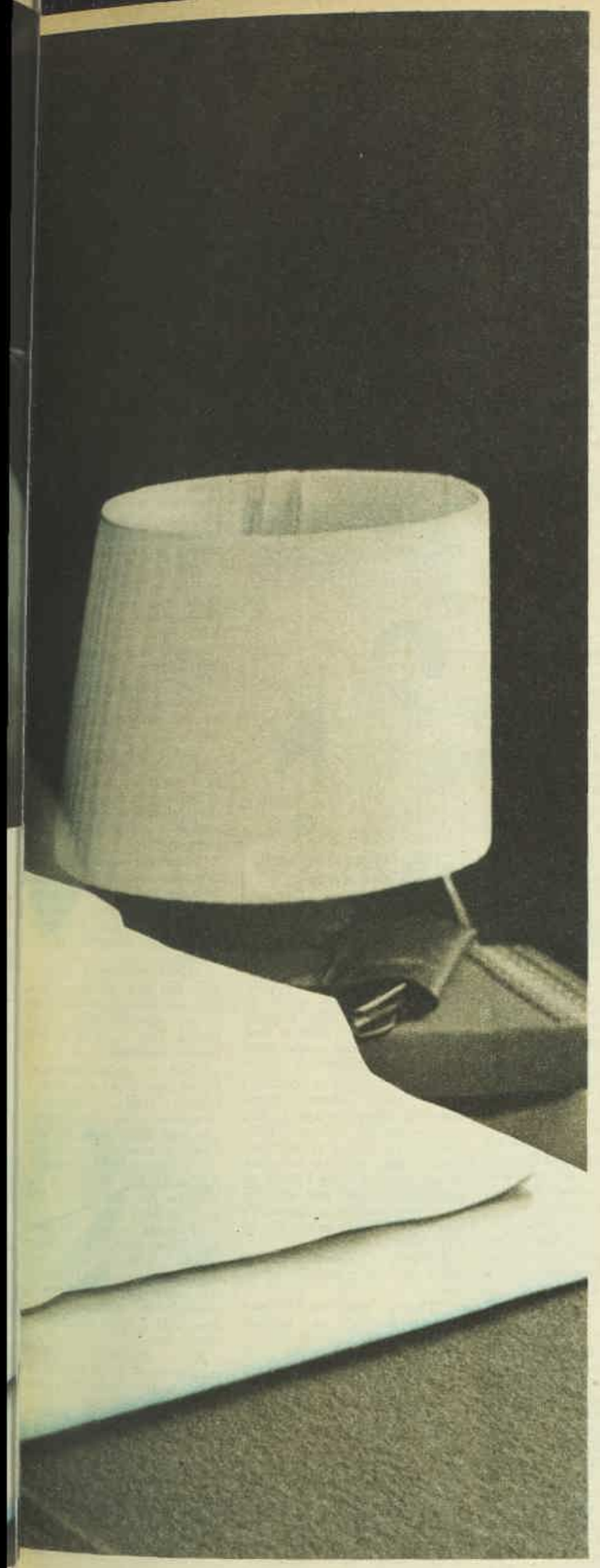

How New Surf can promise cleanest washing, cleanest rinsing ever

It's not your fault when dirt's left behind or, when left-in suds won't rinse out properly. Some detergents don't deliver the cleaning power they should. With most of them, suds never seem to rinse out properly.

Try Rinse-clean Surf and you'll lift the veil of left-in suds and dirt from your wash. Rinse-clean Surf is *specially formulated to* ***penetrate*** *better*, get deep into the weave loosening and **lifting** the dirt (even hair oil in pillowslips, **grease** in overalls). Then all the dirt, all the suds rinse out completely. That's how Rinse-clean Surf washes cleaner than all the rest.

Nylons cleaner, whiter. Now Rinse-clean Surf guarantees that white nylons stay white. Even when white nylon shirts have a yellow look, you'll see them looking whiter after a few washes in Rinse-clean Surf.

Prove it yourself. Next washday try New Rinse-clean Surf. You'll find it washes cleanest, suds and dirt rinse out completely. We promise you'll be entirely satisfied or your money back.

Surf Washing Advisory Bureau, Box 4326, G.P.O. Sydney.

cleanest

(it takes both to get clothes really clean)

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CHILD'S PLAY

Continued from page 50

and looked inquiringly into the lighted bathroom, then into the darkness of her parents' room. She walked back through the kitchen without being noticed by anybody, and through the dining-room to the long living-room, where the lamps shone serenely on the brilliant oriental rug.

The boys' room was occupied only by William's green parakeet, which had escaped and was eating tiny holes in the top of a curtain, and Harry's widowed or widowered goldfish, which was losing its color out of grief or boredom. Libby knocked at their bathroom door, opened the door, and whisked it hastily shut on a scene of trampled towels, sodden shirts, and a dirty sink.

She went back to the kitchen, where the tempo and the volume of the television had increased. She said over the din: "Hey, where's Kit?"

. . . .

Leonard Whelk let himself quietly in at his back door. The lights, the warmth, the Brahms concerto playing in the living-room, greeted him so cordially that it was hard to believe that the house was empty. Before he went in to turn off the record, which now seemed in some unpleasant way a witness, he took off his wet and muddy shoes — which had filled him with sudden horror on the way home.

Footprints. Not on the bridge itself, but on the sandy incline where he had hidden among the tamarisks. He had thrown the girl's body over the railings on the other side, but he could not count on enough time for the low, sluggish water to carry it very far away. Nor could he hope for enough rain to erase the marks; the tamarisks which had shielded him would also shield his footprints.

He would simply have to get rid of the shoes.

If — if the girl had not confided in anyone, there was nothing to connect her with Leonard Whelk; her voice had been a complete stranger's. But everybody knew what the police could do with clear footprints, and with shoes if they found them. The most meticulous cleaning could not fool a police laboratory, and although it was an outside risk it was not one that Whelk could take.

He stood for minutes beside the silenced record-player, denying himself the luxury of the bath he badly wanted. Apart from the fact that his life was governed by such small, enjoyable routines, his hands felt unclean in spite of washing, as though they were still imprinted with the straining, sweat-slippery tendons of the girl's throat.

THEN he walked to the telephone and dialled his nearest neighbor, a retired major, cheerful and almost childishly stupid, whose dark-haired Canadian-born wife treated him like some questionable animal.

He said: "Hello, Fingaard? Leonard Whelk. I wondered if you'd been hearing things over there?"

"I don't think so," said the major, with his usual crisp, sure intelligence. "I'll ask Jessamyn, shall I?"

But Whelk did not want him to ask shrewd, adder-tongued Jessamyn. "No, don't bother. I thought I heard someone running a while ago and, as someone drained your petrol-tank last month, it occurred to me that they might have come back. Boys, you know, or even Poor Sip."

The major was predictably shocked at this last reference. Poor Sip — Principio — no one seemed to know his last name — was a local institution; he walked about the roads chanting harmlessly and occasionally knocking at a door to ask ingenuously for money for a drink. No one had ever known him to steal, or be other than absolutely gentle.

"I've been out once, but I think," said Whelk casually, "that I'll just take another look round."

"So will I," said the major with energy; this was the kind of thing he was best at. He was a large man, perfectly capable of carrying a small flashlight, whatever his wife might think to the contrary.

Whelk hung up and, at a front window, gazed slantingly across and up the road at the Fingaard house, set well back under cottonwoods. Presently an outside light flashed on, and the eye of a torch began to bob around. Rapidly, Leonard Whelk put on a pair of old boots, collected his wet shoes and a flashlight, and went outside.

Even with his surrounding wall, the combing flares of radiance would be clearly visible to Fingaard on such a totally black night. When he had made a thorough display, Whelk circled the house to the rear, snapped off his flashlight, and ran through the alfalfa stubble of his back field to the irrigation ditch that bounded it.

This was not deep, either, less than three feet of muddy, slow-moving water, but people, though forbidden to do it, threw all kinds of objects into it: pint flasks and beer cans, picnic litter—even, to Whelk's fastidious horror, dead animals. Certainly a pair of oldish shoes reduced to anonymity by the water would give rise to no comment, even if they were subsequently found.

Leonard Whelk tossed them in and ran back through the rain, turning on his flashlight as he neared the back of the house. The whole trip had taken less than three minutes.

Even so, he was just in time. His telephone began to ring as he opened the back door, and it was Major Fingaard. "Thought I caught a glimpse of somebody," said the major, breathing loudly into the receiver and masking Whelk's own ragged breath, "but I let out a shout and the fellow ran off."

This was even better than Whelk had hoped for. Given the suggestion of a prowler and a wet, windy night, when shadows would wheel and flee under his flashlight beam, Fingaard was convinced of a flesh-and-blood actuality. And, although he was almost dense enough to be exhibited, he was eminently respectable, and very highly regarded.

In addition, Jessamyn Fingaard sat on committees, inspecting luckless old people and orphans and making much-publicised recommendations. If by some incredible mischance Leonard Whelk had been seen out in the rain earlier, the Fingaards were there to explain why.

Whelk smiled into the receiver. "Good for you, Major," he said. "He's had a good scare, whoever he is."

He was safe. The shoes with traces of sand or tamarisk, whose soles might have some betraying idiosyncrasy, were gone. If the girl had talked to someone, and if the police dared to interview influential Leonard Whelk, they were welcome to examine all the shoes in his cupboard. And the girl with her monstrous knowledge, her monstrous threat, was safely dead.

. . . Wasn't she?

In a nightmare kind of way, Leonard Whelk began to wonder. He felt all over again her corded throat, her frenzied attempt to tear his iron hands away, the submissiveness so sudden that all at once, from resisting, it was only his grip that held her up at all. She had been dead, and in any case the water would have finished her.

Except that he had not stayed to see. Even before the echoes of the great splash had died into the tinier wet echoes of the night, he had been running back along the dark road.

"She is dead," said Leonard Whelk to himself; it might have been a directive he had laid upon the night. But after he had a single cocktail and his delayed dinner — a small, grilled steak, with salad and French bread — he turned on the radio.

Too soon, of course. Who on this rainy night was going to look under the bridge?

And this was how killers got caught, through a consuming curiosity about the consequences of their crimes. Sometimes they even went back to the spot, to see—

But they were fools, and Leonard Whelk was not.

He drank his coffee. He learned from a news bulletin that a Farmington man had died when his car went out of control, that the Chamber of Commerce was studying plans for a new civic auditorium, that the rain was expected to end in a few hours — at about midnight.

(Suppose she was, at this very moment, staggering or even crawling along the road, getting a ride from a horrified motorist, sobbing out her story to him?)

Leonard Whelk discovered that he could not stand it. Using a folded handkerchief across the mouthpiece of the telephone — a manoeuvre he had never tried, but which spies seemed to use to great effect — he called Roddy's cafe beyond the bridge.

"Did you have two customers there earlier this evening?" he said. "A young girl with a somewhat older man — white-haired?"

MUSIC and voices quarrelled in the background. "Mister," said the waitress who had answered the phone, "we get so many customers I can hardly get to my diary like I should, you know. Who's speaking?"

"They may have been in some trouble at the bridge just below you," said Whelk as calmly as though she had not spoken. "The girl might have fallen. I think she did. The man was headed back your way, so I thought you might have noticed him coming in alone."

"Well, you phone the police or somebody," said the inimical voice, but it had grown excited. "Fell over the bridge? Who are you, anyway?"

Gently, Leonard Whelk hung up.

. . . .

A half-mile away, Susan Webb said into her telephone: "No, he has no rash, doctor, and his gums don't even seem sore, but he's terribly hot. He coughs a lot, but that's only when he—I have been using alcohol sponges, and as much aspirin as he can have. Could you possibly come and take a look at him?"

There was a long, reluctant silence. Then the doctor said uncordially: "All right, Mrs. Webb. You understand that it may be late, about ten o'clock—you're quite a distance out."

You're quite a distance in, thought Susan angrily, but she said meekly: "Yes, doctor, I understand. Thanks very much."

She was now distractedly holding Gregory; he cried so incessantly in his crib that it wasn't worth the trouble of tucking him in, easing the doors shut, tiptoeing hopefully away, only to be recalled.

Whatever else it was, this wasn't teeth—and how heavy to carry he was now. He seemed to weigh double his twenty pounds. Susan deposited him in a deep armchair, and picked him up again when he shrieked.

If only Bill were here . . . but he would be soon. Not having been shut in with a querulous baby all day, he would say, probably with

"Oh, relax! She said, 'don't get dirty' . . . nothing about getting wet!"

some truth, that she was communicating her own nervousness, and Gregory would go to sleep for him like a lamb. Susan would feel like a fool, but at least she would have both her arms free . . .

Except that you couldn't argue with fever. Susan sponged Gregory again, and said deceitfully to him: "Your trouble is that I'm nervous. You'd make anybody nervous. When I was a baby I slept all night and never got sick, or gave my mother a moment's anxiety. Why can't you be like that?"

Gregory calmed, gazing solemnly and trustfully up at her.

"There, you see?" said Susan, feeling as headily triumphant as a witch doctor. "I knew you could do it if you tried. You can always stop crying if you want to. Most babies just don't give a damn either way."

Gregory began promptly to scream, and Susan got up and walked about with him, wondering about the weather and about Bill's plane. It would come in as it always had, even over the mountains from Chicago, and later tonight she would look back tolerantly over her frantic worry.

The telephone rang.

"Stop that!" said Susan fiercely to Gregory's recommenced howling and picked up the phone on its third ring. (The aircraft seems to have struck a mountain, although C.I.A. officials are investigating. There were no survivors, her thoughts ran.)

"Hello?" said Susan quakingly and was answered by a voice only faintly familiar to her.

"Is that Mrs. Webb? This is Libby Mannering speaking. Is — did Kit come back to you?"

Oh, heavens, thought Susan, but she managed to keep swaying Gregory on her hip, so that he would stay quiet, and to say steadily: "No, she hasn't come back, Libby. I thought she was with you."

"Oh, she's probably [illegible] somewhere," said Libby [illegible] nering, and Susan could [illegible] kissed her for her [illegible] don't-worry tone. It was [illegible] adult, like Kit's, but calm [illegible] deliberate, the voice of a [illegible] who did not want to [illegible] worry on a harassed [illegible] until it was absolutely [illegible] sary to do so. "This is [illegible] of a madhouse, and she [illegible] be outside, I think. I'll [illegible] you back, Mrs. Webb."

"Will you? Thanks," said Susan and hung up.

Kit had started back [illegible] the wet, dark roads, for [illegible] incomprehensible reason, [illegible] been criminally assaulted. Susan's thoughts ran. Or she had accepted a ride from a stranger, and was even now being borne across the State line. Her parents, and [illegible] Bill, would say unbelievingly to Susan: "These people [illegible] was staying with — did you know them? Then how could you have let Kit go there? She was only fourteen, and you must have realised she needed supervision."

The telephone pealed again, and Susan put Gregory in a chair and snatched up the receiver with a shaking hand. Kit's light, sweet voice said: "Susan? I'm sorry if I worried you —"

Susan closed her eyes with relief and opened them again on the streaming black windows.

"—peacock got out and Libby was doing the dishes so I went to put him in. I called to her, but the kids had the television on and she probably didn't hear. How's Gregory?"

There she went again, rooting the ground from under Susan with her anxious solicitude. "The doctor's coming," said Susan. "Kit, I'd better speak to whoever is in charge."

"Hold on just a second," said Kit and left the phone. She was back almost at once to say apologetically: "She's giving Tess — Tess is only five — her bath."

That, of course, was why it had been Libby who phoned earlier. "Well . . . try not to disappear like that again. Oh, and Kit, please, no telephoning now."

"Telephoning?" repeated Kit as blankly as though the inventor of the phone had not yet been born.

"Phoning people and driving them mad," said Susan crisply. "I heard of someone who tore out his telephone the other day and threw it through the company's window, and I must say I don't blame him."

Kit giggled, promised obedience, said she hoped the baby was better, and hung up.

The waitress at Roddy's Cafe, who was being treated to a beer by an old customer in a back booth in the intervals between serving, confided her telephone call. She added: The kid probably had one too many to drink, and was being sick, that's all.

"Probably," agreed her companion. "Why did they phone here?"

The waitress shrugged. "Said the man with her was headed back here. White-haired guy."

The man in the booth with her rose slightly and craned his head round the cafe. "I don't see any white-haired guy."

"Neither do I," said the waitress, and went off to collect a tray of drinks. She said comfortably when she came back: "Some must miss each other."

But in her absence the man's interest had strayed. It was hard to fall over a bridge, however drunk you might be; you jumped, or you were pushed. And, anyway, he was bored with the cafe.

To page 61

Fashion FROCKS

● ***Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.***

"ANNA." — This smart and easy-to-wear button-through frock features set-in sleeves and a poplin belt. It is available ready to wear or cut out ready to make, with full instructions.

Material is drip-dry faille poplin and color choices are: pale blue with deep blue trim, aqua with deep aqua trim, white with red trim, and pink with deep pink trim.

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NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address given on page 50. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication date. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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He rose, said: "Maybe I'll take a look as I go by. See you later, Glad," and left.

He was back actually in less than fifteen minutes, and the cafe became an uproar.

. . . .

Except for the unaccustomed sound of the radio, which he kept tuned to a station with frequent news broadcasts, Leonard Whelk forced his evening into the pattern of all his other evenings. There was no one to witness this, but he knew that it was very important.

With his after-dinner coffee he read a financial journal, and at intervals he completely forgot that dreadful voice, aimed at him as lethally as a gun. He had an instinct for the market and, although he was too cautious to invest, he kept track of a tidy theoretical fortune.

And at the same time, in his mind's eye, he saw himself sitting there in his expensively furnished living-room, his black-and-gold Italian coffee cup at his elbow, his financial paper folded beside it; a picture of calm and importance. This man running wildly through the rain to meet and strangle a strange girl in a shabby raincoat? Even to Leonard Whelk it seemed hardly likely.

His coffee finished, he put his dinner things neatly in the sink for his daily cleaning woman. A news bulletin made him return hastily to the living-room, but it was only a two-car accident, killing six . . .

HE carried the radio with him to his bedroom, and took a bath with the door open. He was fastidiously combing his short, square beard when he stood suddenly motionless, listening to the metallic pinging with which this station interrupted its programme for news.

An announcer's voice came on: "An anonymous telephone call to a roadside cafe this evening led the Sheriff's officers to the body of a girl under a bridge in Alameda. Preliminary reports indicate that the girl was strangled. She has been identified as Miss Elsie Janicek, 23, of La Vereda. The Sheriff's office is investigating."

There was another brief pinging, and then music which Leonard Whelk did not hear. Elsie Janicek. His mind leapt the years, and although he had never heard the name before, it brought with it a smell of soap and bleach and steam and poverty.

He had said, on that far-off October day, that on returning home from school he had not gone into the house at all, but deposited his books on the doorstep, taken a drink of water from the outside tap, and gone off to cut Mr. Husted's lawn. His foster-mother had told him before he left that morning that she had shopping to do and would not be home when he arrived from school, so he had just left the books there to let her know he had been home and then left again . . .

But somebody had seen him go into the house, and someone had seen him rush out after his foster-mother's subsequent entry. Not this girl of twenty-three, obviously, but someone in her family; someone who had reasons for not being exposed to the police, but had passed on this knowledge as possible insurance . . .

Continued from page 60

CHILD'S PLAY

Elsie Janicek. Dead, as dead now as Foxy Birucoff.

Whelk used a handsomely bottled men's cologne and put on his pyjamas and a foulard robe. Most of the tension had gone out of him because if the girl had confided in anyone, there would have been a hue and cry by now. Still, he carried the radio with him when he padded back into the living-room to read. He always read for an hour before he went to bed.

Libby and Kit were also listening to the radio, tuned to a station which played the records they liked and had a darling disc jockey. Whenever the news came on, they left Libby's room in short dashes for peanut-butter and jam sandwiches and drinks of milk.

Libby had abandoned the boys and Tess; she stepped over the flocked bread corners left over from their having made small, round sandwiches by pressing a soup tin down firmly. Ice cubes melted lazily in the bread. Libby said: "Was your aunt angry?"

Kit was airy. "Not particularly."

"She's beautiful, isn't she?"

"She's sweet," said Kit, but without the emphasis allowed to babies, disc jockeys, and passing youths. "Her hair is so black."

"Yours is prettier," said Libby staunchly. "More unusual."

Tess screamed distantly: "I didn't break it, he did!" and there was a sound of pummelling and more screams. Libby said hastily: "What time is it? We'd better make up Tess' bed," and went to get the pieces.

Kit walked into the kitchen, treading squashily on corners of bread, saw Tess in a sobbing huddle on the couch, and cried indignantly to Daniel: "Oh, how could you?"

Daniel was breathing hard and victoriously and nursing his right eye. "She kicked me in the eye," he said loudly, and, the novelty of this visitor wearing thin: "It's none of your business, anyway."

Kit stood censoriously taller. "It is if you're going to be a bully."

"You think you're so big!" said Daniel jeeringly.

Libby entered the kitchen, bearing the camp bed and the radio; she said in a peacemaking voice: "Let's have popcorn after we get this thing up."

They did. The pink radio wailed throughout until the news came on: "A statement just issued from the Sheriff's office said that—" and Libby reached out and turned it to inaudibility, saying in a peremptory tone to William: "Get me the butter, please."

None of them noticed or would have cared particularly about the door by which Kit had entered a short time before. It was the door at the end of the hall, just outside Mr. and Mrs. Mannering's bedroom, which gave on to the wet, black courtyard. Conscientiously locked by Libby at the start of the evening, it now yawned open a lazy inch or two, drifted wider, then drifted back . . .

To page 62

Get more when you pour . . .

No other tea regardless of price can match Bushells for consistent flavor, freshness and all-round quality.

Remember what the Tea Council of Australia says:
"One good spoonful for everyone and one for the pot—that's the secret of good tea!"

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Can't move without agony ?

Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

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M8A

CHILD'S PLAY

Continued from page 61

Leonard Whelk did not turn off his radio. He was determined not to listen to the commercials and the abominable music that accompanied most of the programme, but the repetitive wailing about lost lovers and sad dances and wept-on pillows began to rasp badly at his nerves. When he caught the fingers of his well-kept hands skipping frantically on the arms of the chair he sat consciously and artificially still for a time, then rose and went to the kitchen to mix himself a drink.

Time for congratulation—wasn't it? The girl was dead, the police could not possibly trace his call to the cafe, and even if his footprints had survived the continued rain he no longer possessed a pair of shoes with the damning idiosyncrasies of wear and pressure and minute flaws that turned up under microscopes.

But now, now was also the time when someone, who might have missed the first news bulletin, would be phoning the police to report Elsie Janicek's non-reappearance from an appointment with a man named Leonard Whelk.

At the thought his forehead went damp, in spite of the soothingly patted-on cologne. He sipped cautiously at his drink; he did not really care for alcohol, but he knew its therapeutic value. His hand closed sharply on the frosty glass, bringing it with slow care down to the table as the maddening music stopped and the local news commenced.

"According to a statement just issued, Elsie Janicek, whose body was found under an Alameda bridge tonight, had been employed for the last two weeks as a dishwasher at Roddy's Cafe, also in Alameda. An unusual complication for police: Miss Janicek, newly arrived in this country from her native Poland, spoke no English. Other news . . ."

No mention of footprints. No further reference to the anonymous —

The delayed reaction hit Leonard Whelk like a blow over the heart.

"I know who you really are, and I know what you did."

Miss Janicek spoke no English.

SHE had tricked him somehow. She must have translated her knowledge to an accomplice, had the accomplice telephone. Or—

Whelk's mind spun about like a metal ball in a child's game, and came to rest at last on the thunderous truth. Out of an almost impossible combination of circumstances, he had killed the wrong girl.

But was it such an impossible combination, after all? The cafe had a dubious reputation, and a female employee, leaving work after dark, might well have preferred to wait on the rainy bridge for her ride home. When Leonard Whelk had addressed her with a courtesy understandable in any language she had not comprehended a word but nodded, to indicate her own goodwill . . .

He was safer than ever in one sense, because there could be no possible connection between him and a Polish dishwasher; police attention would inevitably centre on the other employees and patrons of a cafe he had never visited. And, of course, whoever it was who usually picked up Elsie Janicek after work, and who knew where she would be at what particular time.

But the other one was still alive, and when she learnt of the girl's murder she would go straight to the police. Whelk reminded himself, steadyingly, that a number of people did not listen to the radio — for instance, he did not, as a rule — and that there might still be time, if he could unroll that voice before him again like a tape and search it for some identifying mark.

He must, because now it was no longer a matter of protecting Foxy Birucoff: it was his very present existence at stake.

Fiercely, in his comfortable cream-carpeted living-room, Leonard Whelk began to concentrate.

Murders such as the one on that rainy night were rare in the Valley. Now and then a quarrel was settled, permanently, with the jagged end of a broken bottle; and it was not unheard of for one man in a drunken rage to run down another with a car or truck. But that was open, instinctive violence, and there were always a few considerably sobered witnesses.

The Janicek girl's death was different. It had taken place in darkness and secrecy, and apart from the marks beginning to darken on the young throat there were no signs of viciousness; she had not been molested. The handbag found near her body contained a little over eighteen dollars.

FROM the first, the Sheriff's office was presented with difficulties. The man who discovered the body had thought, in the uncertain beam of his flashlight, that she might still be alive, and he had scrambled down the sandy incline through the tamarisks where, it was rapidly established, her killer had waited. The footprints were now a hopeless, sodden welter.

At the cafe, the waitress, Gladys, was questioned extensively about the anonymous phone call telling her of an accident at the bridge.

Half-pleased and half-wary at the focus of official attention, she could only repeat that it had been a man's voice, kind of quiet, and that when she had asked him a second time who was phoning he had hung up. She reiterated his description of a white-haired man, glancing hopefully from face to face as though this were the only information they needed.

If it had been the killer who called — out of pride or impatience for reaction to his crime, or whatever motivated the people who so frequently did this — then the police were almost certainly looking for a young man with dark hair. It was also possible that they were not looking for a man at all, but strangulation did not seem a woman's crime.

They moved from there to Elsie Janicek herself and the little that was known of her background at the cafe: the elderly aunt with whom she lived had collapsed and was now under a doctor's care. The girl had worked as a dishwasher for two weeks, being taken on because she was young and strong and, speaking no English beyond "Hello" and "Please" and "Thank you," could not gossip or giggle or cause trouble in the kitchen.

As far as anyone knew, she had no friends of her own nationality; that was, she had never received a telephone call or other message at the cafe. She had seemed to the other employees cheerful and contented, but there again they could only base this theory on her outward demeanor.

Somebody finally produced the information that she was driven to and from work by a Sylvia Johnson, who lived nearby and had thriftily established a car pool. As it was a financial and not a friendly arrangement, the Johnson girl, vouched for by two other travellers in her car, had thought when she arrived late at the bridge, slowed by the rain, that Elsie had got a lift home with someone else. It had certainly not occurred to her to phone the police.

Did the girl always wait at the bridge? Yes. Sylvia Johnson wasn't sure whether she had once been accosted outside the cafe, or she was just embarrassed by her inability to converse in English, but that was the arrangement she had made. There was a street light at the bridge, the first beyond the cafe, so undoubtedly she had felt safe.

Who had hated this girl, neither plain nor pretty, or felt some other emotion strong enough to demand her destruction? The telephone call was the only and slender lead they had, and there was always the chance that it had been made by one of those citizens fearful of any smallest involvement with the police.

Patiently, they took Gladys for the tenth time over the telephone call; patiently, with the help of the barman and the owner and another waitress, they made a list of all the white-haired patrons anybody knew of. Poor Sip, although not a customer, was in everybody's mind, but no one had the bad taste to mention him.

That list finished, they commenced upon another—of men who had been seen to leave the cafe at approximately six o'clock. "Getting ugly, or a little argumentative," suggested the deputy, and the owner held up a firm, shocked hand. "I don't run that kind of place."

The deputy gazed back at him; he had a daughter of Elsie Janicek's age. He said dangerously: "Look, don't tell me what kind of place you run here . . ."

To page 63

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"Then away with all malice and deceit, away with all pretence and jealousy and recrimination of every kind!"***

—1 Peter 2:1

A Johnson's Cotton Bud—a twirl of soft cotton wool on an easily pliable, safe stem. —*ready-made for gentle care.* It's the safest way to clean the little curves and folds round baby's ear, his nose and mouth. It's the gentlest way of applying cream to any little chafes or spots. Use Buds yourself, too, for cosmetics and first-aid.

SAFE STEMS

Safe, because they bend gently under pressure, give easily if baby moves suddenly.

Johnson & Johnson

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Continued from page 62

If the waitress had phoned him, thought Leonard Whelk, still and staring with effort, he would have known at once that she was telephoning from a public place. The music was not the music at a private party, and the voices were too seething and too many. If you thought about it as fiercely as he was thinking now, there was usually some tiny give-away sound in the background of a telephone call.

On the rare occasions when he had phoned his secretary at home, for instance, he heard someone whispering: "Keep quiet, Jimmy. Mamma's on the phone," and, distantly, a rumbling, deepthroated bark. At least two children, he knew, and a big dog, although he had never asked.

Public phone booths had their own echo, houses near airports were suddenly swamped in sound, mouthpieces were inadequately covered while directions were given to someone within earshot.

There had been, Leonard Whelk knew tormentedly, a background sound in that menacing phone call. Not music, not a child, not a dog, but something else lost and swallowed in shock at the unutterable thing the woman had said. Something — he grasped at and nearly had it — repetitive. A name, just beyond the edge of memory. Spoken again and again, as though a sleeper were being awakened in another room.

But that was not right because a sleeper, waking as he must have, would have heard that, "Of course not . . . I'll just slip out. Be sure you're there."

ON the other hand, that could be why she had not slipped out: she was too greedy to share her valuable secret, even with someone else in her house. But she could not be sure that he would not flee beyond her reach, and she would — wouldn't she? — make an effort to contact him at the first opportunity.

If she had not been listening to the radio.

The suddenness of a telephone peal in a silent house was always shocking; now, it seemed to Leonard Whelk as though his mind had been eavesdropped upon. With phrases flashing through his head—threats, answers — he took a few quietly breathing seconds before he picked up the receiver.

"Whelk?" said a hearty male voice in his ear. "Fingaard. Say, I wonder if I ought to phone the police? You've heard the news, I suppose."

"News?"

"Some poor girl got herself strangled right here; it's been on the radio. It occurred to me," said Fingaard, with solemn excitement, "that in the circumstances the police ought to know about our man."

Our man. Safe, stupid Fingaard! You could, reflected Leonard Whelk contemptuously, strangle a woman before his very eyes, and after a suitable interval he would inquire anxiously if she had swallowed something the wrong way. Still, he would not be eager, but deprecating.

"Oh, I don't know, Major. He may just have been running to get out of the rain."

"The bridge is in that general direction," pointed out the major astutely, "and it seems to me very suspicious that the fellow ran off the way he did when I went out. I believe I'll give the police a ring. It might pinpoint the time, you know."

"Well, of course, if you think—"

"I tell you, Whelk, this place is getting very lawless, and we must all be on the 'qui vive.' Incidentally, that reminds me, Jessamyn phoned you earlier this evening to try to round you up for one of her nights."

"Oh?" said Leonard Whelk. Nothing about his casually inquiring voice betrayed the fact that he was frozenly statue still, staring at a Degas reproduction. "I did hear the phone ring at—oh, it might have been about six-thirty or so—but by the time I got out of the bath it had stopped. Thank your wife for me, anyway, will you?"

"Imagine you said something else at the time," said the Major, with a wise chortle, "but I'll tell Jessamyn and she'll be in touch. By the way, before I get in touch with the police, was this fellow running toward the bridge or away from it?"

"I can't be sure — naturally I wasn't paying that much attention at the time. But it seems to me that I must have thought he was running away from the bridge, or rather away from your place, or otherwise I wouldn't have phoned you."

This piece of carefully muddled logic satisfied Major Fingaard completely. "Yes, of course, I see, I see. Well, I think I'll give them a ring."

. . . What was it that he had been thinking about when this fool interrupted him? The background sound in his own terrifying telephone call. Hello, it had said more than once, and then a name . . .

If he could remember that much, he could remember more. He left his clenched hand on the telephone receiver, as though the answer were locked tangibly inside it, and tried to carry his mind back.

To be continued

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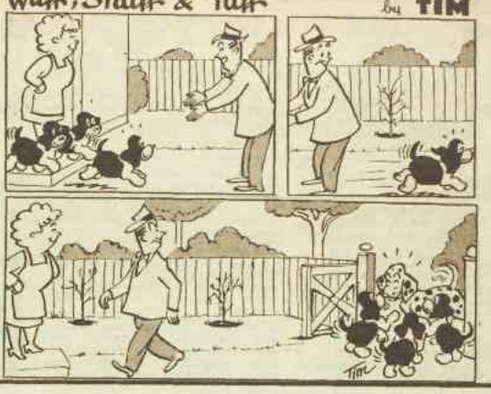
ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

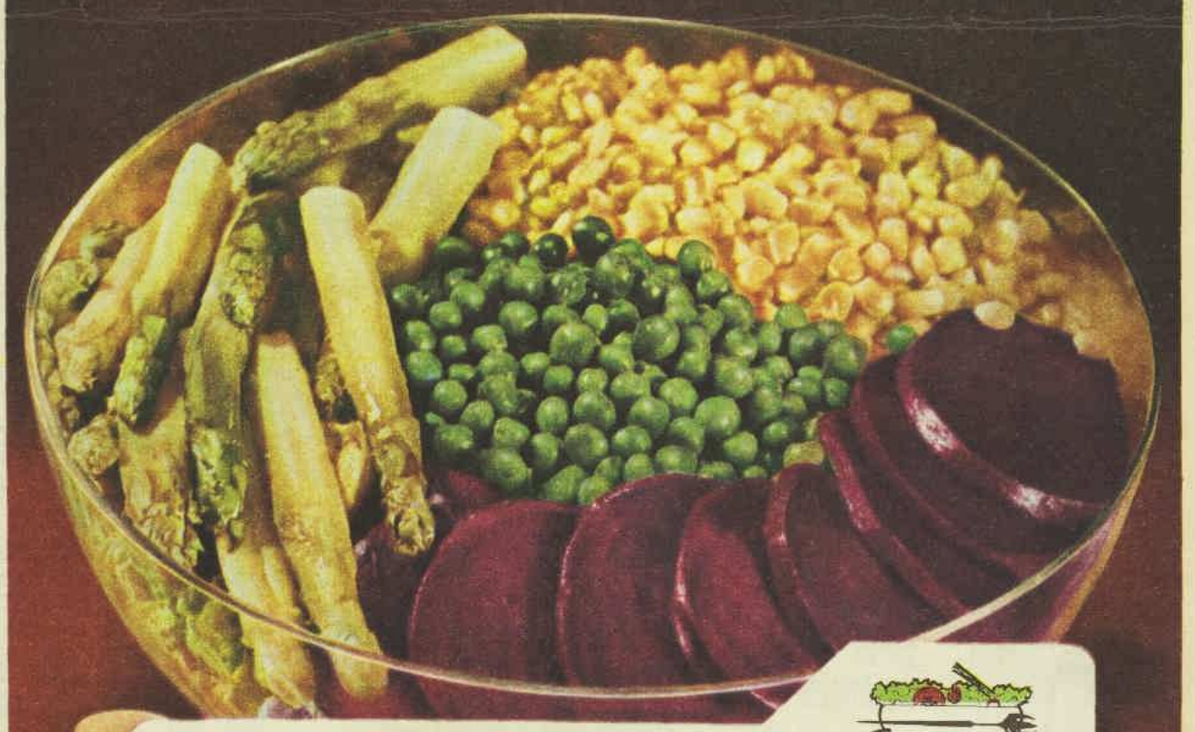
CHILD'S PLAY

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



All the best salads start with Edgell



Serve health – serve a salad every day

. . . for a cool, refreshing salad, always start with Edgell. With that fresh from an Edgell country garden goodness, you'll immediately taste the difference that careful growing and timely picking makes. Enjoy tender young peas, juicy asparagus and beetroot, with sun ripened whole kernel corn straight from the can.

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Serve health—serve a cool, tasty Edgell salad today . . . and every day.

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Jan. 29

ARIES
MAR. 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, lilac, rose. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ On the whole a good week with a favorable weekend. Stick to routine on the 30th and watch out for errors of judgment. Friends could assist in successful new ventures.

TAURUS
APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, black. Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

★ A tendency to over-confidence could lead to wrong conclusions and mistakes on the 30th. Incidentally, be careful travelling. Rest of the week is fortunate, especially for romance, career.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ Love and romance greatly improve in a week which is mostly fortunate. Chief snag is on the 30th, when there could be trouble at home. You could make new and fascinating friends.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, green. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

★ The 30th is allergic to new projects and career. But get important things done this week, as next is adverse. This could turn out a happy time, marked with glamor.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, red. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ Make the most of many favorable influences to advance you and yours, since next week is far from auspicious. Marriage, romance, finance are all helped, except that the 30th is adverse.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, yellow, lilac. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

★ All to do with romance and marriage should go merrily. Only the 30th could be upsetting—you could quarrel with a friend. On the practical side there could be concessions on the job.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ A luckier week than last, with happy emphasis on things most dear to Libra—marriage, partnership, and co-operation. Time to boost your career, except on the 30th, which is ill-starred.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ As a lot of muddle is indicated next week you are advised to act now with decision, except on the 30th. This could prove a successful period for marriage, partnership, business, finance.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, orange. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

★ Your ruling star receives a setback on the 30th, but good aspects more than compensate. Glamor and romance could be yours. Material interests, too, and finance could get welcome help.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, cerise, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ Those inhibiting and depressing conditions could lift a little, so make the most of it, as next week is unfavorable. Romance and finance improve, although the 30th is adverse.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, rose. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

★ There's nothing to prevent you from achieving top-level success if you hold horses on the 30th—and watch out for traffic risks. Finances, material, and personal interests could get a boost.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, red, lilac. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

★ You could feel freer, less fenced in, so pursue your objectives vigorously before the 4th. Next week is unfavorable. Likewise, be cautious on the 30th and avoid the urge to splurge.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

a dream to wear and care for

KAYSER

Kaydream lingerie

Kaydream feels so good, so soft, so smooth and silky, so cool and comfy. Kaydream looks so good, so sweetly form-fitting and wears so well. Washes perfectly, dries quickly, needs no ironing. In pure White or soft Blush, in gay individual packs.

Not illustrated:
6302 Short-leg Pantee, ever popular SW-OS 7/6; XOS 8/6.
6304 Long-legged Pants W 8/11; OS-XOS 9/11.

6400 Bra-top Vest with pretty lace edge. SSW-OS. 9/11

6200 Pixie Brief beautifully cut American style. SSW-OS. 4/11

MOON GARDEN

Continued from page 14

"But look here," he cried in real exasperation. "Moon gardens are not built in a day. The Japanese take a lot of time to make one. Then they are supposed to be around for a few hundred years or so. You don't create a work of art like that in a day or two."

She looked at him with those incredible eyes. "I thought you didn't know anything about moon gardens."

"I didn't," he said. "So I went to the library in my lunch hour. A moon garden is for contemplation, I found out — and the best time for contemplation is before you try to make one."

She said, "I have been thinking about it for a long, long time. I know just how it is to be. Now I want it."

"Why can't you be like other men's wives?" he asked, groaning. "They want nice simple things like mink coats and diamonds." And children, he thought, but then he put that sad little thought from him. It wasn't her fault they didn't have children, nor was it his: it just hadn't happened yet, that was all.

"I want a moon garden," she said. "Darling, on your way home this evening, stop and order a load of white sand to be delivered early tomorrow, will you?"

He made one last effort. "Must it be early?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I want to get an early start. Tomorrow afternoon we have to go to the country and get some very big stones."

"Sure we do."

He did not kiss her goodbye, an omission for which he tortured himself all day.

That night he stopped off at a place where building supplies were sold. "Got any nice white sand?" he asked the man.

"The nicest white sand you ever saw," the man said cheerfully. "Want to see?"

"Just send a dozen bags of the best to my wife," said Jeff. "Tomorrow. Early."

He gave the dealer a cheque for what seemed a ridiculous amount for plain sand, wrote out the address, and departed for home, wishing that west and east had never met.

"How's the moon garden?" he asked Kitty, knowing she would tell him, anyway.

"Oh, it is going to be so wonderful!" she said. She had cooked one of her miraculous beef Bourguignon — which, like her other culinary triumphs, never failed to amaze him. He sat eating it and looking at his wife and thinking: Moon garden, heck! If she wanted the moon itself I would get it for her.

"When you're through, darling," said Kitty, "come let me show you what I got done today."

Then he couldn't enjoy his dinner any more because he knew she was dying to show him the moon garden.

"I'm through now," he said. "Lead on."

She had certainly been working. The chewed-up place in the yard had assumed roughly the shape of a lopsided square. The uprooted rosebush had been propped against the barbecue.

"Want me to take that to the trash for you?" he asked hopefully. Poor kid. She was probably a mass of pricks from the rose thorns.

"Later, darling," she said. "I'm sort of trying it there to see if we might want to take out the barbecue and put in a little tree."

He spoke very slowly and rather loudly. "No, ma'am. I put my foot down. The barbecue stays."

"Oh, well," she said. "it was just a thought. "Maybe we could get a very large rock to put in front of the barbecue."

"Forget it," he said. "The barbecue stays and the barbecue shows."

"But you might like a very large rock, for a change. You haven't even seen how a very large rock would look there."

"And I never will," he said firmly. "It would be the piano all over again — move it here, move it there, put it back. Besides, I like the barbecue. I built it with my own two hands."

"You did not," she pointed out gently. "You had Mr. Thingum build it for you."

"It's my barbecue, and..."

"Well, there's no need to raise your voice."

"I'm not raising my voice!"

"Moon gardens are supposed to be sere-e-e-ene," she wailed, and ran across the lawn and into the house.

Jeff started slowly after her, feeling like a louse.

His neighbor, Ralph Whipple, hailed him in the twilight. Squire Whipple was standing on his greensward wearing Bermuda shorts and knee socks and his good black shoes and holding a tall drink and looking a bit of a fool. Nearby, his firstborn hung upside down from a tree limb and his second-born grubbed among some poor, doomed flowers. The kids look like their old man, Jeff thought meanly.

"Ah, there, neighbor," said Ralph Whipple, rather too heartily. "What's the matter with Kitty?"

"Oh, headache," said Jeff.

"Aren't they all," said Ralph, and he crunched down hard on an ice-cube.

JEFF became obscurely angry. He somehow did not feel like trading jokes about wives with Ralph Whipple tonight.

"I see you're doing something to your yard," Ralph said. "Going to put in a patio?"

"Nope," said Jeff.

"No? What's it going to be? Swimming-pool?"

"No. Moon garden," said Jeff. He was nearly at his back door now, and Ralph practically had to bellow the inevitable question.

"Moon garden? What the blazes is a moon garden?"

"Look it up," Jeff shouted, and the back door slammed behind him.

"So now the whole neighborhood will know you've lost your mind," he shouted at Kitty.

"Don't shout!"

"Sorry." He lowered his voice. "I was shouting at Ralph Whipple."

She was beautiful even when she was angry — especially when she was angry. She was angry now. She was clearing away the dishes from the dinner table with a meaningful clatter, and he was thinking that he loved her very much and wishing she had never heard of moon gardens. He remembered then that he too was angry.

"Ralph Whipple asked me if I was putting in a patio or a swimming-pool."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him it was a moon garden. For Pete's sake, what's the use of trying to pretend it's anything else?"

Suddenly she was crying. "You don't want the moon garden. You hate the very thought of it. Just because everybody else on the block doesn't have one."

"Ah, honey," he said, "that's not true." But it was. It was a little true.

They went to bed early and were so polite that they

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MOON GARDEN

said a formal good night to each other. Just before he fell asleep he thought he heard her say in a sleepy, snug voice, "I know just how it will look."

The next morning, incredibly early, the building-supply man delivered the sand. By the time Jeff had carted all the sacks around to the back and had wrestled them open and dumped the sand into the chewed-up place and spread it around a little, it was noon. Kitty heated up the leftover beef Bourguignon, which was usually even better the second day, but Jeff's back and arms and legs hurt so that he couldn't enjoy his lunch. Kitty did not seem to notice.

"Don't mind me," he said bitterly. "I just work here."

Kitty did not seem to hear. "Now," she said, "we will get our rocks."

"I have some in my head," he said. "Won't they do?" But it was a pretty poor joke and he didn't blame her for not being amused.

They took the station-wagon and set forth into the country. They drove for miles down the highway, passing some rather likely piles of stones, but she didn't want any of those. Suddenly she cried out, "Turn here!"

He swerved the station-wagon off the highway on to an ancient, rutted side road that led through thick timber up a fairly steep hill. At the top of the hill the old road stopped — just stopped — in a place that had once been a clearing but was now growing up again with brambles and weeds and wild-flowers and strong young trees. They got out of the wagon and looked around.

A house had once stood there. But it had burned or fallen down long ago, and now only a blackened brick chimney marked its place. At the edge of the clearing they found a grassy elevation on which they sat, looking out over the tops of trees at the distant town.

"Can you see our house?" Kitty asked.

She began to massage Jeff's aching shoulder muscles — at the precise spot where and at the precise moment when he was feeling the ache most deeply.

"Our house? I think so," he said, trying to look, but wanting to go to sleep right there in the still, green calm of the place.

"No, you can't," she said. "They all look alike from here."

He grunted peaceably. She stopped rubbing his shoulder and rose and wandered around the clearing. Shortly, as he had known she would, she found the rocks of her heart's desire.

"Look, Jeffrey," she called softly. "The wife had a rock garden."

He went to see.

The rocks, nearly lost in green creepers and random flowers, were native granite—grey, glinting dully with mica-like specks and veined with black. Nothing but nature had hewn these crude forms, though the woman's husband had undoubtedly gathered them together near what must have been the back door of the vanished house. There were still flowers growing around them and vines climbing over them, though it was hard to tell now which growing things had been put there on purpose long ago and which had simply come uninvited.

Jeff sighed and stretched his aching arms. "Okay, honey. Which ones do you want?"

But she was standing and looking at the rocks as if she had not heard him. "It's

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beautiful," she said at last. "I wish she could have seen that, after all, it is beautiful."

He waited. After a while she said, "No, I don't want these. They aren't for my garden at all. They have to stay where they are."

Driving back, they stopped and picked up a huge chunk of white rock and four big, flat, smooth, almost polished-looking black stones and put them in the back of the station-wagon. It was twilight when they reached home.

Now she had about her that almost palpable air of determination that meant she would not rest till she had her moon garden. He did not even mention eating or resting, but immediately unloaded the rock and the four stones and carried them around to the square of white sand. While he worked silently, putting the stones where she pointed and setting them deep into the ground, a full moon began to come up over the barbecue.

When he was through with his back-breaking work he went into the house, mixed two drinks and, coming back, put hers on the ground near his chair so he could drink it when he had finished his. Then he sat down and watched his wife.

PALE, wearing a pale dress, she was raking the white sand in the moonlight according to some pattern in her mind. For he did not doubt that. Though the raked patterns seemed lost in a tangle of their own — as one wave joins and is lost in another or as one vine twists among and is lost in others—he did not doubt that his wife knew somehow it would all come out. She might not know exactly, but she had at least a faint idea.

As he watched her, musing, she raked herself into a far corner of the moon garden, stepped on to the grass, and walked around to him. He drew her on to his lap and together they sat contemplating the moon and the moon garden.

The four flat black stones made stepping places through the white sand, stopping finally at the far end of the moon garden, where the white rock made a perfect sitting place. Or you could think of it as a whole small landscape—imagining that the sand was water, the black stones islands, and the white rock a veritable world's end to be reached, triumphantly, at last.

Or you could just sit and look and think only that the sand and the stones and the rock and the moon—yes, even the barbecue—looked as if they were meant to go together, to be a whole.

He said after a time, "I like it."

"I'm so glad you do, darling," she said, lying quietly against his shoulder. "Do you think he will?"

"Who?"

"The baby we are going to have."

And he saw that the moon garden was a perfect playing ground for a child—that the black stones were for leaping from one to the other on, that the rock was for climbing up and balancing on and jumping off, that the white sand was for cushioning a fall and for making sand pies and for digging to China in—or possibly Japan.

He saw all this by the light of the full moon. It took a while, but fortunately his wife was a very patient woman.

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mother's bedside 200 miles away. The old lady was very ill and, although she had a small income of her own, it wasn't large enough to pay for the long, expensive hospitalisation that was undoubtedly coming. Geoffrey was going to have to find the money for that.

With this hanging over him and not having Bette's companionship and conversation to distract and entertain him, he had got to feeling very lonesome; and, although he had just had his breakfast, he had got the bottle out and had a drink. It had warmed him so well and generously that presently he had had another, and then he put the bottle away.

Geoffrey wandered for a while around the empty house, somewhat bemused by the pleasant sensation that his feet were just a little above the floor, and thought about doing a bit of work in the garden. He looked out the window. Golden sunlight lay over everything, and the birds were industriously singing, but the grass was long. When Geoffrey saw this, he came down to earth. Bette usually trimmed around the edges while he mowed and he would miss her; besides, the mower was approaching its state of planned obsolescence, and he needed a new one, which he didn't have the money to buy.

He didn't have the money to buy anything. He was hocked to the ears, what with the mortgage and the payments on this and that and the other, the taxes and the insurance and the outstanding bills; and the account in the bank, with 514.60 dollars in it, was earmarked, handcuffed, and, in a manner of speaking, in trust. And then there was his mother-in-law's hospitalisation.

It had been then that the fruit of revolt, the need to make a gesture of defiance against the encompassing gloom, took hold of him; it had been then that he had marched forth and burned the mower.

Now, as Geoffrey stood at the window watching the results of his handiwork, Mr. Carnetti went back further into Geoffrey's mind, into his youth, and discovered the Locomobile. It was exactly what he needed; and, as he withdrew to arrange matters, he thoughtfully got the bottle out of the kitchen cabinet and left it on the drainboard, for he had learned long ago that matters approaching unreality went more smoothly when lubricated with alcohol.

Presently, when the mower had finished burning, it seemed to Geoffrey that there was a whispering inside his head telling him that he would enjoy a walk. He got his hat and, as he went through the kitchen, he saw the bottle sitting there. This confused him, for he was sure that he had put it away. He paused and stared at it, then decided to have one for the road. He had it and, feeling lighter of foot again, went out of the house and down the street.

HE had walked a little around home, but had no favorite route to follow and, as his feet felt vaguely impelled in a certain direction, he let them take it. Presently he was in a neighborhood that he didn't recognise; he was sure that he had never seen it before. The houses were on larger lots, with old trees, and looked rather old-fashioned, higher than his own split-level, and more ornate; some were decorated with wooden fretwork, and one or two had cupolas.

Dappled with sun and shadow, they had an air of untroubled and spacious leisure and calm. They charmed

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A SHADE ILLEGAL

him, reminding him of the neighborhood he had lived in as a boy. He drifted slowly along, having a fine time and half expecting one of his long-departed uncles to appear and pat him on the head and give him a nickel to buy sour-balls.

But no uncle showed up and, when he turned the corner, he was startled to see a small secondhand-car lot in front of him. It had a string of electric lights overhead, a small, square house for the proprietor, and a minor complement of Fords, Plymouths, and Mercurys. Geoffrey didn't even see these, however, for, sitting in the middle of them with a space on each side of it, huge and long and high, shining with brass and filling the eye, was a red Locomobile. He had forgotten that there was such a car, but he remembered it now.

He stopped, transfixed, and an ineffable joy took hold of him, for this was better than an uncle. It was an uncle, it was Uncle Adrian; Uncle Adrian with his eyes sparkling and his great moustache blowing back in the wind, riding wildly on the great surge of power and daring them to try to catch him.

Geoffrey remembered as though it were yesterday the wonderful rides through the park, with the Locomobile thundering along and the police whistles blowing and the several times (when the car was new) that arrogant taxi drivers tried to crowd Uncle Adrian and learned their lesson. For when a taxi tried to push Uncle Adrian around he grinned and pushed back; the Locomobile, having boiler-plate fenders, emerged unwrinkled from these encounters while the taxis were left in rumpled disarray.

Recalling these delights, Geoffrey walked smiling up to the Locomobile and laid one hand on a fender. When he touched the metal, there was a sudden feeling born in him that he had come home after a long, hard, and frustrating journey, and for a long moment he stood in a dreamlike quietness savoring the feeling.

"You like it?" a voice said beside him and, looking around, he saw a little gnome of a man who was evidently the owner of the lot. "You like it?" the gnome said again. "You are a fortunate man."

"My uncle had one," Geoffrey said, bemused.

"Ah," the gnome said. "This one belonged to a man named Carnetti. Quite a famous man."

"I used to ride in my uncle's when I was a boy."

"It is too bad that this one was not your uncle's," the gnome said. "But it is the same. You can ride in it again." The little man gave him a charming, whimsical smile and cocked his head to one side. "Just think of what it would be like to have one of the best parts of your youth back again."

Geoffrey stared at him and suddenly was filled with a wild surmise. It would be wonderful to have it, even if he didn't use it very often. It shouldn't be used very often, for that matter; only when things got too much for him, when there were more bills and emergencies, when the committed bank balance grew even more inadequate than it was now, and the state of the world, once so unthreatening and calm, took another lurching tack toward disaster and dissolution.

It would be a retreat, temporary to be sure, but as refreshing as a vacation. It would be a safety valve, for he would never come home from a ride in it and set fire to a lawnmower. "Ah," he said. "I'd love to have it, but it wouldn't be very practical for a man as poor as I am."

The little man smiled again, and Geoffrey saw for the first time that there was a long pale line of a scar down the left side of his face. "It is in wonderful condition. The gentleman who owned it for a time, after Mr. Carnetti, modernised it. It has an electrical system, a self-starter and hydraulic brakes. It has an inspection sticker and a historical licence, which does not need renewing. There is nothing left to spend money on except the transfer of title."

Geoffrey looked longingly at the noble outline of the Locomobile, and, enthralled by these inducements (which indeed he was almost convinced made the car eminently practical), struggled woefully within himself.

He wanted it more than he had ever wanted anything except Bette; and as he thought of her, he could see, in his mind's willing eye, the two of them roaring splendidly along with the top down, all cares forgotten. He put his hand on the fender again, and a thrilling and delightful current ran up his arm. He let his hand rest on the metal for a long moment and recalled the bank balance and the bills, and then took his hand sadly away. "I can't," he said. "I can't do it."

"This isn't the usual car lot," the little man said, "and ordinarily this car wouldn't be for sale. But I have a responsibility, one might say, to the memory of Mr. Carnetti, who admired amusing gestures. You are a man of amusing gestures yourself, as I have observed. Mr. Carnetti would be pleased with you. He would want you to have his car and—believe me—you will never regret buying it."

The little man reached into his pocket and brought forth a gleaming key. "Gold," he said. "Mr. Carnetti's golden key. Take it. Go home, get your car, and bring it to me with a cheque for five hundred and fourteen dollars and sixty cents and Mr. Carnetti's car is yours. "I will have the transfer of title and bill of sale ready when you get back."

Geoffrey tried to move back, to refuse, to bring up his hands in a gesture of thrusting the little man and the golden key away; but the little man suddenly seemed to grow several inches, to become a commanding presence, and it was impossible to deny him.

"Take it," the little man said again, extending the key. "You will never have another chance like this."

GEOFFREY'S hands refused to obey him, and he took the key. When he touched it, he was filled with an unwordly feeling, like a man in a dream; all doubts left him, and he smiled at the little man and turned toward home.

When he returned with his old car and the cheque, the little man drove him home in the Locomobile and stopped it in his driveway. They both got out and walked out to the sidewalk; the Locomobile was immediately surrounded by the neighborhood's small boys, who appeared from nowhere.

"It was kind of you to let me drive it once more," the little man said. "Well, all's well that I'm sure will end well, and I will say good-bye." He suddenly began to grin. "If the Feds ever knew what a trick was played on — But never mind that. I will walk back. Good fortune to you." He thrust out his hand; Geoffrey shook it, and the little man moved away.

Still moving as a man in a dream, Geoffrey eased through the shoal of small boys and got into the Locomobile. The big engine came vibrantly alive at a touch on the starter; the little boys scrambled back out of the way when he put his hand on the horn button and was rewarded by a long, well-remembered ooogah, and he rolled magnificently into the street.

He went through the gears, almost looking around to see if Uncle Adrian were beside him, cheering him on. There was not the smooth, decadent, liquid flow of power of modern cars; each big cylinder made itself felt, and the wind came around the windshield, blew off his hat, and rumpled his hair. He blew the horn several times more; cars got out of his way and people stopped to stare. The steering-wheel vibrated slightly in his hands, the ground whirled past, and the speedometer needle climbed, and he felt like Jove riding the thunder. It was wonderful.

He came to a park and turned into it as he and Uncle Adrian used to do and stepped down on the accelerator. The Locomobile responded nobly, muttering happily to itself, and picked up speed. He went flying along, leaving a faint blue haze of smoke, staring nursemaids and immobilised pedestrians behind him. A block ahead a police car turned into the park, the driver leaning out the window to stare.

Although Geoffrey's hand was nowhere near the button, the horn gave a long ooogah like a triumphant view halloo, and the car seemed to leap forward. It turned toward the police car, and Geoffrey couldn't turn it away. It had taken over, it had the bit

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HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key

Hazel can be seen on Launceston's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays; and Perth's Channel 7 at 8 p.m., Thursdays.

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A SHADE ILLEGAL

in its teeth, and he sat there powerless as they bore down on the police car. The officer driving realised now that he was the target; he pulled in his head, paled, gripped his wheel, and stepped on the gas, but the Locomobile pulled up beside him, then a litle ahead, and eased him inexorably toward the kerb.

Geoffrey had been tugging at his own wheel and trying desperately to push on his brake pedal; it had availed him nothing; but as the police car, neatly boxed, stopped three feet from a tree, control suddenly came back to him again.

The brakes worked, the Locomobile stopped, the engine fell at once to a contented grumble, and the two policemen boiled out of their car. They were visibly shaken and had their guns out; they surrounded him. For a long moment nobody said anything. They glared at Geoffrey as though they were going to make a meal of him, and he shrank into himself and looked first at one and then at the other.

Finally, the policeman nearer him, who was much older than the other and turning grey, closed his eyes, blew out a long breath and then opened his eyes again. They both holstered their guns. "Ah, now," the old policeman said, and Geoffrey could see that he restrained himself by a truly heroic effort, "and what would be the meaning of this caper?"

"I don't know, so help me," Geoffrey said in a small voice. "It got away from me. When you came around the corner the horn blew itself, and the car took out after you. I couldn't steer it."

The old policeman looked at the young one and back to Geoffrey again. "So it got away from you," he said. "Well, now. Are you sure you were driving it yourself? And where did you get this—this thing that got away from you?"

"It belonged to a gentleman named Carnetti," Geoffrey said.

The old policeman gave a great start. "Carnetti?" he yelped. "Scarface Carnetti? The little guy I put the pinch on for the Feds, and them wantin' him for runnin' the hooch and income-tax evasion?"

He stared at Geoffrey with his mouth open. "Glory be!" he said and crossed himself. "How did he know that I was in the cruiser, and him destroyed by a sawed-off shotgun these fifteen years?" He moved quickly around the long hood of the Locomobile and grabbed the young policeman with both hands. "He's after me," he said. "Mike, boy, get me out of here for the love of the saints."

"How about this lunatic, that was —"

"The hell with him. Get me to Donovan's Bar. Let's go."

The young policeman shrugged; they both got into the cruiser and roared off. Geoffrey, a little shaken himself by the events of the last hour or so, sat looking after them. For a short space he didn't know what to think, confused by the talk about Scarface, the Feds, the strange performance of the Locomobile and his narrow escape from the law.

His head was whirling and suddenly there was a fine pressure in it, and he realised he was listening to the contented rumbling of the idling engine and thinking of his Uncle Adrian. He had done better than his uncle had ever managed to do; he had run a couple of cops into the kerb and almost into a tree, and for some complicated reason was still at liberty. He began to grin and, raising his eyes to heaven where Uncle Adrian was supposed to be, he sketched a greeting and a salute.

This done, he decided that he had had enough for one day, and there were some things he wanted to think about. He gingerly shifted into low and let out the clutch.

There was no difficulty; the car behaved itself. There were few people on the streets now, for it was almost dinnertime, and his progress was majestic but uneventful. He came to his drive and turned in, and, as he approached the garage, the little man from the car for was suddenly standing in front of him. The little man was smiling; Geoffrey could see the white line of his teeth and the pale line of the scar with dreadful clarity over the radiator cap.

There was no time to stop. Geoffrey wrestled with the wheel and as the Locomobile swung he had the strange illusion that the little man was fading like smoke and he could see the garage wall through him. Then he vanished completely, the right front fender hit the wall with a crash, and the car stopped.

GEOFFREY draped himself from the steering-wheel and scrambled out. He ran around the car and looked under it, but the little man wasn't anywhere. He had indeed vanished; if he had ever been there; and for a space Geoffrey stood massaging his chin, wondering whether the events of the day had actually happened or whether they had been as unsubstantial as the vision he had just seen and he had imagined it all.

He shook his head and walked around the Locomobile again to assay the damage. The fender that had hit the wall was bent up about a foot from the tip; the underside of it was painted black, but at the place where the bend came and for several inches on each side of it the paint had flaked away and let the soft gleam of gold.

Geoffrey stared at it and forgot to breathe. An intimation, outrageous and unbelievable, of what had happened to him began to take form in his mind. He started to shake. He ran to the tool bench, picked up a heavy screwdriver, ran back to the fender, and began to scrape. As the thick black paint scaled off the gold appeared, soft enough to dent and seeming to be a tenth of an inch thick. The fender was plated underneath with gold; probably all of them were.

Geoffrey's legs gave way beneath him, and he sat down upon the ground. Inside his head the intimation clarified itself and took form, and he realised that for some reason the little man had bestowed upon him the profits of someone's wicked life of bootlegging and ducking taxes. To say that he was grateful would be putting it mildly; he was also quite baffled as to why the little man had picked him out.

Geoffrey would never know. As he sat there on the ground, facing his new-found wealth in rather dumbfounded fascination, the shade of Mr. Carnetti — invisible now — hovered above him for a moment. Mr. Carnetti was smiling quite happily; he was well content and prepared to depart.

It had been great fun to chivy the Feds and put his illgotten gains where they couldn't find them, no matter how many of his surviving relatives they followed about or how many safe-deposit boxes they opened up. But the gold hadn't been doing any good.

Now it would be back in circulation again, and the Feds wouldn't get their hands on it this time either. Mr. Carnetti was sure of that. He had great faith that Geoffrey could evade them. For was Geoffrey the right sort, a man who burned up his lawnmower just for the hell of it?

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not even the sea destroys the beauty of forever gleaming...

stainless steel

Practically nothing destroys the beauty of Stainless Steel. Only Stainless Steel stays gleaming bright through the years — WITHOUT POLISHING. Only Stainless Steel never dulls — neither in the beauty of the metal nor in design. Designers call it the "Prince of Metals", because it allows them freedom to create their finest work — the finest and most intricate of traditional designs or the soft, subtle sweep of the finest modern hollow-ware. More and more products are being produced in forever gleaming Australian Stainless Steel — so always ask first whether the product you want is available in Australian Stainless Steel.

CSC

Q BUT IS STAINLESS STEEL RIGHT FOR "GOOD" CUTLERY. I MEAN I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF IT AS BEING FOR RESTAURANTS?

A Stainless Steel is rapidly becoming the first choice of young moderns — and older moderns, too — throughout the world.

Q IS STAINLESS JUST A NAME, OR IS IT TRULY STAINLESS?

A It is truly stainless. It literally does improve with use — never needs polishing. A wipe with a soapy cloth brings it to gleaming newness every time.

Q DOESN'T THE SURFACE PLATING WEAR OUT?

A No! No! No! There is no surface plating. Stainless Steel is Stainless Steel through and through.

Q BUT HOW CAN THAT BE?

A Look at it this way. It isn't a perfect parallel, but it explains the principle.
Supposing you make two cakes, one chocolate iced and the other chocolate flavoured. One has just a surface layer that's like plated metal. In the other, the chocolate is actually part of the cake. That's like Stainless Steel. You see Comsteel, who make Australian Stainless Steel, mix nickel and chromium with steel in the furnace. It goes right through the steel and forms a new kind of metal called Stainless Steel.

Q WHAT ABOUT WEIGHT. WOULDN'T STAINLESS STEEL SAUCEPANS BE VERY HEAVY?

A They are heavier than some saucepans, lighter than others. But most cooks who use stainless steel cooking utensils prefer what they call the comfortable weight of stainless. They seem better balanced. They never fall over as some light metal saucepans do when the handle is out of balance with the bowl of the saucepan.

Q ONE LAST QUESTION. STAINLESS STEEL IS MORE EXPENSIVE THAN OTHER METALS, ISN'T IT?

A It is slightly more expensive than many metals — but not as expensive as copper and silver for example. But against this slightly higher price you have to balance years of extra life, enduring beauty — and much easier cleaning.

COMSTEEL STAINLESS STEEL, THE METAL THAT NEVER DULLS

Jug manufactured by: K.G. Luke Pty. Ltd., 30 Queens Parade, North Fitzroy, Melbourne. Saucepan manufactured by: Sutcliff Industries Pty. Ltd., Forster Road, Notting Hill, Melbourne.

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CST-JCPW/6

WHERE TO GO... for the best in Australian Stainless Steel. Write Department WW Box 432, G.P.O. SYDNEY.

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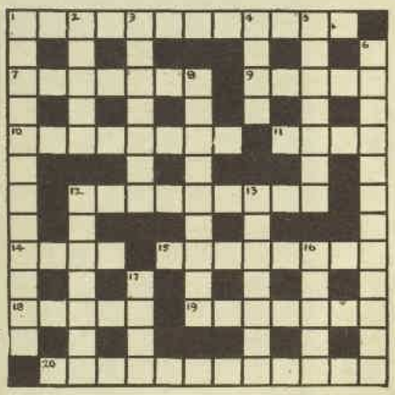
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE boards the launch on which Narda is being held captive by two officials of a foreign country. He had terrified the men into submission by a series of hypnotic illusions. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Illegality with an awful inside (12).
7. In order to ape I ate Tim (7).
9. Be stingy and a devil gets the end (5).
10. Very big animal finished by a very small insect (8).
11. She killed herself because her lover perished in the Hellespont (4).
12. This ornamental knot is the upper part of a Mohammedan (5, 4).
14. 4840 sq. yards (4).
15. Comes from the North-Eastern part of Russia (8).
18. Cut off with an infidel identity (5).
19. An equivocation (7).
20. Are they bows? Nonsense! (12).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Land of a well-known Uncle (6, 6).
2. Behold anger in a French river (5).
3. You and I at that woman indicate the state of atmospheric conditions (7).
4. Juno's example produced this sense organ (4).
5. Clergyman's salary (7).
6. To perfection with three-quarters of a dozen (2, 2, 3, 5).
8. An eagle-headed woman's name (9).
12. Stations at ends of railway (7).
13. It is refined when at the end an insect is attached to a limb (7).
16. Pertaining to the lower intestines (5).
17. Improve with a slum endowment (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Butterick PATTERNS

Send your order and postal note to PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE REQUIRED.

2506.—New hi-rise maternity dress with hip-length jacket for after-five. Three-button jacket has three-quarter sleeves and either collarless neckline or mandarin collar. The dress is shallow-necked and sleeveless, is elasticised through the back and has a self-tie belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2506, price 5/3 includes postage.

9492.—Toddler's dress and slip. Dress has full skirt, puffed sleeves, and Peter Pan collar. (A) Scalloped yoke trimmed with purchased applique. (B) Straight yoke with eyelet beading and ribbon trim. Slip has scooped neck with buttoned shoulders and ruffle-trimmed hem. Sizes ½, 1, 2, 3 (19, 20, 21, 22in. chest). Butterick pattern 9492, price 4/6 includes postage.

9352.—"Rib Ticklers" . . . Pullover tops with purchased trim. (A) Purchased tassel trim with below-elbow sleeves and Capri pants. (B) Rick-rack-trimmed top with short sleeves over Jamaica shorts. (C) Rick-rack-trimmed sleeveless top over short shorts (pattern for applique pocket included). Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 (21, 23, 24, 26, 28, 30in. chest). Butterick pattern 9352, price 5/- includes postage.

2661.—Softly bloused V-neck dress with eased slim skirt. (A) Scarf collar, braid trim, self belt. (B) Roll collar, purchased belt. (C) Sleeveless, contrast fabric trim, self-tie belt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Butterick pattern 2661, price 5/3 includes postage.

2799.—Attractive semi-fit dress with bateau neckline and slightly flared skirt. (A) Above-elbow dolman sleeves. Top-stitch trim. (B) Sleeveless, with self bow. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2799, price 6/- includes postage.

2806.—Front-buttoned, low-scooped-neck dress with contrast or self binding. (A) Long, fitted sleeves, eased, straight skirt. (B) Short, self-bound sleeves, full skirt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2806, price 5/9 includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE IN LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES.

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